

THE Book-Lover

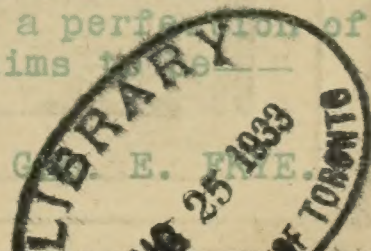
Being a MISCELLANY of Curiously Interesting and GENERALLY UNKNOWN Facts about the World's Literature and literary people; *newly arranged*, with Incidental Divertissement, and all very DELIGHTFUL TO READ. ❧ ❧

Editor THE BOOK-LOVER,

30-32 East 21st Street, New York:

"I shall be glad to aid you as you suggest in connection with the excellent work you are doing through THE BOOK-LOVER," writes Mr. Benj. I. Wheeler, President of the University of California. ** Mr. Edwin Wiley, Professor of English Literature in Vanderbilt University, says: "It may interest you to learn your magazine has been read and favorably known here from its inception." ** Isidore Singer, Projector and Managing Editor of the great new Jewish Encyclopedia now in course of publication, says briefly and pointedly: "Your really splendid magazine, THE BOOK-LOVER." ** Joseph Pulitzer, Proprietor of the New York World, writes: "I have had the good fortune to come across your magazine. It is an excellent thing and just the publication I want. I congratulate you on your success in producing so good a publication. It should be encouraged." ** Brother Constantius, of the Christian Brothers College, of Memphis, says: "I consider it a fortunate accident that I became acquainted with your charming journal. I have read it with interest and delight. I look upon it as one of the few publications worthy of careful perusal." ** Mr. R. C. Jenkinson, of Newark, N. J., evidences an appreciation thus: "Your magazine is well worthy of the support of any bookseller, so I enclose you subscriptions for several copies which I wish you would send to the addresses marked." ** Dr. H. Warren White, of Boston, declares himself "A Charter Member," having been a subscriber from the first number. ** Mr. Geo. W. Snow, of the Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston, says: "THE BOOK-LOVER is almost, if not quite, the best reading that comes to me." ** James Howard Kehler writes: "THE BOOK-LOVER has just come to my attention and is one of the things I cannot do without." ** Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, of Chicago, declares: "No magazine ever filled so vacant a niche." ** Walter Kempster, M.D., of Milwaukee, writes: "It has been a great pleasure to call the attention of book-loving friends to your splendid journal." ** A bookseller and booklover, of Halifax, N. S., writes: "Your publication is an oasis in a desert of cheapness and trash, and I congratulate you on giving us a perfection of a magazine in appearance and contents. It is what it claims to be. Long may it thrive."

Yours truly,



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A Book-Plate Number.

The next issue of THE BOOK-LOVER will hold, in addition to its usual features, a special illustrated section of book plates.

Already nearly fifty are in hand and most of these have not before appeared in any periodical. Those of our readers who possess plates they would care to have appear with others in these pages are invited to send them at an early date. We will see that they are properly cared for and returned after use.

In spite of the introductory paragraph a considerable number of our readers insisted on accepting seriously the matter printed on pages 136 and 137 of the twelfth issue of THE BOOK-LOVER, the same being headed "The Nation's Rare Books." They were meant to furnish pleasant and harmless diversion only, and were given exactly as printed in the several rural journals quoted. The idea was to evidence the common belief that a book must be valuable if it is more than fifty or one hundred years old.

For Our Readers to Answer.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Aug. 22, 1902.

Editor THE BOOK-LOVER.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of THE BOOK-LOVER of May-June, I find a most interesting article, entitled "Recent Gift of a Curious Book." I was especially attracted by it because it dealt with "The Book of the Courtier" or "Il Cortegiano" by Castiglione. I have in my library a copy of this same work printed in 1727 by W. Bowyer, of London. Your article says that the first English translation was made in 1561 and "up to recently was the only translation ever made . . . into English."

Now this volume of mine claims on the title page to be "a new version of the same into English," and prefixed is a life of the author by A. P. Castiglione of the same family.

The page is printed in double column, English and Italian side by side, but the name of the translator is not given. Can you tell me where a copy of the Hoby translation is to be found, so that I may compare mine and ascertain if possible what sort of a book I have picked up?

The frontispiece is a steel engraving by Vertue after the Raphael portrait in the Louvre, and the head and tail pieces are, I should judge, fine wood engravings of elaborate Italian design, unsigned. There is a long list of subscribers' names, an elaborate editor's preface; indeed, everybody's name appears except that of the editor himself.

I should like very much to have some light upon this volume, which I bought at auction solely for the beauty of the portrait engraved by Vertue.

I find THE BOOK-LOVER a continual, indeed, ever-increasing source of pleasure and information.

I have all the numbers from the first, and consider them as forming a valuable set.

Yours very truly,

MRS. R. B. MALLORY,
909 Cambridge Ave.

Kipling.

Columbus, Ohio, seems to be the home of "Pirated Editions." In the June BOOK-LOVER, I read the story of the famous Columbus Edition of the "Rubáiyát," and to-day I discovered copy No. 19 of "The Islander" by Rudyard Kipling, one of an edition of twenty-five "done" in that city. The copy cost my friend \$5.00! 'Tis true, it is a beautifully printed pamphlet, but are we not carrying our love of "Rarities" too far?

C. F. LA SERRE,
Coshocton, Ohio.

A Query.

A reader of THE BOOK-LOVER propounds this query: Why is the honor of being the first book printed from movable types commonly given to the Mazarin Bible, when there is in the King's Library in the British Museum a copy of a Chinese encyclopedia printed in Korea from movable types in 1337?

Isn't it a Chinese Exclusion Act?

Trouble Ahead for Editors.

The publishers of the "Author's Year Book" have received an order for a copy of the book from a resident of McCook, Nebraska. Aside from a dollar, and his name and address, the envelope contained only these touching lines:

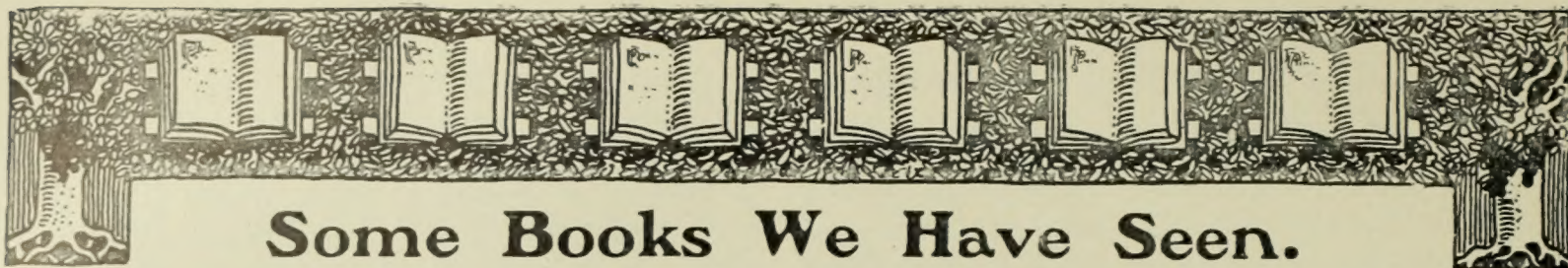
I want to sell some limping rhyme,
And get good shekels for my prose;
Or else I'll have a hard old time,
To meet my bills. "I tell you those."

As To Our Advertisements.

We ask that readers who may have occasion to answer any of them in any way will mention this magazine. Circulation is necessary to gain advertisements, and advertisements are necessary to make that circulation profitable to the publisher; therefore, if you would see THE BOOK-LOVER thoroughly successful, do what you may towards increasing its circulation and its advertisements. The magazine would have much more patronage and be proportionately better worth having if possible advertisers had a fair idea of the number of its readers and their average high position as to wealth and culture.

One of the most interesting of the collection of FitzGerald's manuscripts exhibited at Doubleday, Page & Company's Fifth Avenue bookshop is a copy of the first edition of "The Rubáiyát," with the inscription "Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Whitley Stokes, July 10, 1861."

Swinburne says in a letter to the Secretary of the Omar Khayyám Club of London, in 1897: "It is upwards of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself—I believe, by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold at a penny a copy, having proved hopelessly unsalable at the published price of one shilling. We invested (I should think) in hardly less than sixpennyworth apiece; and on returning to the stall next day for more, found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence—an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and imperative remonstrance."



Some Books We Have Seen.

Failure to comment on any book listed below is not to be considered as indicating it is not worthy of praise, but rather that the editor has not found time to notice it at length. Many of these will be referred to in this department again.

Dante and the Divine Comedy. W. J. Payling Wright. 140 pages. 5x7½. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: John Lane.

Drift of Song (A). Verse. Chas. G. Blanden. 62 pages. 5x6½. Boards, 50c. Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord.

English Girl in Paris (An). Anonymous. 331 pages. \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

"It has been an understood thing for some time past that every year, without fail, I spend at least two months with Uncle Jack . . . For Uncle Jack and Paris form a combination at all times hard to resist." Hence these gay sketches: "A French Marriage," "Concerning a Gay Marquise," "A Café Chantant," "A Sapho of the Salon," etc., all highly peppered with French phrases, and sauced with marginal headings. The English rendering of French idioms is almost as fascinating as an evening with the lamented Marie Ajmée. . . . Admirable light reading for the home circle, the club or the library.

Folly in the Forest. Carolyn Wells. 280 pages. 5x7½. Illustrated. \$1.25. Philadelphia: The Henry Altamus Co.

No brighter or wittier book for the young will appear for the coming holiday season. It deserves a long life on its mirth-provoking merits and will bring laughter to an adult quite as readily as to a child—though usually the two will not be amused by the same paragraph. Miss Wells evidently wrote with an eye on two audiences and her eyesight is faultless.

Hearts Courageous. Hallie Erminie Rives. 407 pages. 5½x8. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bower-Merrill Co.

Miss Rives is to be congratulated upon the distinct advance that "Hearts Courageous" is upon her previous work in tone, interest, and workmanship. The time is Colonial, and the scene laid in Virginia, but the story is as original in plot as if the author were not bound by historical limitations.

How to Make an Index. H. B. Wheatley. The Book Lovers' Library. 240 pages. 4½x7. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Mr. Wheatley, who has made many books, writes with experience and judgment on how the indexes to books should be compiled. This is an art which is now sometimes taught along with shorthand and typewriting, and indeed, it is only by practice that real skill in indexing can be acquired. Mr. Wheatley, however, illustrates his subject so thoroughly, both by examples of what to avoid (a fruitful topic) and by positive rules, that the beginner who has mastered his little handbook will know all that theory can teach him. Sir James Paget found a pleasure in making indexes, and it will be well if the help here offered by Mr. Wheatley persuades other authors to compile their own, for it is only the author who can cause an index fully to bring out the points of his book. Before he turns to the practical side of his subject Mr. Wheatley illustrates its history, and unearths some amusing special indexes, so that his book is by no means unentertaining. His own index is a model of fullness, but the alphabetical arrangement of the entries under the word "Index" itself is radically bad. The words which rule the alphabetical sequence are often unimportant and there is nothing to indicate that the three entries which follow "history of the word" are subordinate ones, breaking the sequence. Unless each entry under a heading begins a new line, and subordinate entries are indented, the alphabetical arrangement seems markedly inferior to a

logical or historical one. A diverting chapter from the volume will be found in this present BOOK-LOVER.

Hymns of the Faith. Being an ancient anthology preserved in the short collection of the sacred scriptures of the Buddhists. Translated from the Pāli by Albert J. Edmunds. 108 pages. 5½x7½. Cloth, \$1.00. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

In a Tuscan Garden. Anonymous. 419 pages. Cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

Jewish Encyclopedia (The). Volume II. Apocrypha-Benash. 685 pages. 8x13 inches. Illustrated. Cloth, \$6.00. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The second volume of "The Jewish Encyclopedia" increases one's amazement and admiration. The publishers are keeping their promise to produce a monumental piece of literature. The work thus far covers "A" and one-third of "B." The twelve volumes, when completed, will provide a well-digested mass of material not to be found anywhere else in the world concerning the most interesting Oriental race of all time. This new work is destined to call the world's attention to the Jew in a new and impressive fashion. We should not be surprised if it led to the creation of a new Jewish literature, and a revival of Jewish studies among Gentile scholars. This is the more likely because the encyclopedia is not a mere collection of facts, already well known and more or less accessible in scattered volumes. It is surprising, considering the important part that the race has taken in the world's affairs, that no country yet possesses an adequate history of the Jews. The editors of "The Jewish Encyclopedia" lay particular stress upon the fact. In truth, it seems that four-fifths of the material that has gone into this monumental publication has been "created," collected, and digested for this special purpose. They say:

"Though of late years considerable activity has been shown in collecting materials for such histories, there exists no comprehensive historical account of the Jews of Germany, Austria, France, Holland, England, Italy, Poland, or the United States, or even of such political divisions as Bohemia, Moravia, and Galicia, or of congregations of such historic importance as those of Amsterdam, Frankfort-on-the-Main, London, Prague, or Wilna. Even voluminous historical standard works like those of Bancroft, Macaulay, and Green, of Michelet and Thiers, of Schlosser and Ranke, are absolutely silent about the history of the Jews of the epochs and countries they respectively treat."

So the new publication has to a large extent an open field, and aims to present for the first time a complete historical survey of the world as far as the Jewish race is concerned.

"Jewish history, sociology, economics, and statistics have hitherto been left almost uncultivated. There has, for example, been no attempt to present a comprehensive account concerning the foundation of the earliest Jewish communities, either in North or South America or in the West Indies. The development stages through which Judaism has passed in America although of extreme interest not only in themselves, but as promising to react upon the shaping of Judaism all over the world, have received but little attention.

"As to Russia, even the modern historian par excellence of the Jews, H. Graetz, in his eleven bulky volumes, devotes very little space to the history and mental evolution of the five millions of Jews condemned to live huddled together in the so-called 'pale.' Through the disinterested efforts of Baron David de Gunzburg of St. Petersburg, member of the foreign board of consulting editors of 'The Jewish

Encyclopedia,' hundreds of rabbis and scholarly laymen throughout Russia are collecting historical and statistical material in order to enable the editors of 'The Jewish Encyclopedia' to give for the first time a succinct history of almost every Russian community of any historical or numerical importance. A like activity for a similar purpose prevails among the members of the American-Jewish Historical Society."

Naturally, in a work of this character, and in the light of the later knowledge, the treatment accorded the Bible is especially important. In this connection we are informed by the editors that "there is no doubt that a great part of the younger Jewish generation find it hard to reconcile with the inborn love and reverence for the Holy Scripture the bold assertions of the so-called higher criticism. The editors of 'The Jewish Encyclopedia' had neither to decide for nor against literal inspiration." The method of work is thus explained:

"They had, in this special department, the delicate and arduous task set before them neither to hurt religious feeling nor to ignore the noble efforts of the Christian exegetes to apply to Holy Scripture the method of modern literary and philological criticism, and to utilize for the clear understanding of the word of God the results of Assyriology, Egyptology, and all other branches of historical and archeological research. The editors of 'The Jewish Encyclopedia' deemed it, therefore, appropriate, in the more important Biblical articles, to distinguish sharply between the conservative and the critical point of view and to give in separate paragraphs the actual dates of the Masoretic text and the critical views regarding them. Thus all the material for an individual judgment are before the reader to enable him to decide critical questions for himself."

The basis of Jewish science and the fundament of Jewish life being the Bible, Jewish scholars begin to realize that their prime duty lies in reconquering the holy book, which has been for various reasons in the course of centuries superseded in the Jewish mind and the seats of Jewish learning by the study of the Talmud and its numberless commentaries and super-commentaries. The editors of 'The Jewish Encyclopedia' have therefore, with the utmost care and on absolutely new lines compiled a Bible dictionary, and inserted its thousands of topics into the enormous mass of historical, biographical, and theological information. All sides of Biblical research are represented and treated concisely.

To emphasize their Jewish standpoint the editors give, in many hundreds of the more important articles, a full and adequate account of the rabbinical explanation of the topic treated. This special department is of priceless value to the Christian theologian and teacher, who finds here together for the first time the results of researches which otherwise would be practically inaccessible. Often a fourth section is joined to the Masoretic, rabbinical, and critical sections—the Mohammedan, including a statement of the phases under which the Biblical data appear in the Koran and traditions of Islam generally. Thus, the attentive Jewish reader can see at a glance what his own rabbis, the Christian theologians, and the Mohammedan ulemas did with the wonderful book which spiritually regenerated the greater part of civilized humanity.

Of course, it is hopeless to give an idea of the number and variety of topics treated. A few may be noted, however, in passing. From Joseph Jacobs' review of the Jew's connection with banking, we learn that, in this writer's opinion, the "monopoly of international finance had largely passed from Jewish hands by 1900," and that, "altogether the influence of Jews on banking has been short-lived, and was due to the preliminary advantage given to them by their international position, which is nowadays shared by them with others."

The student of folk lore will find an excellent article on 'Asmodeus.' Balladry is but slightly touched upon in this volume, the reader being referred to a future article on "folk lore," but there is here a short note on Christian ballads dealing with Jewish subjects or persons, as distinct from Jewish balladry proper. In this folk-poetry the deeds of the Jews are generally described from the anti-Semitic point of view. The colored plate of badges presents the Jewish costume of the middle ages, and different forms of the distinctive badges formerly worn by the Jews. A double-page plate of an auto-da-fé held in the plaza at Madrid in 1680, before Charles II., is reproduced from a

painting by Ricci. Other illustrations of historical value will be found under "Atonement," "Moses Arragel Presenting his Translation of the Bible to Don Luis de Guzman," "The Foundation Stone of Mordecai N. Noah's Proposed City Near Niagara," and "Rameses Besieging Ashkelon," taken from an Egyptian monument.

Music has been freely treated in the departments of hymnology and liturgy. The notes for many a Hebrew melody accompany the text. Thirty of the biographies are accompanied by portraits.

James McNeill Whistler. W. G. Bowdoin. 7x10. Illustrated. Boards, \$1.50. New York: Randolph R. Beam. Noticed at length elsewhere in this present BOOK-LOVER.

Kindred of the Wild (The). Chas. G. D. Roberts. 374 pages. 5½x8½. \$2.00. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

There is an indescribable fascination in these true tales of animal life in the wild woods for any one fond of nature in her uncivilized purity. A certain haziness of scene and an accompanying poetic style befit extremely well the author's literary intention. One has a dreamy feeling in reading the book, as if he were half asleep, and in doubt whether the moving things before him were real or imaginary. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Roberts's sketches are founded on actual experience, somewhere in the forests of Canada, far away to the North. They are told with a consummate art, and like the Rev. Wm. C. Prime's adventures of a generation ago in "The Old House by the River," exert a nameless spell over the sympathetic mind. Mr. Bull's weird illustrations grow in favor as one comes to know them better.

Lady Paramount (The). Henry Harland. 292 pages. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: John Lane.

Among the finest of the newer novels. "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was fine, but this is finer; it is exquisite. It is as full of quotations as "Hamlet," and the quotations are Shakespearean. But these are the result of the overflowing spirits of the leading characters in this exquisitely humorous romance. The author's natural history is sometimes out of season, but his "atmosphere" and scenery are superb. His book has all the charm of one of Richard Jefferies' best.

Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women.

Frederick Rowland Marvin. New edition, with appendix. 353 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Dr. Marvin not only gives the names and the last words spoken by the great men and women of the world in all ages of its history, but considerable additional matter, pertaining to the circumstances in which they died. The author does not tell us how many years he has spent in preparing the material for this extraordinarily interesting book, but one can easily see that it was not a task of a day or of a year. The list of men and women whose names and last sayings he has brought together includes scores of the best known personages in history. The book is of great historical value, and there is not a dull or uninteresting page in it, and it is never gruesome or unpleasant. This new, enlarged edition is proof at least in some measure that the volume is finding the welcome that it merits.

Luck o' Lassendale. Earl of Iddesleigh. 350 pages. 5½x8. \$1.50. New York: John Lane. (Noticed on Page VIII.)

Love Story of Abner Stone (The). Edwin Carlile Litsey. 170 pages. 6x8½. Cloth, \$1.20. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

With faults of immaturity in its structure, but full of delicacy, refinement, old-fashioned simplicity and sweetness. It is a romance of the simplest sort; a study of a middle-aged book lover, who seeks deeper seclusion and repose in the Blue Grass Region and finds the brief and tender romance of an uneventful life. The charm of the tale is its fresh feeling for nature, its atmospheric quality, and that touch of idealism which gives life unending romance for all who have heart and imagination. Such a piece of naïve and tender writing brings the breath of nature into an art in which too many practitioners are relying upon mechanical skill, on hard finish, on cold observation, on hasty as-

simulation of the form and fashion of earlier periods, and trusting too little to the undying interest of the simple story of the heart.

Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors (The). Edited by Charles Wells Moulton. (VIII vols. 10¼x7. Illustrated \$5.00 per vol. Vol. I. 680-1638, pp. 768; Vol. II, 1639-1729, pp. 768; Vol. III. 1730-1784, pp. 768; Vol. IV, 1785-1824, pp. 800). Buffalo: Moulton Publishing Co.

This is a most important, interesting and valuable work. It may be briefly described as a compilation of all the critical mention of the great authors in English and American literature, even the most (apparently) trivial mention being frequently inserted. This is the mere skeleton of the plan, of course; but even this is sufficient to show the value of such a work, if adequately edited. Mr. Moulton, who has devoted twenty years of his life to the compilation of the work, has done his task in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. He has collected the critical estimates, from a myriad sources, of some 1,500 of the most notable of English and American authors, selected with the greatest care, and has placed these criticisms under the names of the respective authors, which are arranged in chronological order. Each volume of the series covers a period in literature, and each is in itself complete as to the period covered.

A preliminary word may be given to the mechanics of the set, of which four volumes have been issued. The volumes are bound in plain green cloth, strong and neat, and are printed in clear type on excellent paper. They are illustrated with portraits of some of the most notable authors of whose works they treat. The mechanics of the literary arrangement are also admirable. The name of the author, with the date of his birth and death, is given, followed by a quotation—usually from some cyclopedia or biographical dictionary—giving a brief account of the major facts of his activities. Then follow, in the chronological order of their writing, the opinions of note concerning his works, these being usually divided into general and particular classes, and frequently, where justified, into criticisms concerning the respective productions of the author. Thus, for example, we find under the head of "Geoffrey Chaucer" the following divisions of the criticisms quoted: "Personal," "Romaunt of the Rose," "Book of the Duchess," "The Complaint of Mars," "Translation of Boethius," "Parliament of Foules," "Troilus and Cresside," "The House of Fame," "Legend of Good Women," "A Treatise on the Astrolabe," "Canterbury Tales" and "Rejected Poems," followed by a mass of criticisms and judgments included under the head of "General." This excellent arrangement enables the searcher for the judgments expressed upon any particular work of the great writers of English to find them at once and have them spread before him in juxtaposition and contrast.

The scope of the work may be judged from the fact that in Volume I we find no fewer than 48 pages, including 306 quotations, devoted to Chaucer; 33 pages and 221 quotations to Spenser; 131 pages to Shakespeare, and the rest in proportion to their fame. In Volume II we find 57 pages given to Milton, 55 to Dryden and 4 even to such a comparatively unimportant author as Izaak Walton. Volume III gives 52 pages to Pope, 37 to Goldsmith, and 27 to Benjamin Franklin, American authors now beginning to be represented, though, of course somewhat sparsely.

That concerning which there can be no controversy is the exceedingly great value of the set as a work of reference. It is a perfect tool of its kind and is simply invaluable to the literary worker. Here he will find collated all the chief judgments, ancient and modern—for the work brings its criticisms down to the present century—of the authoritative critics concerning the great writers who have made English literature an enduring monument of the genius of the race. Of course, there is great interest, apart from its value, to be found in the work; a reading of the various opinions concerning the works of Shakespeare, for example, from the enthusiastic general commendation of Jonson to the verdict of Thomas Rymer upon "Othello" that "the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour," presents a contrast of opinion and appreciation which is as interesting as it is remarkable. Even the poets are made to contribute their quota to the general critical verdict; to continue with Shakespeare, for instance, we find given Shelley's lines

"divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality."

And from Mrs. Browning:

"There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns of the world: O eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time!"

Sometimes even two or three appreciative or epigrammatic words are quoted from some authority, poet or prosaist, as "Sweet Swan of Avon," from Jonson. This most comprehensive plan enables the student of literature to understand the appreciation in which the great writers were held by those who were fellow-craftsmen rather than professed judges, and greatly adds to the interest as well as the value of the work.

Thus the work is an eminently practical addition to the working library of the scholar, while it has also a distinct and decided educational value. It is a most compendious and at the same time handy work of general English literature, containing in epitomized form all that could be found in the most detailed accounts of the various writers of whom it treats, and giving such information in compact yet adequate manner. Moreover, the student of literature is by this work enabled to form his own opinions concerning the general estimate in which each author is held, and is not forced to accept the conclusions of any one critic, however eminent and authoritative.

The work appears to us to be absolutely indispensable to the library of every literary scholar and student, while for general libraries, especially those of colleges and other educational institutions, it will be a most valuable adjunct. Nor should the mere lover of literature be without it if he desire to gain a truer appreciation of the monumental works of the past than he could reach through his own unaided judgment or through the *ipse dixit* of modern commentators and critics.

Man in the Street (The): Stories from the *New York Times*. 310 pages. 5x7½. \$1. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

This collection of bright stories is well worth the attention of all interested in the sayings that pass current with the wine and the walnuts. The book is brimful of things and thoughts conducive to laughter. Although there is nothing in the volume that puts it upon even the first rung of the ladder that leads to the niche where works of literature are supposed to rest, that will make little difference to those who want a book that will make them laugh.

Mississippi Bubble (The). Emerson Hough. 425 pages. 5½x7½. Cloth, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

The author has embodied in his story facts concerning what was perhaps, the most wonderful speculative enterprise ever conceived, and has told them in such a way as to entirely claim the reader's attention. Much of the story is laid in America—the West; not the West that is familiar to us in these days, but as it was when only New England, Virginia and the New France were known to our brothers across the sea. John Law, adventurer, gamester, financier and society exquisite escaped from Newgate prison in London and came to America. Not satisfied with the St. Lawrence, he was ever seeking an elusive, wonderful chimera until, in the wilderness of the "Messaseba," when the rippling waters of the great river appeared before him, he said, "This is the West. We have chosen and we have arrived!" The story is told with much dignity, and to the last page the high standard set at the beginning is maintained; there is running through it the delicate tracery of a good woman's love, as well as the darker line of one wholly unscrupulous; and there are descriptions that will ever linger in the reader's memory.

Mrs. Tree. Laura E. Richards. 282 pages. 4½x6 Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

This is a sweet tale. It is written in a simple style, with the sparing use of dialect. Its author is one of the few persons that can write of the village life of to-day with any degree of accuracy or of interest. Her style, too, is such as to win our admiration. Laura E. Richards, however, has long been admired by us. We were enthusiastic over

her "Captain January," and in its way the present volume—though designed for adults as "Captain January" was for children—is the equal of that book. The characters are exceedingly well drawn and the author throughout the book is able to hold our attention by their consistent quaintness. We meet in the little volume with one or two new anecdotes that are fetchingly humorous, and we have several scenes that are exceedingly droll. There is, too, a little pathos and a little love, as there should be. Certainly "Mrs. Tree" is a very readable little book, and we may add that it is also a very well illustrated volume.

My Captive. J. A. Altsheler. 281 pages. 5½ x 8. Cloth, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a story of the latter days of the American Revolution. It describes the adventures of a young American officer who has captured a young English woman as a spy. Chapter after chapter is devoted to the incidents of the first few hours of their association, their relations constantly changing as they pass in and out of danger. If this sort of a story pleases you there is no better on the market. It moves swiftly, smoothly and naturally, and is a capital book. Mr. Altsheler was one of the first of our present-day historical novelists, an honored writer before "Janice Meredith" won her thousands of admirers, and "Richard Carvel" became the vogue. He is a conscientious student, a well-trained writer, and a sincere patriot; his books have a lasting value as historical pictures.

Night Side of London (The). Robert Machray. Illustrated by Tom Browne. 300 pages, 6 x 9. \$2.50. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The Circus is rather quiet. A 'bus now and again rumbles up, and interposes itself between you and the Fountain, hiding that mocking image. A girl of the night, on her prow for prey, casts a keen glance at you, and flits silently past like a bat. Behind you—you can see her with the tail of your eye—pauses a Painted Lady, picture-hatted, black-haired, belladonna'd, rouged, overdressed, but not more so than many a Great Lady. She makes a true picture of the town, of one aspect of the Night Side of London, as she stands with her back to the down-drawn, dull red blinds of the window in the rear. . . . and then a few more minutes pass, and the Circus suddenly buzzes with life. . . . Here are movement, color, and a babel of sounds—the flashing and twinkling of the multitudinous lights of hurrying hansoms, of many carriages speeding homeward to supper, of streams of people, men and women, mostly in evening dress, walking along, smiling and jesting and talking of what they have been to see."

With this kind of picturesque description and running comment, Robert Machray tells of "The Night Side of London." His are the keen eye and ready pencil of the practiced newspaper man. Starting from Piccadilly Circus—"the centre of the Night Side of London"—he wanders, notebook in hand, east through Leicester Square, northeast through Soho, up Regent street and down Euston Road, stopping now to observe a drunken couple, now to patronize a coffee-stand, but always noting down fresh impressions and sketching odd characters. Then, leaving Piccadilly and the life of the streets he drops in on "society"—the theatre, the opera, balls and receptions—and out again, over to an East End music-hall. He dines at the Carlton or the Imperial, goes to a club with some man-about-town, or in company with an artist friend visits the "Eccentrics"—the London prototypes of New York's "Lambs." Still there are to be explored the cheap shows of the East End, the dancing halls, the would-be bohemianism of the student colony, or one of the famous—infamous—London "night clubs."

Perhaps the vicious side seems to predominate; certainly gayety is always uppermost, covering thinly the downright misery of the swarming life on the streets. To see it all as a spectator, notebook in hand, tempts to moralizing. But Mr. Machray generally avoids the temptation. His business is to describe and illustrate, and he sticks closely to his text. In this book you will find no attempt to solve problems or to improve conditions. Whether watching the frivolities of the Duchess of Blankshire's ball or witnessing a 'knock out' at the National Sporting Club, the author is

equally dispassionate. Nor is his observation subtle, his reflection profound. The picturesque, the changing surface of things, the movement, the superficialities of life—these are the objects of his search; and its result is a book of genuine interest of a quite original sort.

Mr. Machray cannot, however, arrogate to himself all credit for his success. Happily his wanderings are accompanied by an observer no less alert than himself and perhaps more penetrating. "Tom" Browne has illustrated the text with more than ninety characteristic drawings and sketches. The illustrations are not short of excellent—simple in construction, and expressive, with the touch of exaggeration that brings out each individual as a distinct type. Mr. Browne's pictures are an achievement. The book is notably well printed.

Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII. William Watson. 53 pages. 5½ x 7½. Boards, \$1.00. New York: John Lane.

Exhibits the stately cadence and accent which distinguish the work of Mr. William Watson and set it immeasurably above the labored and frothy mouthings of the Laureate of the moment. Mr. Watson's latest poem has great dignity, the weight of thought which is always present in his work, and contains many examples of his felicity of diction. His imagination responds not only to the impressiveness of the magnitude of the British Empire, its great variety of climates, soils, and peoples, but also to the heroic notes in its history; and the ode is on the highest ethical plane in its interpretation of the English spirit and destiny, and in its urgent appeal to the noblest aims of Englishmen.

Persian Children of the Royal Family. Wilfrid Sparrow. 351 pages. 6 x 8¾. Illustrated. Cloth, \$3.50. New York: John Lane.

Stray Leaves from a Border Garden. Mary Pamela Milne-Holme. 340 pages. 5 x 7½. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

Way of Escape (The). Graham Travers. 376 pages. 5½ x 7½. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Women Designers of Book Plates. Wilbur Macey Stone 3¾ x 8. Unpaged. Illustrated. \$1.00. New York: Randolph R. Beam.

To be noticed hereafter.

The Father of English Prose.

During this Millenary Celebration of Alfred the Great, the father of English prose, it is interesting to note the new books coming out relative to his life and works. Not the least of these in wholesome interest is the latest and, in some respects, the ripest work of his life, namely, "King Alfred's Old English Version of St. Augustine's Soliloquies," edited with introduction, notes, and complete glossary, by Henry Lee Hargrove, Ph.D., of Yale. It is a commendable spirit which gives this rare study in Medievalism to the modern world for the first time. Until now it has been hidden away in the unique manuscript of the British Museum. This edition came out in September and has already received commendation by scholars who are specialists in the subject. To many it will reveal for the first time the real and vital relationship of Alfred to our modern life and literature.

Professor Hargrove was recently called to the chair of English Literature, University of Florida.

THE HARD LUCK O' LASSENDALE.

Here are two fine examples of modern book-reviewing. That in the second column is from the *Mail and Express*, a journal of high standing and generally regarded as fair, as well as sincere. That in the first column is from *Book News*, a magazine which, if it err at all, would be expected to err in giving too much praise.

LUCK O' LASSENDALE.

Sometimes, when we pick up a new book, we really have to wonder how the author ever managed to get it published. "Luck o' Lassendale" is of this class of novels. Puerile, almost absurd, lacking alike in literary polish and in power to interest, flat, unjustifiably monotonous; no adjectives seem adequate to describe the inadequateness of the story.

We do now and then discover a work of fiction which seems to have little to it, as the saying is, but which, by virtue of a certain merit in style, must be accorded a degree at least of commendation. But the new work issued (from the inscription on the title-page) by the Earl of Iddesleigh not only has not the foundation of something worth saying, but the "nil" thought is not even attired in a garment of language sufficiently passable to give it the semblance of attractiveness. The characters impress us as a set of weak-minded, easy-going block-heads, whose combined actions achieve a halting, insipid play and counter-play to which there is little plot and still less evidence of execution. The Earl, whoever or whatever he may be, seems always striving to make up for the lack of spirit and common-sense evinced in the dialogues of his people, by lathering those same figure-heads with adjectives of the minutest descriptive qualities.

"Alfred said, looking bewildered."

"Said Sir Francis patronizingly."

We never hear them

LUCK O' LASSENDALE.

A type of fiction which seems to be enjoying a period of mild popularity just now is the novel founded upon an old family prophecy and its fulfillment. Mr. Benson's recent "Luck of the Vails" and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's "Fuel for Fire" are good examples of the class, and still another is "Luck o' Lassendale." For generations the house of Lassendale has ruled "lord of all," just as the lines of the old legend predict that it will until there "comes a weakling lord and frail, when away with lordly Lassendale." When old Sir John died, leaving a widow and four children, and the title and lands passed to the eldest son, Francis, it never occurred to any one to think apprehensively of the prophecy. Francis was far from frail and weakly in a physical sense—a good soldier, a good sportsman, an open-hearted, hospitable fellow, with unbounded energy and great faith in his own ability and business shrewdness. It did not occur to any of those immediately interested, until too late, that the weakness referred to in the old doggerel lines might be mental rather than bodily, or that there was more menace to the family honor from Francis's wild speculations, his horse-racing and his fever for gambling, than in the frailest physical health. Luckily—and this is really the only luck that the house of Lassendale can lay claim to—there is a sister who is made of more sterling metal than the spendthrift Francis, the vale-

say anything without being told precisely how they say it. In consequence, when we have completed the perusal of the book we look back and begin to wonder aimlessly what the whole thing was about. Somehow, it seems like so much soapy water, blown off into space in bubbles, save that when we blow bubbles we are conscious of experiencing a certain amount of enjoyment; and physical culturists tell us that we also obtain some very beneficial exercise—but when we read "Luck o' Lassendale" we certainly do not gain one atom of pleasure, and surely no mental apparatus can profit by gymnastics necessitated by the maddening perusal of such vaporous material.

The work of the critic surely falls in the hard places. There are books and books to be enjoyed, but there are more books still, the only wish for which we have is that they might all be gathered together in a heap to make a glorious bonfire. What a magnificent "burning of vanities"!

Confusing Criticism.

Two "Reviews" of Another Popular Novel. As with the "Luck O' Lassendale," the favorable consideration seems most unbiassed.

CHANTICLEER IS GOOD.

A Pastoral Study, with Variety and Humor, by Miss Hall.

Perhaps, in the deluge of books on gardens and spots "exempt from public haunts," we are apt to look askance at a new pastoral. But we need have no fear of Violette Hall's "Chanticleer." (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.) It does not thrust nature upon us, but, dedicated as it is to the "jaded in spirit," lets the nature love filter into our spirits throughout the pages of the book, and by means of the charming pictures. The story does not lack for humor, nor for love-making, nor for rather kindly hits at the material natures of many would-be woodsmen.

The story is that of a young husband and wife, Roger and Mary, who, on coming to their home one night, find it in ashes and all their worldly goods destroyed. That night they camp out in the barn, and so com-

tudinarian Alfred, or the over-cautious Robert; and it is she who finally keeps the family estates together, although this she can accomplish only by consenting to exchange the name of Lassendale for another that is equally dear to her. The story is well told, and there is an old-fashioned atmosphere about the dialogue which certainly does not detract from it. (New York: John Lane.)

THE WORST OF ITS KIND. CHANTICLEER. By Violette Hall. 12mo, 304 pp. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. \$1.50.

It is the sad fate of every great philosopher to have mediocre disciples, who, under the shade of his name, impose on a credulous world. Thoreau is made the excuse for this novel, and it were just as well he knew it not. The Thoreau part of it is good, viz.: the foundation idea and the quotations.

A man and his wife, having their country house burnt down one summer day, decide to spend the whole year in the heart of nature, without servants, superfluous furniture or frocks, or any of the conventionalities of life. They grow their own potatoes, and milk their own cow. The result is page after page of the most exaggerated, silly sentiment that could well be imagined. One would feel less ashamed reading Zola on a public

pletely do the night, with its magic, and the spirit of May, and, incidentally, Thoreau's "Walden" fasten their claims upon them, that they decide not merely to spend the rest of the summer but all the winter, too, at Roger's three acres of fishing ground.

There, in a house which looked so like a cockerel about to crow that they called it "Chanticleer," with the barest necessities, Roger and Mary live. Roger is a writer, so his work does not compel frequent returns to town.

Several of their friends, hearing of the experiment, seize upon the idea and follow suit. This is most disconcerting to the originators of the plan, but one by one the false lovers of their little world drift away and leave the place to a circle of four congenial families.

There are two other pairs of lovers besides the hero and heroine, two of the people being city-bred and two of them country people. The more interesting of these couples are Mr. Estabrook and Miss Decker. They are both beyond the age in which love is usually made. Miss Decker is a hard-working, self-repressing woman, one of those of whom Mary thought—apropos of house cleaning in May-time: "How much of the eternal splendors we all of us tack down under our carpets."

Mr. Estabrook is an old man with a great sorrow expressed on his face and lying at his heart. All his life he had been too poor and too busy to study his one passion—painting. And when the time came in which he had the liberty to do so he found that he was too old; that he had no idea at all of perspective or of color. Truly, that is the one touch of pathos in the book.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Books and Their Cooking," which we reprinted in number thirteen, presented matters in a new and eminently diverting manner. The author is editor of *Things and Thoughts*, the Winchester, Virginia, magazine. It is better printed on better paper than any other we know of, and a credit to the Nation as well as to the South.

platform than this mawkish effusion. A few extracts will suffice to prove the justice of this criticism: "The æsthetic intemperance made my soul reel. Whether I was drunken or mad it would be hard to say"—(both, we would suggest, if thus impressed by a summer landscape). The following are the sentiments awakened on an introduction to a certain old gentleman: "We held no very definite converse. It was more that I opened the windows of my soul to flood consciousness with the radiance of his love for wood and pasture, for sky and mountain top. Where that radiance finds a home, celestial reciprocity maintains. I loved old Mr. Estabrook and he loved me." In three different parts of the book the characters dissolve into "gurgles" of joy.

It is more than strange that the calm, unobtrusive dignity of nature should be depicted as moving human beings to such insane and idiotic transports.

Some of the illustrations are pleasing, but the coloring, like the text, is exaggerated. The greens and yellows of the landscapes are only exceeded by the bilious shades in the figures.

Altogether a cartoon of love and a burlesque on nature.—*Literary Life*.

The Bandar Log Press.

The majority of THE BOOK-LOVER's readers will recall with some agreeable recollection the illustrated article concerning Mr. Frank Holme and his Bandar Log Press, which appeared on page 174 of number 12 of this magazine.

A much smaller number are possessors of the first volume to bear for its imprint "The Bandar Log Press," the edition of which was limited to 74 copies and issued in Chicago.

The second and third volumes, entitled "Swanson Able Seaman," by Charles Dryden, and "Where is Ray Brown?" by Kirke La Shelle, were printed in Asheville, N. C., each limited to an edition of 174 copies.

These books are unique in their typography, and in technical methods go back to first principles. Those already issued were illustrated in color, with borders, full pages, illuminated initials, tail-pieces, etc., the whole thing being cut on wood blocks by Mr. Holme and printed by him upon hand presses; and lovers of the unique in artistic books, in all parts of the country, became immediately interested, while art critics and book reviewers devoted columns to the work of this most original of publishers.

Mr. Holme's efforts having met with such genuine approval it has been deemed wise to incorporate The Bandar Log Press and place it upon a stable business basis.

Frank Holme (who is the "Press") is a former Chicago newspaper artist, prominent in Bohemian circles, and will be the president, with unlimited powers. This is the way it happened: Holme had tuberculosis. He stayed in the North Carolina mountains last winter and went to New York at the beginning of the summer. He has been trying to work. It was pathetic. His friends urged him to go to Arizona. He refused because he could get no work out there. Then Kirke La Shelle, theatrical man; George Ade, and Finley Peter Dunne, humorous writer; Augustus Thomas, playwright, and others, got up the incorporation idea. The Bandar Log Press is to be run at Phoenix, Ariz. Its business is to publish original manuscripts, and the reprint of collections of stories, poems and other literary matter which has appeared in the last twenty years and is now all but lost.

Mr. Holme already has in hand a book of attractiveness and originality. It will be illustrated with woodcuts in four colors, and will be the finest example of his work thus far issued, besides being of a popular and wholly unusual nature.

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2. **OUT OF THE WEST.** By Elizabeth Higgins.

This is the story of the career of a young man who goes from the East to the West—his rise to power, temptation, struggle, success. Every phase of the life of the young American as the author describes it is true. It is, besides, a story of life—the home life, society, the actual every-day experiences of the people of a typical little town. A remarkably strong, well-written and interesting work of fiction. \$1.50.

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Mr. Chambers has long since won a most enviable position among contemporary novelists. The great popular success of "Cardigan" makes this present novel of unusual interest to all readers of fiction. It is a stirring novel of American life in the days just after the Revolution. It deals with the conspiracy of the great New York land-owners and the subjugation of New York Province to the British. It is a story with a fascinating love interest, and is alive with exciting incident and adventure. Some of the characters of "Cardigan" reappear in this new novel. Illustrated by Christy. \$1.50.

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My present purpose has been to take up the advertising problem in all its phases. As near as I can estimate, there are expended for advertising each year in this United States of America approximately 600,000,000 of dollars; and the entire annual corn crop of the country represents a value of about \$629,000,000. Wheat is worth \$319,000,000 annually. The production of pig iron is valued at \$91,000,000. All the coal produced in the United States in one year is worth only \$210,000,000. The maximum amount of money ever involved in the shipbuilding of this country in one year was \$350,000,000.

But advertising is comparatively a new business. It is not over fifty years old in this country, and it is only within the last thirty years that it has in any way been recognized as a business. And it is little understood even by those to whom such knowledge is most important.

The Art and Literature of Business discusses advertising intelligently and practically in all its varied phases—newspapers and magazines, their production, and the cost of advertising therein in different sections of the country; billboards, their distribution and location, the production of the artistic and inartistic paper which is pasted upon them, and the manner in which the entire business is conducted; the method, development, importance and cost of street-car advertising; advertising through the mails, and, in short, advertising in all ways, including the practical details of each way.

I believe that this work is sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of any business man, and of any young man who has any idea of embarking in business, so that he will be content to read it from start to finish as he would read any book for mere entertainment. I think the book can be made to serve the purpose of entertainment, and at the same time take its place as an authoritative reference book suitable for introduction into libraries, both public and private.

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In 1882 I left Indianapolis High School and entered the employ of a book and stationery house, one of whose important departments was the sale of cardboard and paper stock to printers. There I acquired a knowledge of paper which has been useful to me ever since.

In 1886 I became the publisher of the theatrical programs of all the theaters in Indianapolis, and shortly purchased a printing plant with which to produce them. During the succeeding seven years I printed and published programs and advertising schemes of almost every legitimate description, and I published or did work on all varieties of newspapers, from a society weekly up through literary monthlies, local small town weeklies and trade papers to a daily. I wrote advertising matter, solicited advertising from merchants and manufacturers, and placed advertising in publications other than my own. For nearly a year I was advertising manager for the largest department store in the State.

In 1893 I came to New York and adopted advertisement-writing as my sole business. Shortly afterward I began editing a "Department of Criticism" in "Printers Ink" and in a number of other trade journals. This brought me immediately into correspondence with advertisers, big and little, all over the United States. My technical knowledge of advertising helped them, and a recital of their experiences, and the results of their advertising efforts, widened my knowledge.

In the past eight years I have come into direct practical and intimate contact with every conceivable sort of advertising problem—with every conceivable branch of business. These have been about the busiest eight years that any man ever had, and during this time the thoroughly fascinating subject of advertising has been with me at least fifty-nine out of every sixty waking minutes in the day.

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There are nearly one hundred people here, each with some definite knowledge of advertising. They come from all parts of the country, and have been employed in printing offices, on newspapers, as advertisement writers for various sorts of business and in other ways, and each one's knowledge and experience add something to the general equipment.

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George E. Woodberry, Professor Comparative Literature, Columbia University, New York.

The Book-Lover

Number 14.

September-October, 1902

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Part I.—Books of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.

By H. T. Sheringham.

We are told that Petrarch, who resembled Shakespeare in having small Greek, kept *Homer* and *Plato* very large and magnificent sitting side by side on his shelves. At best he could only spell them out with the aid of a Latin paraphrase, if, indeed, he ever attempted as much, but he liked to see them there, and would have been miserable without them. Herein lies a subtle commentary on the mania of the book-collector, and behind it there is one more subtle still. One day one of these ungrateful tomes (history, so far as I remember, does not record which, but I suspect *Plato*) turned upon its owner, knocked him down, and, but for the interposition of Providence, would have broken his leg. The warning was obvious, but the poet was infatuated, and to the day of his death he remained a bibliophile. It is true that his great library was by then for the most part dispersed, but this was due to the fact that he found a mass of ponderous manuscripts something of a burden in a life full of journeys, and possibly also difficult of storage in his often changing abodes.

This puts him curiously in touch with collectors of modern times. How often do we not hear the lament of the enthusiast, that "he positively has not room for another picture or another chair in his house?" The remedy, of course, is to follow Petrarch's example, and to give it all away, but that requires strength of mind more than human. What would one of these overcrowded ones do, supposing that time and fact were for the moment annihilated, and a genuine offer were made to him of all Petrarch's treasures in their pristine

glory? His protestations of lack of room would be as they had never been uttered, he would fill every cranny with bookcases, even to the bathroom, in the manner disapproved of Seneca, and himself would remove to an hotel.

This, however, is the extremity of hypothesis, and has no bearing whatever on the smallness of space, which is so real a difficulty to many a collector. In some cases it is insuperable: more than a certain amount of old oak furniture, for instance, posi-

tively will not go into a house; a wall will not hold more than so many square feet of pictures, while, as for books, the insidious motto, *nulla dies sine libro*, will line a room with bookcases and cram them with books before a man can realize that he has begun to collect at all.

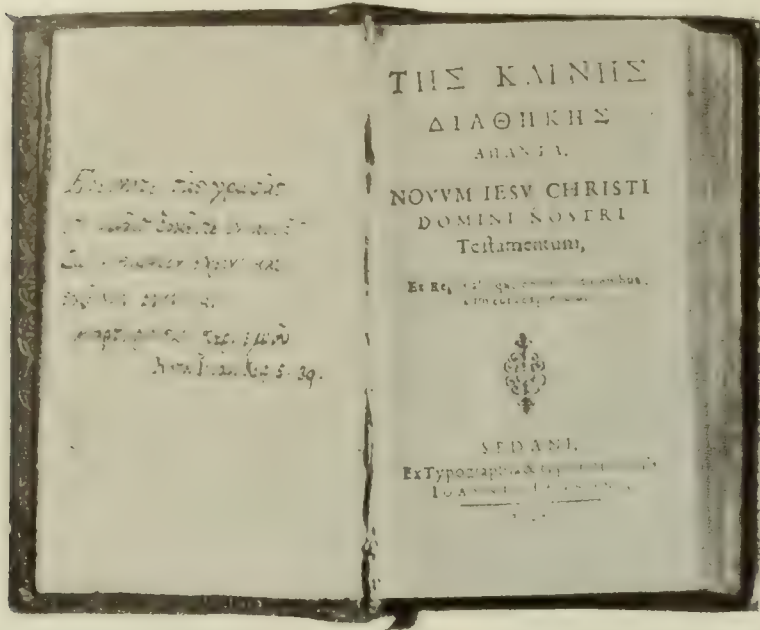
Solvitur circumambulando, that is to say, one can fetch a compass round the obvious and effect a very tolerable compromise between conscience, purse, and accommodation, if one directs one's energies in the right direction. In this article I propose to indicate the lines on which a book-collector may still collect books, and yet be his own man in his own house.

Writers on book collecting are unanimous in advising the ordinary amateur to specialize in one class of books, and it is with the class that takes up least room that I wish to deal. In brief, it is with the books which the booksellers with uncertain voice call "miniature books," "little books," "tiny books," indifferently, according to the humor of the moment and catalogue. It is well to use a definite name as far as possible, so as a classification I will abide



Hymns of Synesius Cyrenæus. *Stephanus*, 1568.

by "miniature," though it is misleading enough, for it gives an impression that a book with such a name is no book at all, but something in the form of one made to dangle with the charms on a lady's chain. In some cases this impression is correct, which makes it still more puzzling,



Greek Testament.

Sedan, 1628.

ling, so in self-defence I must borrow Lamb's distinction once more, and subdivide miniature books into *biblia*, or books proper, and *abiblia*, or toys. In the first class I shall place all the miniature editions which have or have had any claim to utility, and therefore have been both readable and read; in the second those which are obviously not books, such as almanacs, chap-books, and so forth, and those whose existence is a freak, and whose only claim to consideration is their beauty or oddity.

A word as to the size, or lack of it, that constitutes a miniature book. From the point of view of the collector, it is perhaps wise not to be too insistent on extreme diminutiveness, as the smallest books of all, under two inches in height, let us say, are nowadays very hard to come by. If, however, one establishes a standard of four inches as the maximum height for a miniature library, the field of action is considerably extended, and the attainment of a considerable number of volumes without much trouble or expense becomes a matter of certainty.

For an explanation of the origin of miniature books, we may look behind the invention of printing. There are many diminutive manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which, in point of size, would be entitled to a place in our library. So far as I have been able to ascertain, they are entirely books of devotion, missals, psalters, hour-books, and the like. Their small size is, no doubt, a sort of

reaction from the cumbrous folios and quartos of the period, possibly, too, a concession to the tastes of the fair sex, which would naturally regard them with more favor both for their beauty and portability. Thus it became a tradition that certain books were to be "writ small," and this tradition survived the invention of printing, and lasted practically to the end of the sixteenth century. So we find the smallest books from most of the early presses are religious. I will instance three famous printing houses, the Aldine, the Estienne, and the Plantin presses. The smallest Aldine publication is a *Horae in Laudem Beatissimae Virginis*, printed in 1505, in 32mo, and reissued in 1521. This little book is printed in red and black, and the care taken to make it attractive, points, no doubt, to the wishes of lady customers. They appear to have appreciated it, for it is very rare now in either edition. The smallest book from the hands of the Estiennes is somewhat different in character, though also religious in tone. It is a copy of the hymns of Synesius Cyrenæus, Bishop of Ptolemais, in Greek and Latin, together with some odes by Gregorius Nazianzenus, printed in 1568. A copy of this book, which I have measured, is $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches in height and 1 13-16 inches in width,* but may have lost a millimeter or so in binding. The smallest book from the Plantin press is the *Kalendarium Gregorianum* of 1585. This tiny volume, which is only about two and a half inches in height, is printed in black, with red capitals. It may be seen in the original sheets in the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, but not, unfortunately, in booksellers' shops.

The collector must not expect to come across many books of the sixteenth century small enough for his purpose, because they are comparatively few in number, and for that reason much in request. There are, however, a few books of insignificant appearance and small value that are interesting enough in themselves to be worth buying. There is a *Cæsar* printed by Vascosan, at Paris, in 1569, which is a beautiful specimen of minute italic type; it has some amusing plates of Cæsar's fortifications and bridges, etc. A copy before me only just comes within the limits, measuring $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches by 2 5-16 inches. Another such book is an edition of Petrarch's treatise, *De Remediis Utriusque Fortunae*, printed at Venice in 1515, by Alexander Paganino. My copy, which has, alas! suffered sorely from some old bookbinder,

* Where I have given the exact measurements of a book, it means that I have measured a copy myself, or have taken the size given in a catalogue, or in some standard work of reference.

measures $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches. Uniform with this book is an edition of Petrarch's poems, published by Paganino in the same year. In the course of the century there were four or five other editions from various Italian presses in about the same size, and in the seventeenth century there were nine or ten.

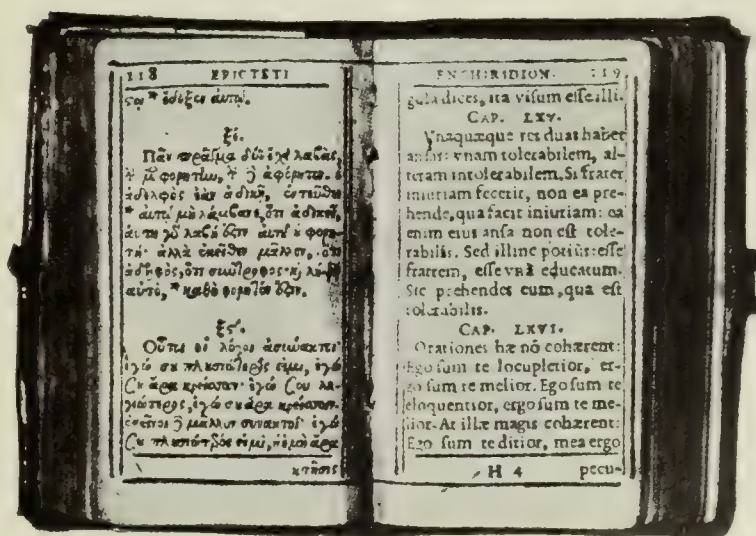
It is, indeed, with the seventeenth century that the practicability of making a collection of miniature books really begins. Many well-known presses issued one or more miniature volumes, some of which, perhaps because of their insignificance, are hardly known to bibliographers at all. In the narrow limits of a short paper it is impossible to do more than give a few instances. The most famous specimens of all are the little series from the press of John Jannon at Sedan. These are the *Virgil*, 1625, the *Horace*, 1627, and the *Greek Testament*, 1628, which average $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in height and $1\frac{1}{3}$ -16 inches in width. There is another edition of the *Virgil*, dated 1628. In addition to these there is an edition of the psalms in French (*mis en rime par Clement Marot et Theodore Beze*) of 1626. This book, which measures $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in a rather cropped state, bears no printer's name, but as it was printed at Sedan, and is of the same period as the others, there is little doubt that it must be ascribed to Jannon. These books are not common, and are generally priced at from one to two guineas, according to their state; but not so very long ago I saw the *Horace* in a catalogue priced at three shillings.

The psalms in English metre were published very often in small editions in England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, and a good many of them are decked in pretty needlework bindings. A copy before me, printed for the Company of Stationers in 1624, measures 3 inches by $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches. Perhaps the most curious of them is *The whole Book of Psalms in meter, according to the Shortwriting*, by Jeremiah Rich, author and teacher of the said art, London, printed and sold by Samuel Botley, teacher of the said art. Brunet says that this book is commonly bound up with the New Testament, also in shorthand by the same author, but I have only seen the New Testament by itself. The copy I saw, dated 1660, measured $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and was a fat little book. The book of psalms is not dated.

The various presses at Leyden are responsible for a number of miniature books in the seventeenth century. Lopez de Haro published one in 1644, *Ismeniae et Ismenes Amores*, by Eustathius. This curious little work, which measures $3\frac{5}{16}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, has a pref-

ace written by Lopez de Haro, *bibliopola*, in which he commends it to the "generous and most noble youth" of the university as a novel of strictly moral tendency. From the press of Jacobus Marcus we find two little books, both printed in 1627, and measuring $3\frac{9}{16}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, one, *Erasmi Encomium Moriae*, the other, *Cunaei Sardi Venales*. Two more miniature books, published by Raphelengien, the son-in-law of Plantin Moretus, are remarkable. They are a thick little *Cicero de Officiis*, dated 1610, $2\frac{9}{16}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{11}{16}$ -16 inches, and an *Epicteti Enchiridion* of 1616, in Latin and Greek, measuring $2\frac{11}{16}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{9}{16}$ -16 inches. The Raphelengien, father and son, who carried on the business founded by Moretus, in Leyden, during his residence there in the years 1583-1585, probably printed other miniature books, but, so far, I have not come across any more.

Amsterdam provides us with a good many miniature books at about this period. Jansson printed a few, among which I may mention an edition of More's *Utopia* of 1631, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. A rather similar edition, by the way, was printed at Oxford in 1663. Another Amsterdam curiosity is a little Dutch *Liede-Boeck*, in black letter, published by Groot. It is undated, but belongs probably to the early part of the seventeenth century, and measures $2\frac{1}{3}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches. An edition of *Petronius Arbiter*, with the *Priapeia*, published in 1677 by Gaesbequius, is a pretty specimen of Dutch book-making. Its measurements are $3\frac{11}{16}$ -16 inches by $1\frac{1}{3}$ -16 inches.



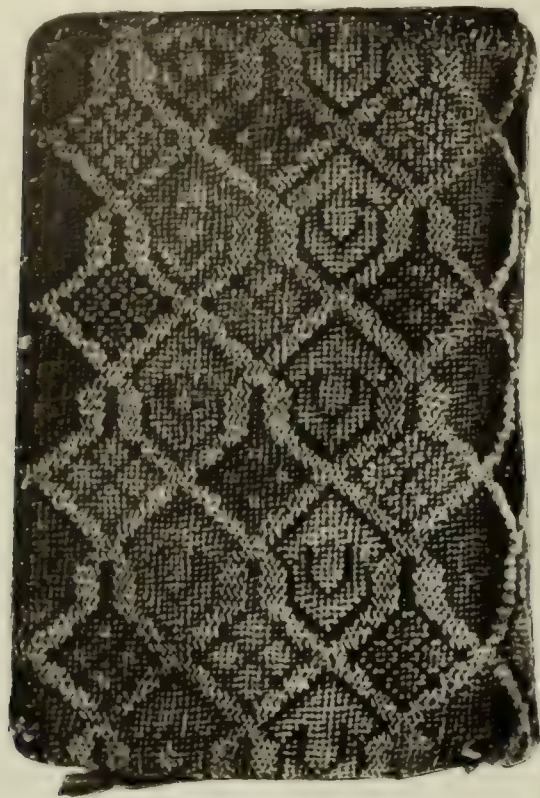
Epictetus.

Leyden, 1616.

The smallest Amsterdam book I have seen is a *Cicero de Officiis*, printed by Gulielmus Caesius in 1625, and measuring only $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

A few instances from various presses and towns, taken more or less at random, will show

how widely distributed the desire for miniature books was. From Paris I note a book of hours dedicated to the king, printed by Claude Herissant, in 1672, which measures 3 3-16 inches by 2 1-16 inches; from Venice an edition



Psalms in English Metre (Needlework Binding).
Company of Stationers, 1624.

of *Il Pastor Fido*, of 1608, 3 3/4 inches by 1 7/8 inches; from Antwerp an *Imitatio Christi*, of 1626, a little under 3 1/2 inches in height; and from Cologne another edition of the same book, 1622, 3 3-16 inches in height. From Augsburg comes what appears to be a pictorial version of the New Testament, *Biblische Augen und Seelenlust*, 1696, 3 1/4 inches in height. The German catalogue, in which it appears, states that it has a hundred and fifty-two copper-plate illustrations. Another little book from Germany is a *Modus devote celebrandi Sacrificium Missæ*, printed at Munich in 1642, and measuring 3 1/2 inches in height.

I will finish my brief indication of the types of books issued in miniature forms in the seventeenth century by noticing two little volumes, which are both extremely rare and curious. One is at present to be seen at Mr. Tregaskis' shop; it is a Jewish service book, *Orden de las Oraciones Quotidianas*, measuring 2 5/8 inches by 1 5/8 inches. Printed on vellum with illuminated title-pages, and bound in old olive morocco, it is as perfect an example of a miniature book as one could wish to see. It bears neither date nor printer's mark, but it seems to belong to the seventeenth century. It is quoted in Mr. Tregaskis' catalogue as "probably unique."

The other is more interesting to the world at large, though it is almost as rare as the last-mentioned work. It is *The Young Sportsman's Instructor in Angling, Fowling, Hawking, Hunting, ordering singing birds, hawks, poultry, coneys, hares, and dogs, and how to cure them*, by G. M. Sold at the Ring, in Little Britain, 48mo. This little book measures only 2 1/2 inches by 1 3/4 inches, and has a frontispiece depicting a man fishing. Very little is known about this, the smallest book but one in the sportsman's library, but from a correspondence in *The Field* on it in January, 1900, there seem to be four copies known to be in existence. The first edition is probably undated. The *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* mentions two other editions in the same format, one dated 1652, also sold at the Ring; the other, undated, and printed and sold at Worcester. I cannot find it recorded that anybody has seen a copy of either of the two later editions. The book was reprinted several times, but as it grew in age, so it grew in size, and the later editions are outside the scope of this paper.

In my remarks on miniature books in the seventeenth century, I have made no reference to the Elzevir presses. They printed a good many books which would just come within our standard of four inches, but the subject is so large that it could only be treated at considerable length. Many of the books are very common, notably editions of Owen's epigrams and Buchanan's verses, and the various volumes of the "Republic" Series, that is to say, topo-



Horace

Seda. 1627.

graphical works, *descriptiones* of various countries and states. Perhaps, however, Elzevirs are best avoided, as it will be found that in the great majority of cases their small size is acci-

dental, and due to the barbarous treatment of some binder, in whose vocabulary there were no such words as "wide margins" or "tall copies."
—*The Connoisseur*.

On a Fly-leaf of Burns's Songs.

These are the best of him,
Pathos and jest of him;
Earth holds the rest of him.

Passions were strong in
him—
Pardon the wrong in him;
Hark to the song of him!

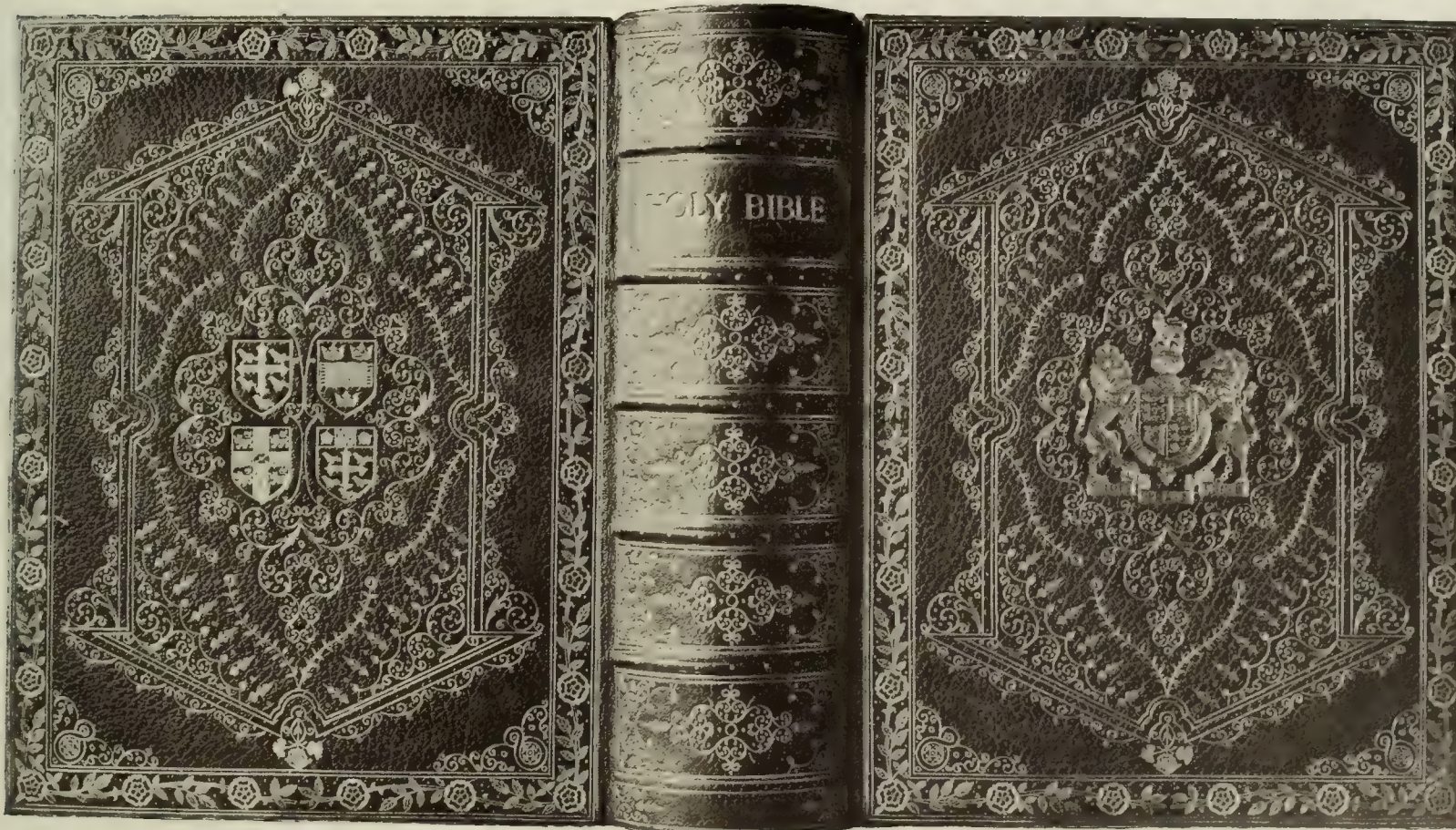
Each little lyrical
Grave or satirical
Musical miracle!

—From "*On Life's Stairway*,"
by Frederic Laurence Knowles.
Published by Messrs. L. C. Page
& Co.

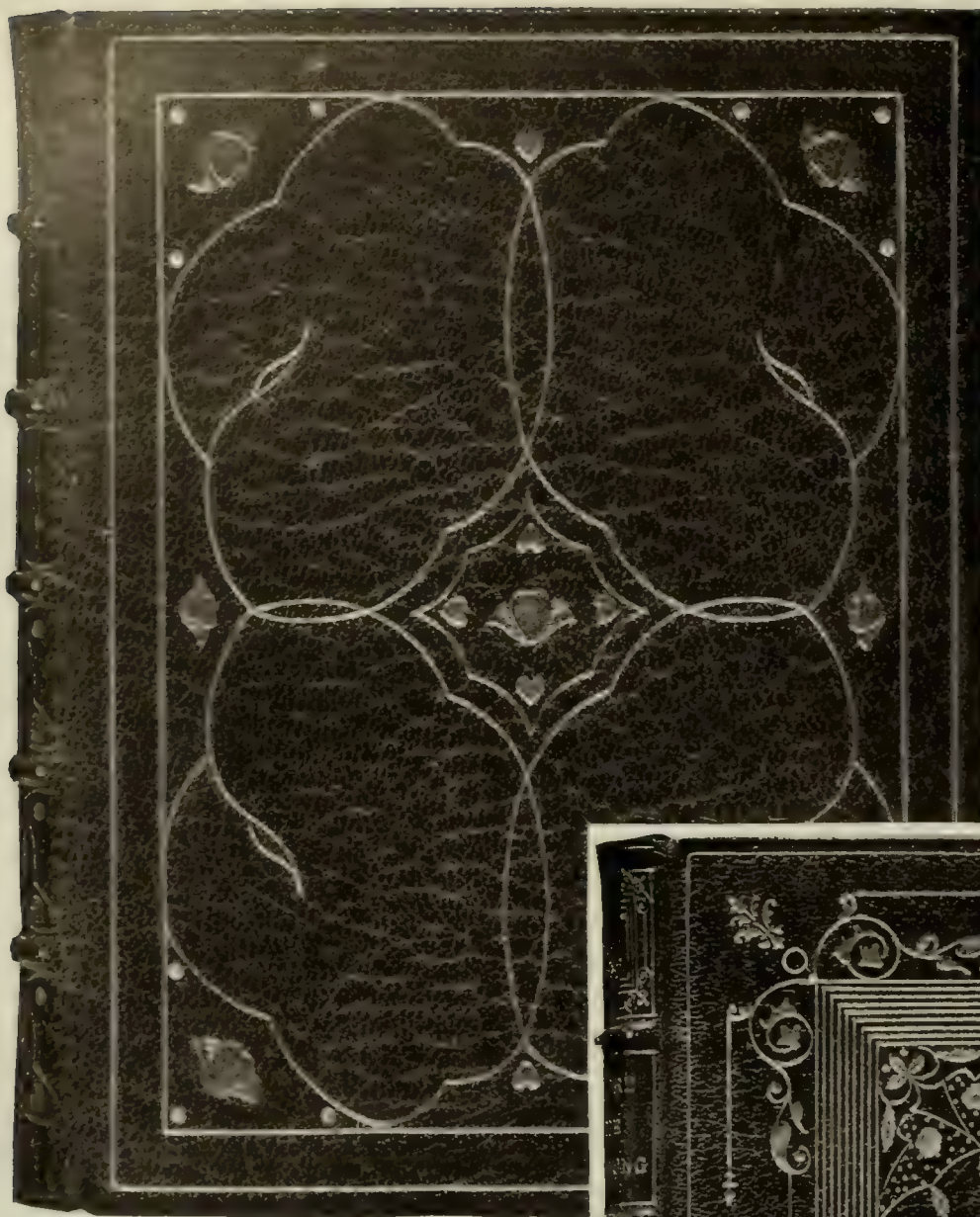


A Representative Row.

CORONATION BIBLE OF KING EDWARD VII.



The copy of the Holy Bible which was presented to the King and kissed by his Majesty in taking the oath at the coronation ceremony is the joint gift of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is a large quarto volume measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and was printed at the Oxford University Press with type cast there, on paper made at the University Mills. The binding was executed by Mr. Henry Frowde at the University Binding House in London. The covers are of red polished Levant Morocco leather, the tooling being in gold. On each cover, is an open Tudor rose border, and a cottage-roof design; in the centre of the latter are the Royal arms on the front cover, and on the back cover the arms of Edward the Confessor, Oxford University, Cambridge University, and Westminster Abbey. There is no clasp, nor are there metal corners. The doublure is Russia leather with a plain border, in respective corners being a rose, thistle, shamrock, and portcullis, each surmounted by a crown, and in the centre the royal monogram. On the silk fly-leaf the following inscription is printed in plain gold letters: "This copy of the Holy Bible was presented by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for use at the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII, in Westminster Abbey, June 26, 1902."



Aucassin and Nicolette. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$.
Bound by the Knickerbocker Press.

In a Book of Old Plays.

By Walter Learned.

At Cato's Head in Russell Street
These leaves she sat a-stitching;
I fancy she was trim and neat,
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her on the street below,
All powder, ruffs and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair
With monstrous hoop and feather,
In paint and powder London's fair
Went trooping past together.

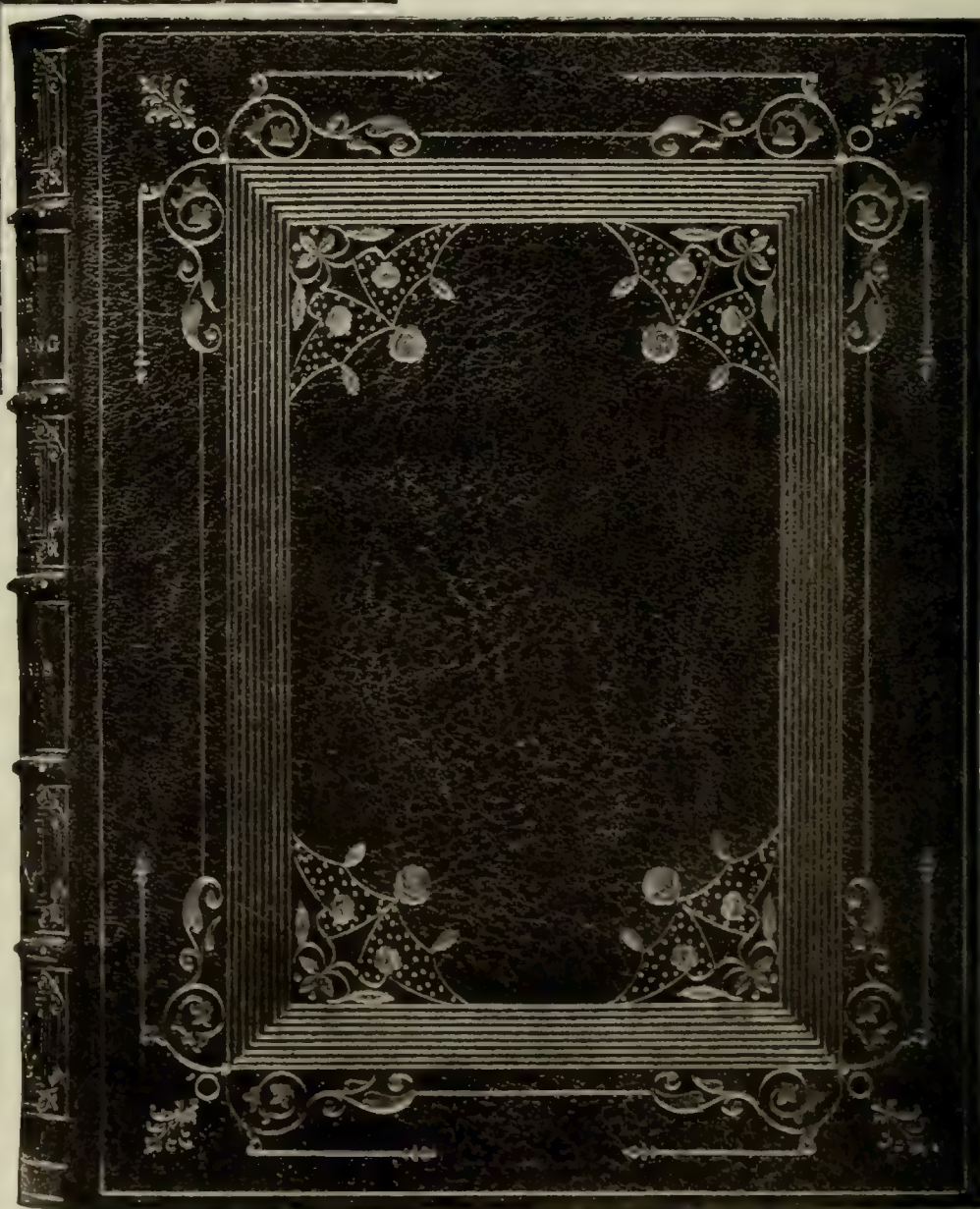
Swift, Addison and Pope, mayhap
They sauntered slowly past her,
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap
For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look;
Nor lord nor lady minding,
She bent her head above this book,
Attentive to her binding

And one stray thread of golden hair,
Caught on her nimble fingers,
Was stitched within this volume, where
Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair,
Wigs, powder, all outdated;
A queer antique, the Sedan chair,
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd, old plays,
This single stray lock finding,
I'm back in those forgotten days
And watch her at her binding.

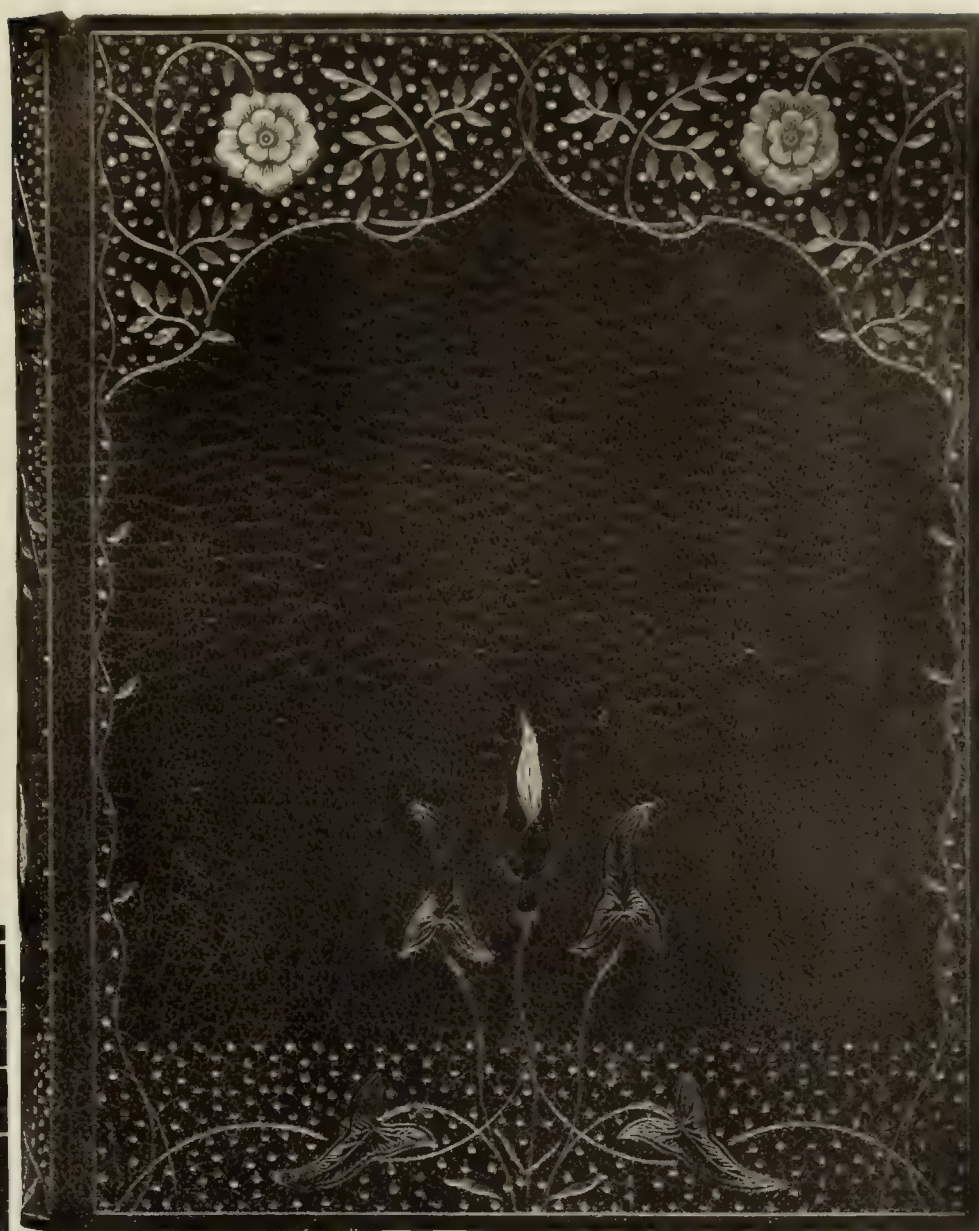


Morris: Sigurd the Volsung: $7\frac{5}{8} \times 9\frac{7}{8}$.
Bound by the Knickerbocker Press.

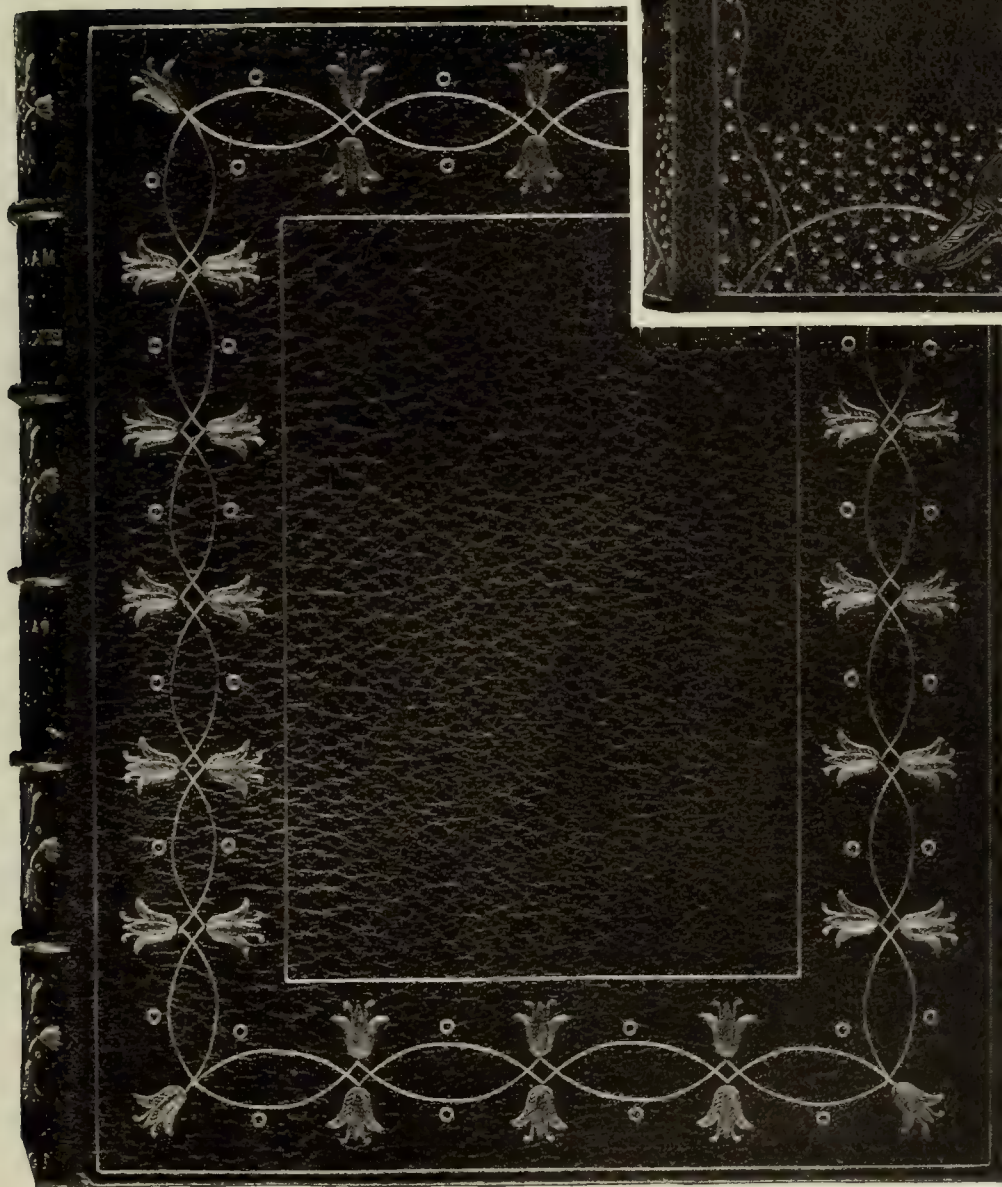
Bookman's Catch.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

The Bookman he's a humming-bird --
 His feasts are honey-fine, --
 (With hi! hilloo!
 And clover-dew
 And roses lush and rare!)
 His roses are the phrase and word
 Of olden tomes divine;
 (With hi! and ho!
 And pinks ablow
 And posies everywhere!)
 The Bookman he's a humming-bird, --
 He steals from song to song --
 He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme,
 And takes his heart along
 And sacks all sweets of bursting verse
 And ballads, throng on throng.
 (With ho! and hey!
 And brook and brae,
 And brinks of shade and shine!)



Shakespeare: Sonnets. $6\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches.
 Bound by the Knickerbocker Press.



Patér: Marius the Epicurean. 2 vols. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$ inches.
 Bound by the Knickerbocker Press.

A humming-bird the Bookman is --
 Though cumbrous, gray and grim, --
 (With hi! hilloo!
 And honey-dew
 And odors musty-rare!)
 He bends him o'er that page of his
 As o'er the rose's rim.
 (With hi! and ho!
 And pinks aglow
 And roses everywhere!)
 Ay, he's the featest humming-bird, --
 On airiest of wings
 He poises pendent o'er the poem
 That blossoms as it sings --
 God friend him as he dips his beak
 In such delicious things!
 (With ho! and hey!
 And world away
 And only dreams for him!)



A LIBRARY PORTFOLIO IN SILVER

Designed and Produced by GORHAM MFG. Co.

Size, 12 x 16. Unique example of art handcraft.

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

By René Bache.

II.—The Mechanical Wonders of the Library.

Beautiful as the Library of Congress is to the eye, and admirable as is its construction from the view-point of an engineer, its chief perfection lies in its arrangement for the practical uses of a book collection. In this respect it is wholly a new departure; nothing like it was ever seen in the world before. When, at a period in the distant future, its contents are

the body. Wires are its nerves, and its thoughts are conveyed by means of the electric spark.

It is one thing to have a library, and quite another to render the volumes accessible. The famous collection of the Vatican, for example, is a mass without any satisfactory clue in the shape of a catalogue. Priceless treasures of literature are buried in it, but they are hope-



A Floor in the North Book-stack.

so far augmented as to number ten million books, every volume will be accessible at a moment's notice. The central desk in the rotunda, or reading-room, is the brain of the entire structure. From that point intelligence literally radiates through all parts of the building, as swiftly as the human brain is able to communicate with the members of

lessly beyond reach for lack of a proper reference list. In the new Library of Congress, on the other hand, the reader is able to get a book in a small fraction of the time required at the British Museum, or in any other great library of the world. The Librarian is in immediate touch with every volume in the building. He can, it may be said,

place his hand at an instant's notice on any particular one of the 1,000,000 books and pamphlets which the collection comprises.

Ten thousand books thus arranged for practical use are better than a million volumes lost in a literary maze. That is obvious enough, but the best way to give a notion of the system adopted in the new National Library is to tell something about the actual mechanism upon which it depends.

The plan specially provides for a central system of administration—that is, a system whereby the readers make all applications and receive and return their books at the desk in the center of the reading-room. This idea was first adopted by the British Museum, only a few years ago. The Superintendent of the reading-room sits at the central desk, sufficiently elevated above the floor of the

room to survey all the readers. His assistants stand behind a circular counter on the floor level, surrounding the raised tripod of the oracle of books, transacting business with those who visit the Library.

The applicant for a book writes the title of the work and the name of the author on a card, with his own signature attached. This he

hands to one of the assistants across the circular counter, and that official puts it into a little cylindrical box made of leather, somewhat resembling a dice-box in size and shape. The dice-box is then thrust into the mouth of the pneumatic tube which communicates with the part of the library where the special book is to be found. There are now twenty-four of these tubes, connecting with

the various tiers or stories of the great book-stacks. In dispatching the leather carrier, the assistant also presses a button, which rings a bell in the book-stack at the proper tier and thus notifies the attendant there that a message has arrived. The attendant responds by taking the carrier from the tube and touching a button which causes a white disk to appear in the reading-room, just above the mouth of the tube at that end. This notifies the assistant in the read-

ing-room that the order has been received and is being attended to.

Each of the two great book-stacks, as stated in the previous article, is a lattice-work structure of iron 112 feet long, forty feet wide and nine stories high, with a capacity for 800,000 volumes. Including the third and smaller stack, there are about forty-four miles of



Book Carrier—Reading-room Terminal.



Staircase to Gallery of Rotunda.

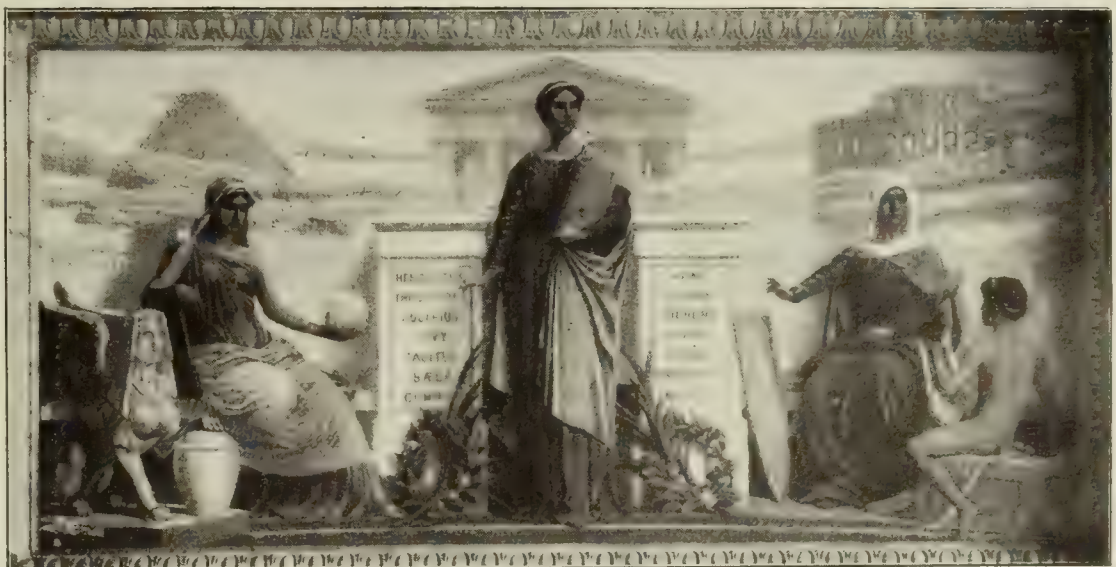
shelving. It is necessary to realize these numbers and dimensions in order to appreciate the efficiency of the system by which every volume, even to the smallest duodecimo or pamphlet, is made available for immediate finding and use.

The attendant on the stack-tier is not obliged to grope and search for a book. Thanks to an ingenious juggling with the alphabet, everything is so perfectly classified that he can go directly to the proper shelf and pick out the work required. Having done so, he goes to a sort of shaft resembling a dumb-waiter, which passes from the top to the bottom of the book-stack. Through the shaft travels an endless chain, which carries a series of wire baskets. Into one of the baskets, as it goes by, he puts the book, touching a button at the same time to inform the assistant in the reading-room that it has been dispatched as desired.

The endless chain described is a line of communication between the book-stack and the distributing desk in the center of the reading-room. From the top of the stack it runs down to the basement of the building, across and beneath the floor to the reading-room, up into the interior of the central desk, and back again to the book-stack. It is driven by electricity, travels at the rate of 100 feet a minute, and

carries eighteen of the wire trays described. The most wonderful thing about this apparatus is its independence of interference by human hands; indeed, it operates as if actually gifted with human intelligence. It was said above that the attendant placed the book in a basket, but this is not literally true. He puts it merely on a sort of shelf that is made of long brass teeth after the manner of a comb, and, when the next basket comes along, it picks up the volume and carries it off. On arriving at the delivery desk, it dumps the book out, and then goes on its way. The assistant at the desk hands the book across the counter to the reader who has called for it. After a while the latter gets through with it and gives it back, reclaiming his signed ticket. The next thing, obviously, is to return the volume to the place whence it came, and this is accomplished very simply. The assistant turns a little handle so as to make an index point to the proper number in a series of figures that are arranged like a dial. Each number corresponds to a given tier in a certain stack. Let it be supposed that the book came from the seventh tier in the south stack; the assistant turns the handle accordingly, and places the volume on a comb-like shelf similar to the one already spoken of. The next basket that comes along picks up the book gently and carries it away at the rate of 100 feet a minute to the south stack. Up the stack it goes until the seventh tier is reached, and here it is quietly shoved off for the attendant to return it to its shelf at his leisure.

All of this machinery is absolutely noiseless. The dice-box carriers fly through the pneumatic tubes all over the building, and the wire baskets go on their endless way from book-stacks to reading-room and back again without making an audible sound. It should be explained that a separate cable connects with

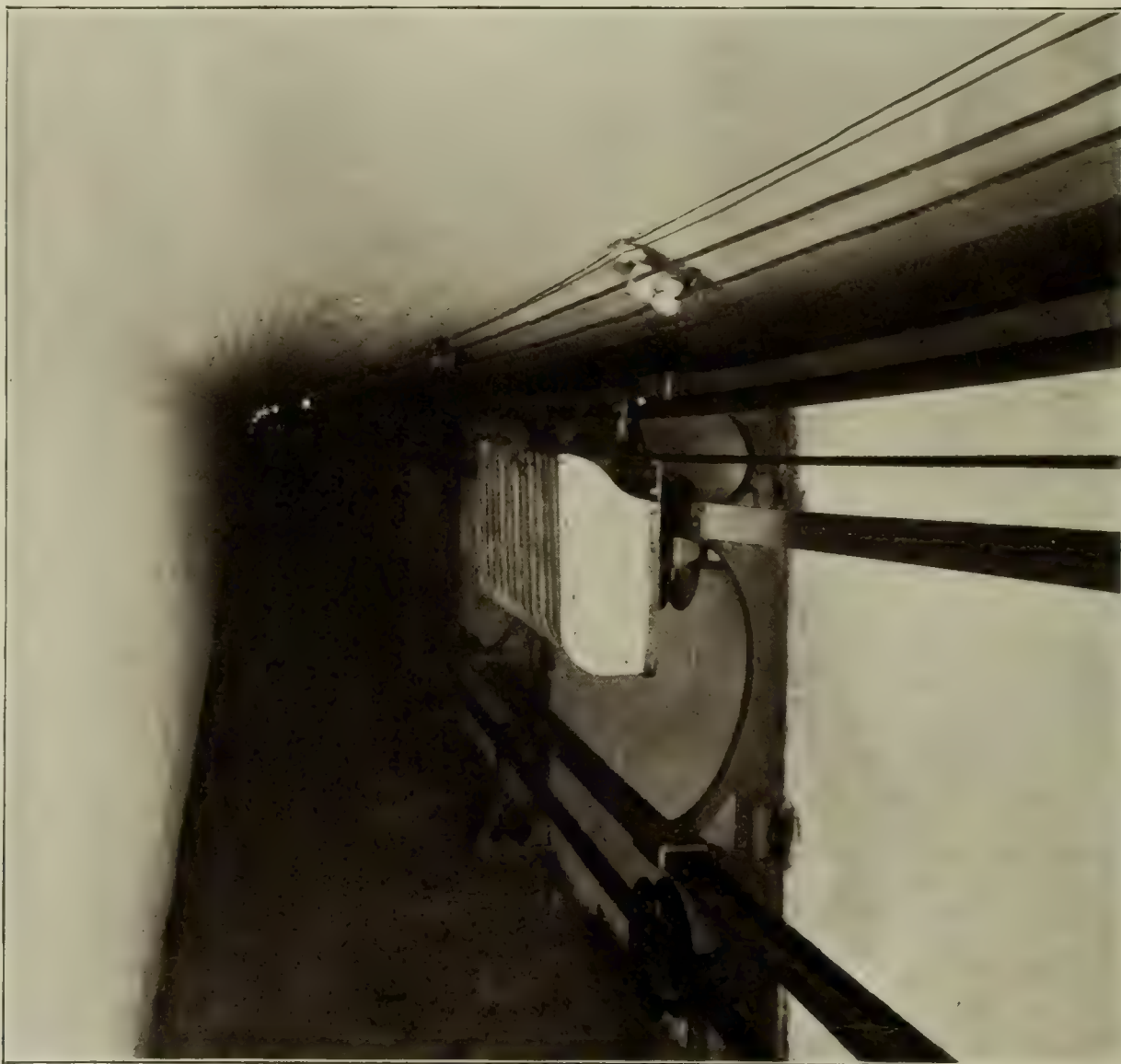


Mosaic Decoration — "History, Mythology, Tradition."

each stack. The whole contrivance is entirely new and original, nothing of the kind having been introduced hitherto in any library in the world. The mechanism is not even exposed to view, the terminal station for the traveling cables being inclosed in mahogany, so as to have the appearance of forming part of the Superintendent's desk. A sliding panel, opened whenever a book is to be dispatched to the stacks, reveals the shaft through which the chains and wire baskets run. Volumes that are bigger than quartos cannot be conveyed by the traveling baskets, but are carried by messengers, who ascend the stacks in elevators. However, books of such great size are rarely called for.

Immediately beneath the desk of the Superintendent in the basement of the building, is a terminal station of the line of communication between the Library and the Capitol. This is in itself quite a wonderful affair, being wholly subterranean. Connecting the two great Government buildings is a tunnel built of brick (see illustration herewith), big enough for a man to walk through without stooping. The length of it is 1,275 feet, and it is six feet high by four feet wide. This conduit is three feet below the surface of the ground and is made waterproof—somewhat like a sewer, in fact. It contains a cable railway of a pattern similar to that employed in dry goods shops for carrying bundles and change, but the whole affair is on a sufficiently large scale to provide for the transportation of the biggest books and bound newspaper files. The cable runs at a speed of 600 feet a minute, carrying holders which automatically pick up and deliver the leather cases in which the books are placed for transmission to and fro.

The other terminal station of the subterranean railway is close by the rotunda of the Capitol. An assistant is stationed there, with messengers, who carry books that are wanted by senators and representatives. Through the tunnel runs a pneumatic tube for messages, as well as telephone wires which communicate with both houses of Congress. Thus, orders for books, scribbled on scraps of paper, may be conveyed to the Library in an instant, and the volumes required are sent back to the Capitol in a very short time. Meanwhile, any member



Book Carrier to Capitol—Tunnel View.

of Congress is able to communicate by telephone with the Superintendent direct. In fact, Congressmen are able to get books from the new Library much more easily and quickly than they have obtained them heretofore from the same collection housed in the Capitol.

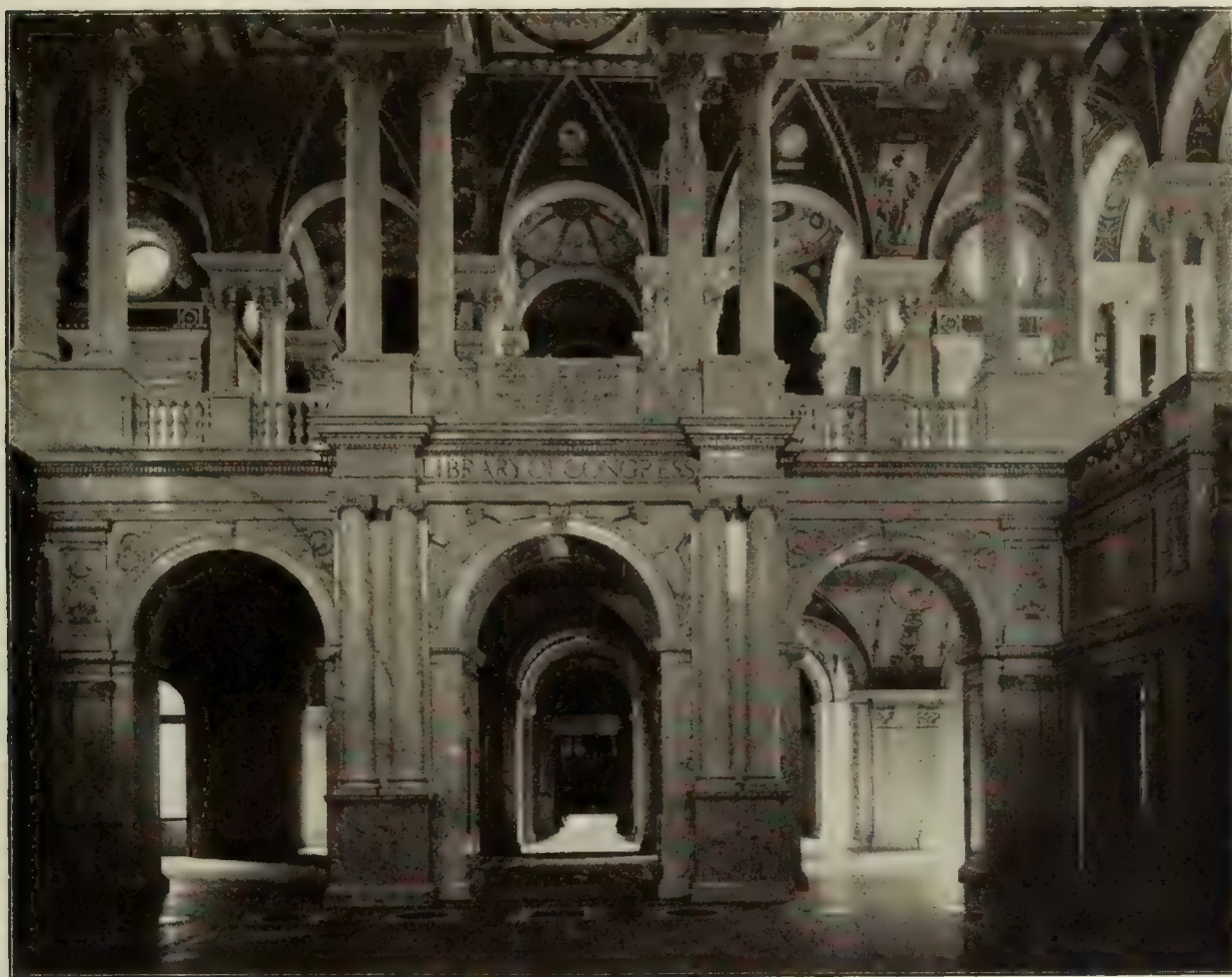
The men who legislate for the nation are constantly in want of books for reference, and this is why it is so important that the contents of the Library should be readily and quickly accessible from their point of view. Let it be supposed, for example, that a Congressman

desires to obtain a volume of Carlyle's History of the French Revolution. He writes the title of the work and the number of the volume on a piece of paper and hands it to a page. The page takes it to the Library station close by the rotunda and gives it to the assistant in charge. The latter puts it into a small dice-box of leather and thrusts it into a pneumatic tube. As it leaves the Capitol on its swift errand, the assistant calls attention to its coming by touching a button which gives an electric signal at the central desk in the reading-room of the Library. At once on the arrival of the message the assistant stationed at that end sends for the book in the

suit case, and it is big enough to hold a bound volume of newspapers. The assistant drops it, with its contents, into a sort of slot, where it remains while waiting for the next carrier to come along and take it away. Presently the carrier arrives, and, without any aid from human hands, grasps the leather envelope and moves off with it at the rate of 600 feet per minute. At this rate it requires only a little over two minutes to deliver the envelope at the Capitol, where the book is taken out of it and sent by a messenger to the congressman who ordered it. The whole performance, from beginning to end, does not consume more than fifteen minutes.

Now, one might suppose that, in order to run all of this complicated machinery, the basement of the Library must be full of engines and boilers. The fact is, however, that nothing of the sort is to be found, but only a few electric motors. There is not a fire anywhere in this temple of knowledge.

All the mechanical arrangements described are run by electricity, which is furnished by steam engines from a plant underground outside. Of this purely business end of the establishment nothing



The Main Hall, Showing Commemorative Arch.

manner already described, and it is fetched to the central desk inside of six or seven minutes by one of the traveling baskets. Then it only remains to forward it to the Capitol.

The assistant opens a sliding door in the structure of the central desk and descends into the room immediately beneath. Here is the terminal station of the underground cable road already referred to. No machinery to speak of is visible; it is all boxed in, concealed and noiseless. The assistant picks up one of a number of huge leather envelopes which are awaiting use and into it he puts the book. The envelope bears some resemblance to a dress-

is to be seen above ground save a tall and ornamental chimney; the boilers, etc., are in a subterranean building. There are sixteen of these boilers (see page 303), which make steam for running the pneumatic tube system, for the dynamos that furnish light and power, and for heating the water that warms the building. They furnish hot water to coils of pipes in the cellar, and the air of the cellar thus warmed passes up through flues to all parts of the building. Electric motors drive the book-carrying apparatus and ventilating fans, of which a few are placed in the cellar, to be ready for use in warm weather. For all these

purposes the Library uses annually 3,000 tons of coal, which is stored underground.

It is worth while in this connection to refer to an experiment that was made by the Government twenty years ago, for the purpose of providing quick communication between the Capitol and the Government Printing Office. Such a great amount of business is transacted between that establishment, which is the greatest printing office in the world, and the Houses of Congress, that it was deemed expedient to construct an immense pneumatic tube as a quick connection. It was intended to utilize this tube for the transmission of documents and packages of printed matter of all sorts, and, in order that the facilities might be thoroughly satisfactory, it was made big enough for a man to be whisked through. The name of the author of this interesting scheme seems to be lost in oblivion, but the "hole in the ground," as it came to be known, still remains as the memorial of the mistake that cost the Government \$15,000. It never worked, because the air pressure could not be made great enough to operate it successfully. It is utilized simply as a conduit for telephone wires.

The removal of the National book collection from the Capitol involved some serious problems. To transfer one thousand tons of reading matter from one building to another is no trifle, and various expedients for accomplishing the task were suggested.

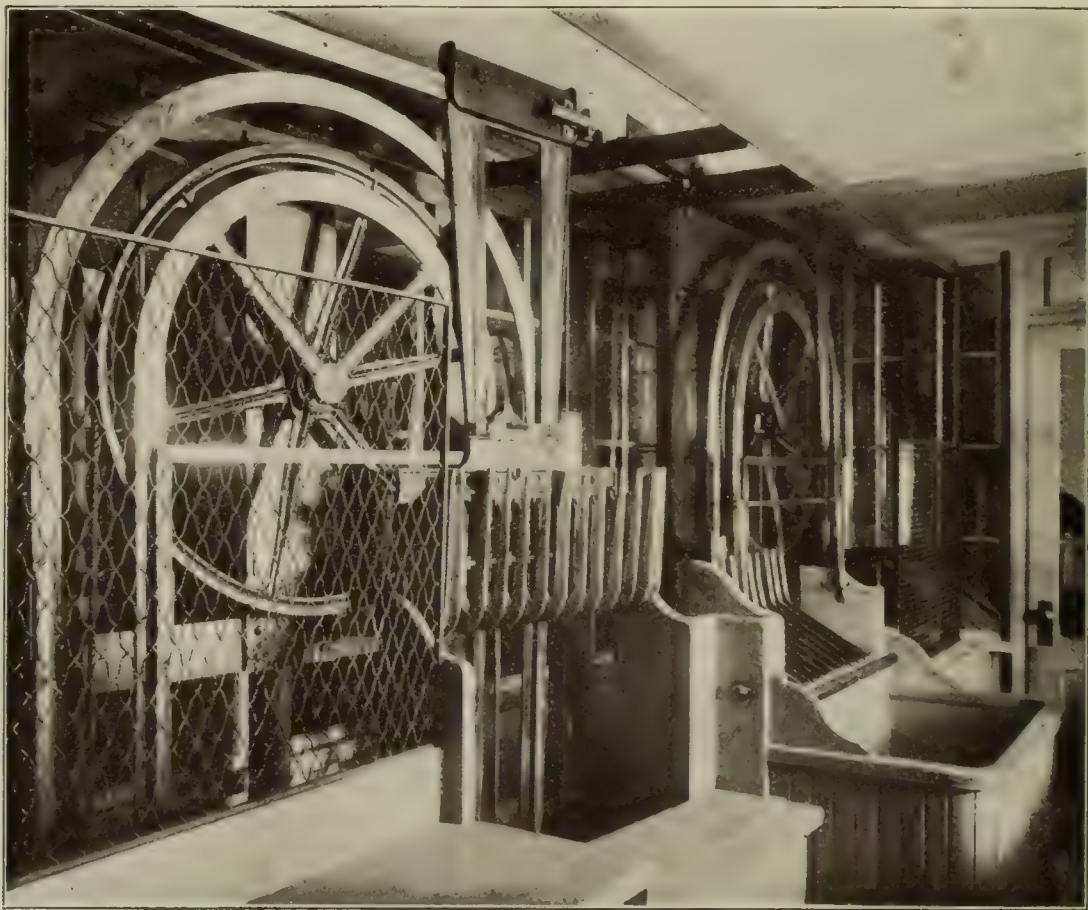
One notion was that the underground tunnel might be utilized, but this was deemed inexpedient. Mr. Spofford was inclined to think that it would be best to build a temporary elevated railway, over which the volumes might be conveyed easily from the floor of the Capitol rotunda to the main floor of the new building. This plan, he contended, would involve a minimum of carriage, and, the work being accomplished, the cheap temporary structure could be removed.

Another idea was that the militia of the District of Columbia might be called out for the purpose of moving the books. Such a plan

was actually adopted in Berlin not long ago, when the Royal Library of Prussia was transferred to a new building. A regiment of soldiers was formed in line, each man having a basket, and the baskets were passed from hand to hand like buckets at a fire.

The plan finally adopted, however, was simpler than any of these, as well as cheaper.

A little study of the subject showed that the mere transfer of the collection from one building to the other was a small part of the problem. The great difficulty was to get the books down from the shelves and out of the Capitol, and, when they had arrived, to place them in their new quarters. The actual transportation of the volumes over the quarter of a



Book Carrier to Capitol—Library Terminal.

mile of distance could be accomplished as well with carts as in any other way. Accordingly, this method was carried out, though with an immense deal of care as to details. The books were handled as carefully as so many babies; dumped carelessly into wagons they would have suffered as much mischief as might have resulted from a half-century of use. No mere pen-picture could adequately describe the condition of the Library of Congress as it was before its removal from the Capitol. Though by no means confused, it was crowded to an extent almost inconceivable. It was requisite that the removal of the mass of the books should in-

volve no disturbance of their relations as expressed in the catalogue—not even temporarily.

When the transfer was made, tackle and pulleys were rigged in the old Library, and wooden boxes were provided, each big enough to hold a shelf-full of books. The boxes, filled with books, were lowered to the main floor of the Capitol, and were there placed on trucks, which were run out to the east front and loaded upon the carts in waiting. The latter carried them over to the new building, where they were transferred to hand-trucks and wheeled to the foot of the book-stacks. Then it was an easy matter to transfer the boxes of books to the elevators in the stacks, which conveyed them to the tiers where their contents belonged.

The volumes were moved division by division. Poetry was one division, fiction another, and these divisions were split up into classes. A system of marks and numbers was prepared by Mr. Spofford, to make it certain that no volume should be misplaced in its new quarters. In this simple fashion

the entire collection was transferred in a few days.

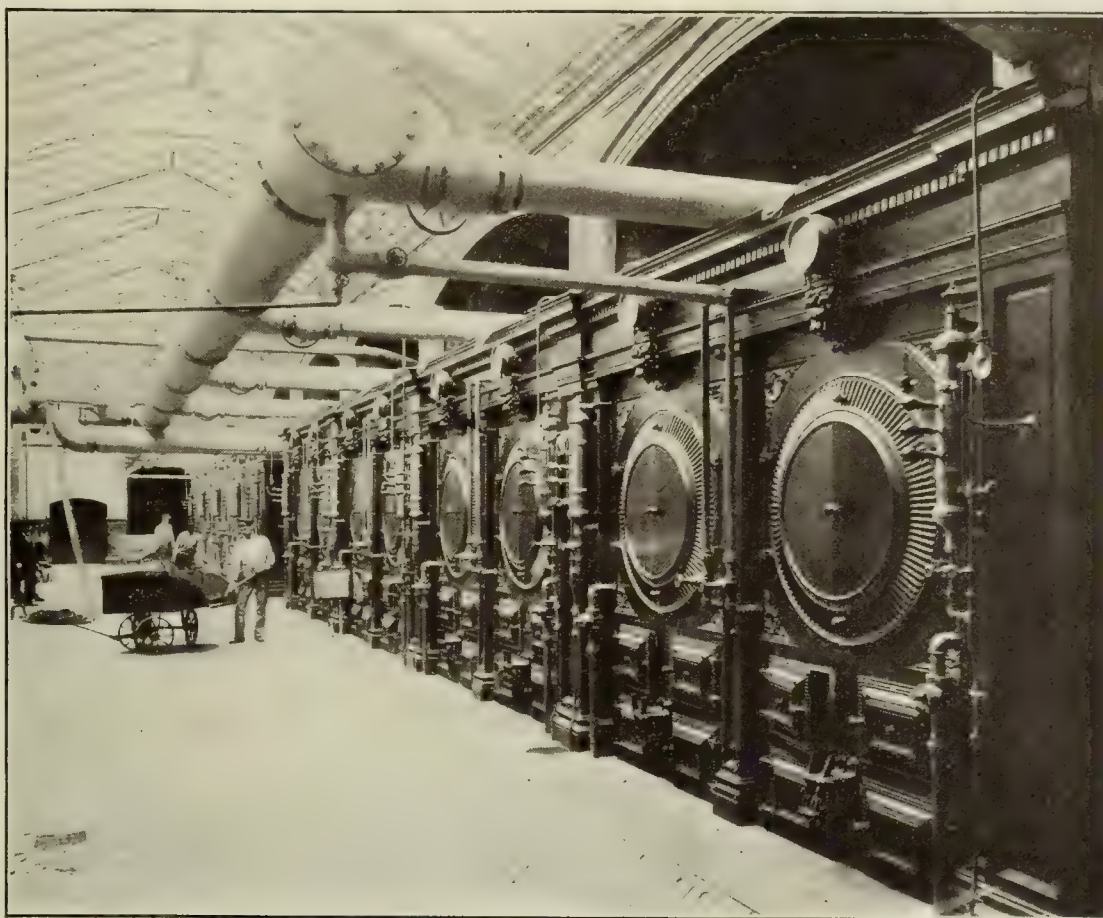
One of the minor difficulties incidental to the moving of the books was occasioned by dust. It is wonderful how books gather dust, and in their old quarters the volumes of the National collection had become choked with the atmospheric detritus of generations. The literary treasures in the upper galleries were overlaid by a full inch of dust. Music, comprising 1,000,000 pieces, was fairly buried in dust. In order to dispose of it in a rough way, an odd sort of expedient was adopted—a hose and nozzle being attached to a compressed-air apparatus. By squirting a powerful stream of

air from the hose the dust was dispersed in clouds, and it only remained to give to each volume or document a brief brushing before placing it in the wooden box destined for its safe transportation.

This substance called dust is very curious stuff, being composed largely of grains of starch, derived originally from human food, such as wheat and potatoes. These starch grains are so light as to be scattered everywhere by the winds, and a cloud of them overhangs every town. Fragments of vegetable and animal fibres contribute much to the material of dust, and in a pinch of it one is apt to discover such things as a scale of human skin, a piece of an insect's claw, bits of lime and soot, a grain or

two of plant pollen and a few spores of mold, and even small seeds.

The bookshelves of the new Library were manufactured in Louisville, Ky. They are of steel, yet lighter than wooden shelves, being of a lattice-work pattern, and they cost \$90,000. By a special process they are rendered absolutely



Boiler Room.

rust-proof, and their greatest advantage consists in the ease with which they can be adjusted and interchanged. No screw-driver or other tool is required for removing one of these shelves. It is simply taken out with the hands at an instant's notice, and, if desired, may be put in a different place by sliding it between another pair of ratchets. Thus any given shelf-space may be made of any height, from nothing at all up to seven feet, which is the height of each tier in the book-stacks. The shelves can be made to accommodate all sizes and shapes of books, and, if it is so wished, a new aisle can actually be opened through the stack-tier in a few moments. The steel shelves, being of

skeleton pattern, are dust-proof and vermin-proof, and they will carry without bending any possible weight of the heaviest volumes. By taking out a few of the shelves in any "bay" of a tier, room may be made off-hand in which to set a desk or chest of drawers.

As it stands to-day, the new Library building is the greatest monument to literature and learning that has ever been erected by human hands. No palace in the world equals it in beauty, and the solidity of its construction is such as to guarantee its endurance through the ages. It will be the model after which

other nations will copy in the creation of the book-houses of the future. That it will ever be surpassed seems unlikely. This country may well be proud of it as the best contribution which it has made to architecture up to date. We are accused as a nation of leaning to immensity rather than beauty in all our undertakings; but the Library of Congress should convince the most skeptical foreigner that we have an eye for the beautiful, the symmetrical in architecture, and that though our Federal buildings are, as a rule, hideous, we can erect beautiful structures that will vie with the world's finest buildings.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR'S DECORATION.

The Russian government possesses no mere formal censorship, as does the British government, but it exercises its censorial powers with vigor and carefulness. Liberal opinions in any way affecting the Russian's notion of government are invariably stopped in transit. We reproduce for the edification of our readers a censored page of the Jewish Encyclopedia (reviewed elsewhere in these pages) vol. I, as it was received by Mr. S. M. Dubnow, author of "Istoria Yevreyev," who lives in Odessa. Mr. Dubnow is one of the foreign consulting editors of the Encyclopedia. The article censored was written by Mr. Herman Rosenthal, chief of the Russian section of the Encyclopedia, and in charge of the Slavonic department of the New York Public Library. Our reproduction is through courtesy of *The Maccabæan*, Jewish magazine. As will be seen, the article is an account of the government of Czar Alexander III. We give herewith that part of the page which was made illegible by the censor's stamp:

"[but instead of continuing the reforms of the] 'Czar Emancipator,' as was expected, he at once gave proof of his reactionary tendencies by discharging the liberal minister, Louis Melikov, and by his first manifesto, wherein he made it evident that he was determined to maintain his autocratic power against all attacks. In internal politics he followed the advice of his former teacher, Pobiedonostzev, and ruled with a rigorous absolutism, favoring the principles of the Pan-slavists. He permitted and even encouraged the oppression of the various foreign residents in Russia and was particularly harsh in his persecution of the Jews. The participation of some Jewish youths in the revolutionary movement of the Nihilists was made use of to lead the Russian people to believe that the Jews were connected with the conspiracy which had resulted in the murder of Alexander II. Hostility against the Jews was fostered in order to divert the attention of the discontented elements and if possible to suppress the revolutionary movement."

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THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA

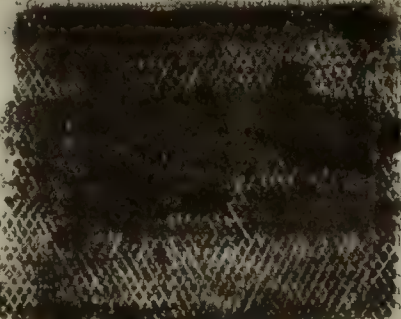
Alexander I. Pavlovich
Alexander III, Alexandrovich

and other youths took an active part in the revolutionary movement of the seventies. Alexander knew and always appreciated the loyalty of the great majority of his Jewish subjects, and on many occasions rewarded them for their services to the country. When the assassination of Alexander by nihilist conspirators became known, the Jews of Russia deeply mourned the loss of the benevolent czar and liberator.

Imperial biography, by Grand Duke Alexander Alexandrovich, St. Petersburg, 1883; Julius Lohmann, *Von Nikolaus I. bis zu Alexander III.*, 2d ed., Jena, 1881; Orshanski, *Russische Zeitgeschichte*, 1881, pp. 346-426; St. Petersburg, 1877; *Contemporary History*, *Imperial Encyclopedia*, 1880; *Imperial Russian Encyclopedia*, St. Petersburg, 1880.

H. R.

ALEXANDER III., ALEXANDROVICH.
Emperor of Russia: Born at St. Petersburg, March 10, 1846; died at Livadia, Nov. 1, 1894. He ascended the throne March 11, 1881, the day after the assassination of his father, Alexander II. The terrible fate of the latter produced an awful impression upon Alexander, but instead of continuing the reforms of the



of Alexander III, had ascended the throne, anti-Jewish riots (Pogroms) broke out in Elizabethgrad (April 27, 28), Kiev (May 8, 11), Shpolia (May 9), Ananiev (May 9), Vasilkov (May 10), Khotop (May 10), and, during the following six months, in one hundred and sixty other places of southern Russia. In these riots thousands of Jewish homes were destroyed, many families reduced to extremes of poverty, women outraged, and large numbers of men, women and children killed or injured. It was clear that the riots were premeditated ("Voskhod," May 24, 1881, p. 75).

To give but one example—a week before the pogrom of Kiev broke out, Von Hubbenet, chief of police of Kiev, warned some of his Jewish friends of the coming riots. Appeals to the authorities for protection were of no avail. All the police did was to prevent the Jews from defending their homes, families, and property. "The local authorities," says Mishin, "Voskhod," 1883, 1, 210, "surrounded the pillagers with an honorary escort, while some of the rabble shouted approval." To a delegation of the Jews of Kiev, Governor General Dreutelen said that he could do nothing for them, "for the sake of his soldiers." ("Zeitung des Judenthums," May 31, 1881.) On May 18, Baron Horace de Ginzburg was received in audience by Grand Duke Vladimir, who declared that the motive of the anti-Jewish agitation

was not so much resentment against the Jews as a general tendency to create disturbances. ("London Times," May 19, 1881.) On May 23 a deputation of the Jews of St. Petersburg waited upon the czar at Gatchina. It consisted of Baron Ginzburg, Saek, Pasover, Bank, and Berlin. The emperor assured its members that the Jewish question would receive his attention, that the disturbances were the work of anarchists, and he advised them to address a memorandum on the subject to the minister of the interior. Both the emperor and the grand duke Vladimir expressed their belief that pogroms were not the real cause, but only the pretext, of the recent disorders. In accordance with the promise of the czar, an edict was issued Sept. 3, 1881, ordering the appointment of local commissions from all the governments to be under the direction of the governors, for the solution of the Jewish question. But on the same day General Ignatiev, by order of the czar, issued a circular to the governors, in which he pointed out that the Jews had been exploiting the Slav inhabitants of the empire, and that this was the real cause of the riots. This contradiction may explain the conduct of Attorney General Strychukov, who during the trial of the rioters before the court martial at Kiev, instead of incriminating the guilty parties, turned upon the Jews and endeavored to cast the whole blame upon them. These persecutions added to the distressing economic conditions then prevailing, gave rise to the emigration movement, which soon assumed extensive proportions. The intelligent classes of Russia condemned the medieval barbarities against the Jews, but the anti-Semitic propaganda of the "Novoye Vremya," "Kievlyanin," and other organs hostile to the Jews, did not cease, even after the riots. The constant Jew-baiting of Aksakov, Suvorin, and Pichno had its effect on that class of the Russian people which was entirely unfamiliar with Jewish life, and therefore believed all the charges brought against the Jews by the agitators. That the South Russians especially had no cause for complaints against the Jews may be seen from the following statement made by the Russian economist Chicherin: "Those who have lived in Little Russia, which is densely inhabited by Jews, and have compared the conditions of the peasant there with those existing in the provinces of Great Russia, know how exaggerated are the accusations against the Jews. If there is a difference in the condition of these peasants, it is in favor of the Little Russians."

The second series of persecutions began with the riots of Warsaw on Christmas, 1881, and lasted for three days. Twelve Jews were killed, many women outraged, and two million rubles' worth of property destroyed. In the neighboring Lithuanian provinces the disturbances were slight, owing to the precautions taken by Count Toffelen, governor-general of Wilna, who was not one of Ignatiev's disciples. Order was also maintained by General Gurko, governor-general of Odessa, and thus the riots in Odessa and vicinity were prevented from assuming great proportions. In Novozhil the soldiers, who were called out to quell the riots, killed and pillaged a wealthy Jewish family. Other riots occurred in Kuzminetz, Phtovich, Ribnov, Okhrimetz, and on March 23, in Lubny, where three soldiers killed a Jewish family of six. Bala was the scene of another series of riots (Easter, 1882), resulting in the death of eight and the wounding of more than two hundred persons. Over a thousand houses were demolished and property to the value of over one million dollars was destroyed. These disgraceful acts aroused the public indignation of

Further Persecutions.

Further Persecutions.

BIBLIOMANIA.

By Andrew Lang.

Book-collecting has been described as "the melancholy pleasure of the poor." We might, of course, as well describe golf as "the last refuge of the senile." Old men can play golf, after a fashion, and, after a fashion, poor men (by which term I mean men with less than 15,000*l.* a year) can collect books. But real golf demands youth and strength, a keen eye, a sturdy body, a wrist of steel. In the same way genuine book-collecting, the accumulation of books of sterling permanent value, requires wealth. On the other hand, just as the duffer can "foozle" round the course "in a manner pleasing to himself, but disgusting to others" (as Herodotus says of the dancing of Hippocleides), so the poor man may potter about book-stalls and contrive to invent new cheap objects of desire, and divert himself among his twopenny treasures. *Regum æquabat opes animo*, says Virgil of his old contented gardener, and the poor collector may be as pleased with himself and his rubbish as a Spencer, a Roxburghe, a Huth, or a Mazarin, with his regal possessions. The poor man also resembles the humble bottom-fisher, the angler for roach, and perch, and dace, and barbel, and other coarse fish. They do very well for him, though trout and salmon are beyond his reach. The poor man keeps hoping for "a bargain," to pick up a tract worth hundreds in a fourpenny box. Such things occur—once in a blue moon. But these treasures are usually a forgotten child's tale by Lamb, or a topsy-turvy set of proofs, or a chaotic sketch of a work later issued by Goldsmith. Personally I do not covet such things, though they are vendible for large sums. Besides, it is not fair to give a stall-keeper sixpence for what one knows to be worth 100*l.* in the market. You would not buy from a poor man for half a crown what you knew to be a diamond, and he believed to be a piece of glass. For my part I never had the chance; perhaps it is as well for the poor man that I never did! But, even with the best of luck and the worst of morals, a poor man cannot hope to buy a really good volume, one of the pillars of a library, cheap. We must then distinguish between the ambitions of the poor and of the rich collector.

The rich collector, first, is apt to want manuscripts. By these he seldom means historical manuscripts, to a well-regulated mind perhaps the most moving of any. They are not pretty, they are not gilded and illuminated; but who

knows what secrets of the past may lurk under the crabbed hands? Personally I want the originals of Queen Mary's Casket Letters, the poisonous letters which she is said to have written to the Earl of Bothwell. Did she write them, or are they, in part, forgeries? We shall never be certain. They are known to have been in the hands of the first Earl of Gowrie in 1584. Collectors were in the market. Queen Elizabeth offered largely, so did Queen Mary, but Gowrie would not part.

Now, it is not impossible that you or I might have bought these papers lately for a sovereign! I tell the story as it was told to me, only suppressing a name. In 1584, we know, Gowrie held these priceless treasures, having received them through a bastard of the Earl of Morton about the time of that nobleman's execution. In the spring of 1584 Gowrie was awkwardly situated. He was suspected by his King of intending a new rebellion, and he was suspected by his fellow-conspirators of having taken to the fine arts and lost his taste for high treason, then the ruling passion of the Scottish gentry. In these circumstances he left his new gallery of Italian art at Perth and went to Dundee. Here he had the sea open before him: if the conspiracy of his friends was a success, he could join them; if it failed, he could sail to England or abroad. Now, since nothing would have made him so welcome to Elizabeth as the Casket Letters, Gowrie probably carried the letters with him to Dundee. But here he was arrested by Colonel Stewart, after attempting to defend the house in which he was living, and we never hear more of the Casket or the letters. But five years ago the house in Dundee where Gowrie resided was pulled down, and a gentleman begged the workmen employed to search carefully for any old papers. None were found, but the inquirer learned that, five or six years previously, another old house hard by, named "Lady Wark's Stairs," had been demolished, and that in a secret recess in the angle of a chimney-place a workman had found a bundle of old MSS. The workman carried them (the story went on) to a person whom he regarded as an authority in things antiquarian. This authority looked at the papers, said that they "*were only old letters in French*," and gave them back. No more is known of them. Any old letters in French, concealed in a secret hiding-hole of a sixteenth-century house in Scotland, would deserve at-

tention. But if these papers had been conveyed by Gowrie to a friend at Dundee, and if they were the contents of Queen Mary's Casket, what a bargain the collector might have bought from the finder of the treasure! I tell the story as it was told to me, and the moral is to look at old MSS. before throwing them away. The number of valuable old papers which have been destroyed by ladies as useless rubbish is incalculable. Other ladies sell them for waste paper, and the historical collector is not unlikely to find treasures in rag and bone shops.

The rich collector is not usually a Sir Thomas Phillipps. The MSS. which he desires are illuminated mediæval books. These are beautiful *bibelots*, owing to the gold and colors of the illuminator and the exquisite handwriting, while occasionally the old covers in the precious metals, set with crystals and antique gems, are preserved. The poor collector might as well take a fancy to collect diamonds or Raffaelles as set his heart on these luxuries. Personally I possess exactly one beautiful fourteenth-century MS. in a glorified modern binding, in morocco mosaic. But *that* was a present from a friend (and publisher, the Society of Authors may be pleased to hear). The weak point about the majority of these lovely MSS. is that they are "Sunday books," psalters, gospels, breviaries, and so on. Now, many of us do not hanker after mediæval Sunday books, which is just as well, for we cannot hope to possess them, nor to own the very earliest printed Bibles, without which no real collector's library can exist. For devotional and literary purposes I much prefer a cheap Bible of to-day to the celebrated Mazarin example. But this merely proves that I am not really a collector, as I do not desire to possess any book, were it the Dante with engravings after Sandro Botticelli, which I cannot read with tolerable ease. Caxtons allure me not; yet a collector worthy of the name must have Caxtons, must also have early printed romances, which cost a pretty penny. Then he must have a perfect example of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio, again a volume which I can readily do without. Only about half a dozen perfect copies are known, writes Mr. Slater, and the slave is base who puts up with an imperfect or "faked" copy. As much as 1,080*l.*, and again 1,700*l.*, has been paid for a perfect example of the folio, though 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* purchased the article in 1781. In 1812 the Roxburghe folio fetched only 100*l.*, writes Mr. Slater. I would not give more than fifty shillings myself, except to sell the book again, a practice unworthy of a gentleman. We ought never

to buy books (or anything else) with an eye to pecuniary profit, and he who does so is a tradesman, not a collector. It has occurred to me to buy the first edition of Ben Jonson's works cheap; but that was because I thought that I might read them. Mrs. Gallup may have them at a reduction; there must be a good deal of Bacon in them, in cipher. Ben is not fashionable in early editions; Bacon (as Shakespeare) is, and a true collector must have not only the folio, but the quartos. He may leave "Americana" to the Americans—we need not grudge them these treatises. The British amateur prefers fourteenth-century MSS., as anyone may ascertain by looking at the publications of the Roxburghe Club. Many of them are beautiful reproductions of mediæval MSS.; for example, the Mandeville, presented by the late Marquis of Bath, and the beautiful Metz Pontifical, recently presented by Sir Thomas Brooke; and another gem, by Mr. Yates Thompson. But there is more lively and otherwise inaccessible matter, just to *read*, unpublished, in MS. in the "Confessions of a Solicitor," which I hope to lay at the feet of the President. This ornament of the legal profession (the notary) was hanged on August 12, 1608, and he richly deserved it.

The list of Roxburghe Club books, then, proves that the higher bibliophiles, on the whole, prefer mediæval MSS. and the stately reproduction of these beautiful tomes to any other class of manuscripts, literary or historical. This fact indicates the line of division between great collectors and the humble collectors who make up the body of the army. Meanwhile, the person who, in the first place, wants to *read* his books for pleasure or for purposes of history is hardly a collector at all. Thus the maker of the very curious library at Abbotsford was only a true collector in a secondary sense. His books were not mere garden flowers, but treasures of honey, the stuff of history, poetry, and romance.

Not being able to purchase the true pillars of a great collection, the manuscripts, and incunables, and Shakespeare folios, and magnificent illustrated works, and so forth, the lowly collector invents curiosities within his reach. For long he believed vaguely, but strongly, in Aldines and Elzevirs. He might almost as well collect Tauchnitz novels! The famous Dutch and Venetian printers published very large editions of the ancient classics, and the Elzevirs dealt freely in pirated French literature and in books which could not safely be issued in France. So large were their editions that examples are very common. They

are therefore only esteemed when the book chances to be very rare, like the well-known "Pastissier Français"; or is unusually "tall," that is, uncropped by the binder; or has been bound in morocco for some celebrated collector; or, in the case of the Aldines, presents readings from some ancient manuscript which, perhaps, has disappeared. But the man who begins to collect often rejoices (I did once) over *any* Aldine or Elzevir, as if it were a rare treasure. The Elzevir Virgil, the "Imitatio Christi," and a few others are quite worth possessing, but such cases are rare.

Then we aim at first editions, and this taste is sympathetic. It really is pleasant to see the book as its author first beheld it, whether the type be as bad as that of Lovelace's "Lucasta," or Herrick's "Hesperides," or merely the commonplace type of early Keatses, Shelleys, Tennysons, and so forth. But since I began to take an interest in these matters the market value even of the great poets of the nineteenth century has risen out of all knowledge, especially in the case of Keats. I got all three original Keatses for some eight or nine pounds. Now they vary in price, but probably you might have to give ten times as much for the three, unless you are lucky, and some poor stall-keeper is ignorant. When a previous owner has had any of this class of books bound, even in morocco, he has knocked most of its market value away. The poets esteemed by the collectors were published only in small editions, which did not sell; whereas Byron and Scott, with their huge editions, are only valued in rare cases, such as Byron's "The Waltz," and the Waverley Novels as they came from the booksellers, in boards, uncut. Among the poets of the eighteenth century Goldsmith is dear to the collector; and certain editions of Gray and Collins, such as Walpole's edition, and that which Collins burned in a pet, being seldom met with, are esteemed. Collins's "Odes" I happened to buy cheap, but it seems very seldom to come into the market, so perhaps, for once, I secured a bargain. The bargain of all bargains was bought by the Bodleian Library at the sale of the undesirable lots of an English parish library. The owners wanted to buy books more "up to date," and sold the Gospels of Margaret, Queen and Saint, for about five pounds. On the fly-leaf was a record of the miracle (her only one) wrought for the Saint in the case of this very book, as narrated by her confessor and biographer, Turgot. Now, as Margaret was contemporary with the Norman Conquest, and was a lady as famous as she was charming, her Gospels were

very cheap at some five or six pounds. Happily they did not go to America!

As first editions even of Keats and Tennyson are sold at prices beyond the purse of the ordinary collector, he took for a couple of years to buying large paper editions of mere moderns, even of the present writer! But this craze died an early death, like that for the huge *éditions de luxe*, which were so called because they could not be read with comfort. Mr. du Maurier in a series of sketches depicted the amateur adopting various distressing postures in the vain attempt to read a book in an *édition de luxe*.

New authors were then added to the first-edition brigade, such as FitzGerald in the first edition of Omar Khayyám. Even the early rhymes of the present writer (1872) ought not to be parted with by happy owners for 1*l.* 5*s.* A persistent person keeps advertising an offer of twenty-five shillings for these old rhymes and for many better books. But their market value, if not "far above rubies," is far above twenty-five shillings.

Quite juvenile authors relatively, like Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, were next fixed upon by collectors who wanted to "get in on the ground floor." The plan was to buy an early, perhaps a boyish, trifle that no mortal had thought of wanting, and then to make people want it. It is not likely that the owners of the Huth or Holford Libraries or that the Duke of Devonshire "plunged" upon early Kiplings; but somebody paid 155*l.* for that author's "Schoolboy Lyrics," which, as common-sense returned and more copies came into the market, "realized" only 3*l.* 5*s.* The "United Service College Chronicle" (to which I presume that Mr. Kipling must have been a contributor) sank from 135*l.* to 3*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Stevenson's boyish trifles or privately printed skits also soared and dropped. Mr. Slater, whom I cite, says that Mr. Swinburne's "Song of Italy" was well thought of till "a large remainder was accidentally discovered and thrown on the market." The poem itself is undeniably energetic, and injurious to the susceptibilities of Austria—of the Vatican also, I fear. But the collector did not value it for these merits, poetical and political. He thought that it was "very rare," and it was not. Can we suppress a smile at the disappointment of the collector?

In the case of the Kelmscott Press books the collector knows how many copies exist, and no surprise can be sprung upon him. They are pretty books, and most creditable to the taste of Mr. Morris, but as they are not very easily read one feels no ardent desire to possess them.

As we go back in time—to the Cavalier poets, to Milton, to Spenser, and so on—first editions become rarer; but Izaak Walton in “The Compleat Angler” and Bunyan with his “Pilgrim’s Progress” win the most prodigious prices. They are both amiable books, these dumpy, modest tomes, in the original sheep; but they are so expensive merely because they were so cheap and popular that they were worn almost out of existence. They were carried in the pocket of the devotee, in the creel of the angler; they were left lying about (being so cheap) among the flowers and grasses of the Test or Lee, or wherever an unawakened pilgrim might “take one” (like a tract) and read and go away the wiser. So the books are of the utmost rarity; no “large remainder” of *them* will ever be discovered. They are like our sixpenny editions of novels, in the way of being worn out and vanishing.

A century hence, when Mr. Hall Caine shall be where Walton and where Bunyan are (and there is no better place), no doubt a copy of the first sixpenny edition of “The Eternal City” will be worth much more than its weight in gold. The “Angler” and the “Pilgrim” (while money and collectors endure) can never come down with a run, like the “Song of Italy” and “Schoolboy Lyrics.” Meanwhile Spenser and Milton do not seem so popular with collectors as Lovelace and Herrick. Among first editions, if a fairy would give me my choice, I should select Walton, the quartos of the plays fondly attributed to “Mr. Shakespeare” by his contemporaries, the “Contes” of Charles Perrault, the poems of Edgar Poe, the plays of Molière; and that would content me. But probably no private, perhaps no public, library contains all the volumes in that simple little assortment.

The lowly collector desires to acquire books of value. He has, I think, three courses open to him. First, he can collect what people do not desire to-day but will desire to-morrow. Fifty years ago the books illustrated by the little masters of the eighteenth century in France were not appreciated. If Le Cousin Pons, that miracle of a poor collector, had bought them, his heirs might now “unload” at an incalculable profit. Let the poor collector, then, exercise the gift of prophecy, and pick up for a song what will sell later for hundreds. Let him “get in on the ground floor.” Let him collect the *juvenilia* of Mr. Stephen Phillips—if there are any—or the manuscripts of novels which fail to-day but will be esteemed by posterity. I can let him have one or two of my own, at a low figure, being anxious to realize. American collectors may apply. By such art-

ful prescience of a future demand the humble collector may amass things that will not disappoint him at his sale. But it needs heaven-sent moments for this power of forecast.

The second plan for the impoverished bibliophile is to make a collection valuable in the mass, though not very expensive in detail. This may be done by cleaving to a single subject. There are about three thousand books and tracts on Mary Stuart; there are the pamphlets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Great Rebellion, Jacobitism, and so forth; there are all the unsigned tracts of Swift and De Foe. The beauty of such a collection is that you can never complete it. I do not know that it has any other beauty.

The third way is to consider how much you can afford to spend yearly on books—not modern things, but *books*—and then, avoiding waste on dubious trifles, to purchase only one really good thing every year or half-year, or as your finances may permit. This is the most satisfactory plan of all, and the last which I could practice.

Remember that condition is everything. An imperfect copy of even a really good and rare book—a copy lacking a plate, a dirty copy, a copy that has been cropped by the binder—is only fit to be read, and is quite unworthy of a self-respecting collector. Monsieur Eugène Paillet is said to have bought some five copies of the same book, and, by selecting the most perfect leaves from all, to have made up an example fit to go to the binder—Trautz-Bauzonnet, for choice.

There are collectors who ought to be sent to penal servitude. Their idea of collecting is to buy a living author’s books, send them to him, and ask him to write a verse or “sentiment” in each. This costs *them* nothing, and, to their feeble minds, appears to add pecuniary value to their volumes. These caitiffs are usually bred on the other side of the Atlantic. They ought to be sternly suppressed. No notice should be taken of their communications.

There is a great deal of humbug about bibliophiles. In the last century there existed clubs of so-called book-lovers, like the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Spalding, and the Abbotsford. Lords, lairds, advocates, and others were members. They used to print a limited number of copies of historical manuscripts, and did useful work. You can sometimes buy the volumes printed by these clubs; and I think I may say that in no instance in my experience have the previous owners used the paper-knife and cut open the pages. Why did such men join book clubs? For various reasons, no

doubt, but certainly not for literary or studious purposes. I have heard the owner of a great library say that he believed he had plenty of manuscripts, but that was all he knew about them. To be sure this possessor had inherited the treasures which interested him so little; there was no humbug about *him!* It is a pity that the best books and the best trout streams often belong to men who neither read nor angle. "There's something in the world amiss," whether it will be "unriddled by and by" or not.

Meanwhile book-collecting is not, at worst, one of the most alarming forms of vice. It is a harmless hobby, like gardening, and can be ridden in towns, where many better forms of enjoyment are out of the question. It is not so bad as collecting postage stamps, or book plates, or autographs of the living. The preachers of the Salvation Army, like "Happy Bill, the Converted Basket-maker," are wont to regale their audiences with a recital of their own excesses when in an unawakened condition. I also might look at a little hanging bookcase, containing the volumes collected before I knew better, and so appear as an "object lesson" of what to avoid. Here is my earliest error—the Elzevir Ovid of 1629, I think, in white vellum, "with rare Dutch prints added." Now what could I want with that; or with the same author of 1751, in green morocco, with one of those odd gilt end-papers in which some collectors take an inexplicable joy? The third Aldine Homer, in green morocco: where was the sense of buying *that*? "Des Pierres Précieuses," par M. Dutens, (Didot.) Paris, 1776? Well, there *was* a kind of excuse for that. It is bound up with

LES
FASCHEUX
COMEDIE
de I. B. P. Moliere.
Representee sur le
Theatre du Palais Royal
a Paris
chez Gabriel Quinet, au Palais,
dans la Galerie des Prisonniers
a l'Ange Gabriel.
MDCLXIII.

Thus here is a first edition of Molière, and a relic of that famous final feast of Fouquet at Vaux where "Les Facheux" was acted, as you may read in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" and other historical works. But then the play has been cropped, to fit it to the size of the work on precious stones with which it is bound.

Next, here is the first Paris edition of Roche-

foucauld's "Maximes" (1665); but the frontispiece is wanting. So I took that of the first English translation (the same print), and had it bound with the French book—a miserable evasion. What, again, could I want with "Horus Apollo" (Paris, 1574), a set of guesses at the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics, with many symbolical woodcuts, in red morocco, by Lortie? This book is valueless to the Egyptologist. "Les Provinciales" (1657) is in old red morocco, indeed, but the binder has cut it to the quick. My Epictetus is bound up with Straton (an unspeakable Greek epigrammatist) in yellow morocco. The strange conjunction was a freak of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and *that*, I suppose, was why I collected the trifle. "Poems on Several Occasions" (Foulis, Glasgow, 1748). *That* is a relic, if you please, of Hamilton of Bangour, the Jacobite poet, who died of the sufferings of the Forty-five, about the time when his little volume was published. He wrote "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride," and no man remembers his other lays. Sentiment prompted the purchase, and so on. One might write of heaps of books of no value, collected for some reason, half forgotten. Now, if a man had left all these trifles alone he might have been able to afford to purchase something worth having. Yet the little old volumes have become familiar to an owner who would miss what he had no excuse for buying. Take warning, pious reader, and, if you must be a collector, collect the books that are, or are to be, in fashion—that is, if you do not want your estate to be a considerable loser by your hobby.

Since this article was in type, I have heard the true story of the MSS. which were supposed possibly to be the Casket Letters. They really were connected with the old house in Dundee, called "Lady Wark's Stairs." But they were not found by workmen, and were shown, I understand, before the demolition of the house. As to the language in which they were written, we only know that they were indecipherable by a palæographer of experience. Now Queen Mary's hand was large and legible, in the "Roman" style; and surely *Monsieur, si lenvy de vottre absence*, and so on, must have been legible, and obviously French, in the eyes even of a person who was not a French scholar. On the whole, the most obvious theory is that these indecipherable papers were written in cipher, and were parts of a political correspondence of that age of conspiracies. Even so, it is a pity that they were allowed to disappear.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE \$20,000 BIBLE—AND OTHERS.

By J. Cuthbert Hadden.

Four thousand pounds for a Bible! Such was the figure paid not so long ago in a London auction room. People talk of Cremona violin collecting as a craze, but the highest price hitherto paid for a Cremona is only a modest £2,000. And, after all, there is some practical advantage to be gained from the possession of an old violin. A violin improves with age, and a specimen from the hands of Stradivarius will give out a music that no modern instrument can match. But Bibles? Well, Bibles are printed and sold that they may be read; and to the uninitiated it would seem that there can be no inherent or appreciable distinction between a Bible priced at four shillings and one priced at four thousand pounds. But the bibliomaniac knows better. He does not, like Browning's poet, "glance o'er books on stalls with half an eye." He employs both his eyes, and the whole of them, too. He knows that rare books are not bought to be read—not primarily at least; they are bought for the pleasure of "collecting" them. Moreover, the bibliomaniac generally buys in a particular line. He is like the man who has been described as purchasing "as many little Elzevirs as he can lay his hands upon," for the sake of collecting them into a library, "where other books are scarce enough." So there is the Bible collector, and his prize is the great edition of the Scriptures for which the enthusiast paid the £4,000, the highest sum ever given for a Bible.

The precious volume which thus engages the interest of the bibliomaniac has come to be known as the Mazarin Bible since the discovery of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It ought more properly to be called the Gutenberg Bible, coming as it does from the press of the benefactor who discovered the art of printing from movable metal types. The Mazarin Bible is, in fact, the first book so printed, the slow and expensive process of using engraved blocks being the only resource of the printer prior to its appearance. It is said that Gutenberg issued it to the clergy as a genuine manuscript, and that his townsmen believed him to be in league with the devil. There is no date on the book, and the precise year in which it was printed cannot be fixed; it is generally supposed to have been issued before 1456. It is a folio of 641 leaves, and is printed in black-letter in double columns, without title-page or pagination.

For strength and beauty of the paper (which

bears four water-marks throughout), luster of the ink, and exact uniformity of impression, it has never, says an authority, been equaled by any other work. It "seems marvelous, in looking at the pages of those splendid volumes, that the inventor of printing should, by a single effort, have exhibited the perfection of his art." That he chose the Scriptures for the introduction of that art is a point worth noting. As Hallam, the historian, has put it, we may see in imagination the venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by "dedicating its fruits to the service of heaven." No wonder that an enthusiastic "cataloguer" described it once as the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography, "a treasure which would exalt the humblest, and stamp with a due character of dignity the proudest collection in the world."

Unfortunately, nowadays it is only the owners of the proudest collections who can afford to indulge even the hope of such a possession. A hundred years ago one might have bought a Mazarin Bible for the modern price of a first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but that time has gone forever. Mr. Perkins, of Hanworth Park, had two copies, one in vellum, the other on paper. He bought the vellum copy in 1825 for £504, and the paper copy for £199 10s. His library was sold in 1873; the vellum copy then brought £3,400, and the paper copy £2,690. The purchaser of the former was the Earl of Ashburnham, and when his library was sold in 1897 the treasure produced £4,000. This is a splendid instance of rising value, especially when the fact is recalled that ten years before Mr. Perkins made his purchase—that is to say, in 1825—a perfect copy on vellum realized only £175. The Earl of Hopetoun was the fortunate possessor of a Mazarin, though he did not know it until the sale catalogue of his library came to be made up. Mr. Quaritch, the Piccadilly book magnate, bought this copy for £2,000. At Sir John Thorold's sale in 1884 Mr. Quaritch was also the lucky bidder for a copy which appeared there. This time he began at £1,000, and after a spirited contest the volume was knocked down to him at £3,850. Doubtless when a "Mazarin" next comes into the market, it will realize a sum considerably in advance of any figure yet associated with the book.

Many early editions of the Bible are sought after by the collector, with the natural result that they produce a long price when a copy turns up. Thus a copy of the first printed Latin Bible (1462) was knocked down at the Ashburnham sale for £1,500, while Miles Coverdale's English Bible of 1535 ran up to £820. In a good many cases the bibliomaniac hunts his quarry merely because of some peculiarity of translation. There is, for example, the well-known "Bugge" Bible, which is unsuspectingly connected with a popular misconception. This edition takes its name from a somewhat curious rendering of Psalm xci. 5: "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." The sentence in the prologue reads as follows: "He that hath the spirit of Christ is now no more a child; he neither learneth or maketh now any longer for pain of the rod, or for fear of bogges, or pleasure of apples." There used to be a great deal of discussion about the precise meaning of the word "bugge" as so applied; for of course the signification is quite different from that now attached to it. But the word means simply evil spirit; it is from the same root that we have the word "bugaboo," and the modern "bogey" dreaded of the children. The "Bugge" Bible is sought for not alone on account of the peculiarity which has brought it its name: the prologues, by Tyndale, gave such offence to the clergy that they caused the edition to be entirely suppressed. This, of course, means that the work is excessively rare; and for a book to be rare is enough to set all the bibliomaniacs on its track. The edition always produces a good price in the market. One collector's copy sold for £60, and an imperfect specimen brought £45 some years ago in a London auction room.

The "Rosin" and the "Treacle" Bibles both take their name from translations of the well-known question of Jeremiah now rendered "Is there no balm in Gilead?" In the one case, for the word "balm" we have "rosin," and in the other case "treacle." The word thus rendered by three different English words often occurs in the Bible; and it is curious to note that, although the Authorized Version has "balm" in the text, it gives "rosin" in the margin as an alternative reading. King James's translators were evidently doubtful as to which word exactly represented the original. With these two editions may be classed the "Vinegar" Bible of 1717. In this case, the name comes from the headline of St. Luke, chapter xx., the word "vinegar" being printed in mistake

for "vineyard," thus: "The parable of the vinegar."

About the year 1630 several small Bibles were printed by Robert Barker, the most notable of which was the octavo of 1631. This is known as the "Wicked" Bible, from the omission of the "not" from the Seventh Commandment. The error must have been discovered before the printing of the edition was finished, for in several extant copies the negative is in its place. Nevertheless, the hapless printer was cast in a fine of £300 by Archbishop Laud, the money, we are told, being expended in "a fount of fair Greek type," which was to render almost impossible such enormities as the above. Only four copies of the "Wicked" Bible are known to exist; but curiously enough the same blunder has lately been detected in a German edition. Some collectors run after the "Whig" Bible, so called because the ninth verse of Matthew v. is made to read: "Blessed are the placemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." This rare volume, seldom found in a perfect condition, was sent into the world by a Genevan printer in 1562. In 1613 Barker, the London printer, made two issues of the Bible, which are generally distinguished as the "Great He" and the "Great She" Bibles, from the blunder which substituted "he" for "she" in the last clause of Ruth iii. 15. Copies of either edition usually fetch a good price. Not many years ago an imperfect copy of the "she" issue brought ten guineas at Puttick's sale-room. The "Wife-beater's" Bible—fortunately, perhaps—is seldom noticed. In this edition the husband is exhorted to "endeavor to beat the fear of God into her"—a method certainly calculated to inspire the fear of man!

Published in London in 1572, the "Pagan" Bible is a real curiosity, containing as it does at St. John, 1st Epistle, chapter i., a woodcut of Mount Olympus and the Gods—Leda and Swan, Daphne and Apollo. This extraordinary Bible also contains other scenes from the "Metamorphoses." It is perfectly inconceivable, says a writer, "how such utterly inappropriate illustrations should have been allowed a place in an edition of the Bible." It is well known, however, that two or three centuries ago the difficulties of reproducing pictures of any kind in books were so great that one block was made to do duty not only in several works of wholly diverse kinds, but was even used over and over again in the same book. The first Bible printed in Scotland is another of the rarities sought after by the collector. It was from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, and bears the date 1576. The only perfect copy known is in the

possession of the Earl of Morton. Average specimens, if in good condition, usually fetch something like £20. Of merely curious Bibles there are a large number. Thus there is the "Persecuting Printer's" Bible, in which the Psalmist is made to say: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." The "Ear to Ear" Bible was printed at Oxford in 1810, and takes its name from the rendering of Matthew, xiii, 43: "Who hath ears to ear, let him ear." No fewer than three editions, the latest being of 1823, transform the word "fishers" in Ezekiel xlvii. 10, into "fishes," so that the phrase reads: "fishes shall stand upon it." These editions are accordingly known as the "Standing-fishes" Bible.

By Georgina P. Curtis, in "Mosher's Magazine."

At the present day, when the Bible is in our possession, *perfect* in every part, we can have but a slight idea of some of the curious copies of the Sacred Scriptures that have existed, in which either peculiar words were chosen by the translator or gross mistakes were made by the printer.

One of the earliest of these was printed in 1560, and is known as the Breeches Bible. In the third chapter of Genesis the seventh verse read: "Then the eies of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." In 1611 this was changed to aprons. The word breeches had long previously been used in Caxton's "Golden Legend" and in the Wycliffite Bible.

The title of Wicked Bible was first given to an edition published in London in 1631 by one Robert Barker and his partner, Martin Lucas. In this version the word "not" was left out of one of the Commandments, and the printers had to pay three hundred pounds, an enormous amount at that time, for the mistake. A similar mishap befell a German printer in the eighteenth century. In 1653 errors of the same kind occurred in the Pearl Bible, as it was named. Two texts read as follows: "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of righteousness unto sin."—Romans, vi, 13. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God."—I Corinthians, vi, 9.

In 1801 was published the Murderers' Bible, so called from the fact that in the sixteenth verse of the Epistle of Jude, the word murderers was changed to murderers.

The Bible Society was printing a number of copies of the Sacred Scriptures in 1805 at Cambridge, and the proof-reader could not

decide whether a comma should or should not be removed in the 29th verse of the 4th chapter of Galatians. The verse read: "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit, even so it is now." Therefore he asked advice of one of the professors engaged in the work. The latter wrote in pencil on the margin of the proof "to remain," and in some way this was inserted in the text, so the passage read: "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now." Unfortunately this error was published in editions of 1805, 1806, and 1819. Thus these became known as the To-Remain Bible.

The Discharge Bible, printed in 1806, makes I Timothy, v, 21, read: "I discharge thee before God, and Jesus Christ," instead of "I charge thee," etc. In 1810 appeared the Ears to Ear Bible. By what was, no doubt, a typographical error, Matthew, xiii, 43, was made to read: "He that hath ears to ear let him hear."

The most extraordinary of all Bibles was one printed in the eighteenth century, the work of the Rev. Edward Harwood, a minister of the Church of England. This clergyman, who was gifted with great elegance and fastidiousness of taste, without a leavening of good judgment or common sense, regretted that the men of his day so seldom perused the Sacred Book. He conceived the idea that a translation of the New Testament in which he could, as he said, "clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves . . . would have exhibited them had they now lived and written our language," would be acceptable to the public taste. He thought that "the bald and barbarous language of the old common version had from long usage acquired a venerable sacredness," but that nevertheless to "diffuse over the sacred page the eloquence of modern English" might attract "men of cultivated and improved minds" to read it more. Accordingly, he set to work to clothe the New Testament with the necessary elegance of style.

The warning of the Laodicean Church reads in Dr. Harwood's translation: "Since, therefore, you are now in a state of lukewarmness, a disagreeable medium between the two extremes, I will in no long time eject you from my heart with fastidious contempt." The daughter of Herodias is spoken of as "a young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." Nicodemus is styled "this gentleman," and Damaris, St. Paul's Athenian convert, is mentioned as "a lady of distinction."

The father of the Prodigal Son is called "a gentleman of splendid family," and our Lord, when raising the daughter of Jairus from the dead, is made to say: "Young lady, rise." At the Transfiguration on the Mount, St. Peter addresses Christ in these words: "Oh, Sir! what a delectable residence we might fix here." St. Paul's sublime promise, "We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed," is made, "We shall not all pay the common debt of nature, but we shall by a soft transition be changed from mortality to immortality." It did not suit Dr. Harwood to have St. Paul leave his cloak at Troas, and apparently have so little baggage. So the word is changed to portmanteau.

Perhaps what jars on us most, if one part can do so more than another, is to find the familiar and beautiful "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" completely changed, and rendered almost ridiculous. The Blessed Virgin's hymn begins:

"My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble station. Transcendent goodness! Every future age will now conjoin in celebrating my happiness."

The "Nunc Dimittis" is made to read:

"O God! Thy promise to me is amply fulfilled. I now quit the post of human life with satisfaction and joy, since Thou hast indulged mine eyes with so divine a spectacle as the great Messiah."

Whether the Beau Brummels of London found this edition of the New Testament more acceptable than the older versions, we do not know. We can only be thankful for the use of the simple and dignified translations that have come down to us, instead of the Harwood Testament, which, to quote the author, "left the most exacting velleity without ground for quiritation."

Undecided.

They were looking over the new books in a Fifth Avenue bookstall and found John Luther Long's "Naughty Nan." "It doesn't sound historical," said the first woman, hopefully.

"She can't have been a woman with a past, or he would never have called her anything so inconsequential as 'Naughty,'" suggested Number Two. "It ends happily," announced the first woman, after a hasty glimpse of the last page. "Perhaps," said Number Two, in the hushed voice of one who hesitates to believe in great joy, "perhaps it's just a jolly, frivolous little book."

They bought it.

The severe salesman assured them they would better take "The Valley of Decision," or Gorky's "Twenty-six and One"; but they had the courage of their convictions.—*Printers' Ink*.

"Great" Writers.

Few adjectives are so abused in criticism as "great." Writers speak of a great book, a great author, forgetting that the word implies a scale of merit—implies it often to destroy it. Prof. William P. Trent, of Columbia University, has been endeavoring to make a scale which rash writers might keep in mind, and his remarks are not uninteresting. From his article in the *International Monthly* we construct the following table:

GREAT WRITERS.

Homer.	Dante.
Sophocles.	Shakespeare.
Virgil.	Milton.
Goethe.	Molière.

Cervantes, &c.

To this class Prof. Trent is inclined to add Balzac and Hugo.

WRITERS OF GREAT POWER, BUT NOT UNIVERSAL IN THEIR GENIUS.

Pindar.	Chaucer.
Lucretius.	Spenser.
Petrarch.	Schiller.
Tasso.	Heine.
Ariosto.	Rabelais.
Montaigne.	Gibbon, &c.

WRITERS WHOM ONE CANNOT CALL SUPREME, ALTHOUGH ONE WOULD AS LITTLE THINK OF CALLING THEM MINOR.

Catullus.	Dryden.
Horace.	Pope.
Leopardi.	Gray.
Marlowe.	Burns.
Ben Jonson.	Coleridge.
Keats.	Tennyson.
Browning.	Wordsworth.
Byron.	Shelley.
Lamb.	Landor.

Hawthorne, &c.

Prof. Trent adds that, if his classification has been made on correct lines, it needs filling out and requires many qualifications. "And we must always remember that any scheme of classification is bad if it tends to make our judgments hard and fast, if it induces us to think that we can stick a pin through a writer and ticket him as an entomologist does an insect. But if we use such a scheme intelligently, it may prove useful, if only by stimulating us to candid objections, for candid objections imply honest thought, and honest thought on such a noble subject as literature cannot but be beneficial."

HOW TO TREAT THE EDITOR.

By Newman Yorke, Ph.D.

Some Points for Authors on Editor-Baiting.

The proper bearding of editors—to come straight at the matter—the proper bearding of editors should be begun early. There are so many roads to success that the aspirant for literary recognition must choose wisely, and inasmuch as it is well-nigh impossible to change one road for another after the journey is once undertaken, the most direct route must be judiciously selected beforehand. Considering the gravity of this fundamental necessity, it seems to me that I shall best serve the public, not to say the proletariat, by stating somewhat definitely a classification of authors, regarding them purely in their attitude toward their actual or prospective publishers. The reader of these haymow reflections will then be in a position to pick that model to which his talents best fit him to conform.

By all means the most entertaining of editor baiters is, in my judgment, the type known as the Greatest Living Authority. The type originated with that brilliant Parisian, M. Theophile Auguste Charpentier, and although it is still unknown in Boston and rather rare in New York, I have reason to believe that it is slowly evolving at this very hour in Chicago. In full flower the Greatest Living Authority is really magnificent. Such a one will enter unabashed, will fling down his manuscript upon the editorial table or rack, and will cheerfully remark: "There you are, sir! You are entirely at liberty to reject this article; but I am the Greatest Living Authority, and if you do reject it, pop goes your magazine!" That works. Nine throws in ten, you hit it. Some wince and cringe, but the better part will acquiesce. The editor is the most timid of men. He naturally distrusts his judgment, when confronted with sublime self-assurance—indeed, if he had half the brains it takes to be a Greatest Living Authority he would not be an editor. But of course the self-assurance must look the part. Besides, it must never be short of funds; neither must sell it too cheap the fruit of its toil. Ten dollars a syllable? That sounds like something worth while.

Next in efficiency to self-assurance comes the valiant aggressiveness of the Fore-Armed. This type has less ego in its cosmos, or perhaps I might better say more cosmos in its ego. "Mr. Howells," says the Fore-Armed, "Mr. Howells, that most ferocious of critics, has read this article

and pronounces it 'remarkable.'" Or thus: "Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman (aside: who knows a lot more about poetry than you do) declares my lyrics 'distinctly precious'; so please send check at your earliest convenience." When the Fore-Armed enter in person the lair of the editor, they make it a point to come heavily introduced. Editors, they understand, are both suspicious and incredulous; passports, credentials, auld-lang-syne testimonials and minutes of identification are quite indispensable. No doubt they are. It is so nice to know that budding genius stands in with its friends! But suppose that budding genius should fail just there—what then? Ah, then it is that the beneficent and omnipotent Literary Bureau extends its good offices! You send it your "copy," it stamps it "approved," and no living editor will thereafter find the hardihood to question its merit. Of course there is a fee. There is also a long envelope, a little later, with the name of a great magazine in the upper left-hand corner, and inside the envelope a manuscript in your handwriting, accompanied by a printed slip too awful to think of. The truth is, nobody yet came to success through a Literary Bureau.

In general the axiom holds well enough which says frankly and bluntly, "There's no money in modesty." Nevertheless, one must not forget that extremes meet, and that while there's more than one way to skin a cat, there are at least "nine-and-sixty ways" to beard an editor. "Every single one of them is right." Brag and bluster succeed; so does tremulous self-distrust. Begin your letter:

"HONORED SIR: I hesitate to intrude my humble interests upon the attention of a noted and busy man like yourself; but if you should perceive in these faulty and ill-guided pages any traces of intelligence, kindly print them in your magnificent monthly. I am so affectingly impressed with their worthlessness that I lack the fortitude to ask any pay for them—&c., &c."

That is so appealing, so lamblike, so un-Richard-Harding-Davisish, that were it not so frequent a method of approach it could never fail of triumph. The editor is really an ogre. He delights to crunch the bones of genius; he never thinks a meal complete without a course or two of talented young authors. He is the Moloch

of modern life. Style, originality, force, humor, art, beauty, human interest—these avail not. He prefers “an humble and a contrite heart.” Act accordingly.

These, it will appear, are extreme and opposite views of the editorial personality. Never will the same man show himself timid and awesome at the same time. Rarely will the same man show himself timid and awesome at different times. The foregoing conclusions become so absolutely perplexing that a certain type of author ignores them entirely. That is the Slam-Bang Business-Before-Everything type. Men, and women, too, who read the *Quillster*, the official organ of hackdom, have learned a blunt, bluff, brusque recourse to printed forms. The *Quillster* supplies them—so much a hundred. Here is a sample:

“To the Editor:

“I herewith submit MS. as follows:

Title.....
Length..... words
Classification.....
Terms—At usual rates.
Inclosure—Stamped-addressed envelope.
Remarks.....

Respectfully,

“Will the editor kindly mark the appropriate paragraph if this MS. is unavailable?—

1. Too short—too long.
 2. Style—composition—construction—faulty.
 3. Not appropriate for our publication.
 4. Too much matter on hand.
 5. Pleased to have you submit other MSS., for this has merit.
 6. This MS. might be accepted if revised.
 - 7.....
-Editor.”

Still another form, if I may so term it, runs somewhat after this fashion (it is used in soliciting orders):

“DEAR SIR—I am prepared to write you the following articles:

Title.	Rate per 1,000 words
The Use of Soap Among the Ancients....	\$15.00
George Fred Williams: An Appreciation..	2.00
The Music of the Ghetto.....	8.00
Solomon a Christian Scientist.....	5.00
The Value of the Soul.....	40.00
Significance of the Lines on the Soles of Our Feet	3.00

“Please mark subject selected, and state quantity desired. Yours truly, etc.”

This, it seems to me, is a singularly felicitous device. It has all the refreshing allurements of the soda fountain. You stand, as it were, behind a marble counter and simply say,

“What flavor?” How shall an editor resist?

Perhaps one of the surest roads to success is to adopt a principle which was once explained to me by a half-breed hunter and trapper out West: “If you want to catch an animal,” said the burly old fellow, “just study his nature, and then beat him at his own game.” This principle is readily applied to the bearding of editors. The editorial foible is “timeliness.” A “periodical” must be periodical. It must justify its appearance at set intervals by at least a degree of reference to the general kick and go of public events. When, therefore, something really happens, then is your chance to say something. Of course, it ought to be something in your line. You are, we will say, an authority on South Africa; war breaks out, and forthwith you become “available.” You have wasted your substance on prize fights; Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. McCoy engage in a spirited controversy, and immediately you dash into print. Indeed, you are one of a large though rather indigent “timely” proletariat. No sooner had the Chinese crisis arrived than a thousand decayed missionaries came prancing, each with his “personal reminiscences,” closely written and tightly rolled. And so it goes. It is a good method with only one failing—things don’t happen often enough. Unless your commissary is pretty well assured you may languish, Micawberlike, in some debtors’ prison, “waiting for something to turn up.”

Of almost any editor it might be said, “But yet a man.” Happy that writer of whom it may be said, “But yet a woman.” Disregarding all other diplomatic devices, a numerous class of female aspirants for literary triumph strike straight at the editorial heart. Good! Smiles, dimples, coy looks—these are invincible. Still, it is always wise to carry more guns than you need, so why not send the editor a fine bunch of “American beauties”? It is customary, I understand, to land the floral tribute upon the editorial desk, through the kindly offices of a messenger, about half an hour before you arrive. That gives your victim time to think, time to sentimentalize, time to get his curiosity up to the proper pitch. Then in you sail, all radiance and overpowering effervescence, to find the battle already won. Accepts your poem? Why, bless you, what else can he do?

Here on the haymow, I can think of only one further bit of admonition to the woman who writes. Get a famous husband. If already married, elevate your lord and master to a position of distinguished eminence. There is always

demand for magazine articles by the wives of illustrious personages—no matter how stupid the articles. Their publication is supposed to serve as a tonic to masculine ambition.

"Wives of great men still remind us
We can make our wives sublime"—
and so on.

But, after all, it must be remembered that editors are really more anxious to discover a genius than genius is to be discovered. Manuscript readers open their morning mail with trembling fingers, not knowing what pearl of great price they may momentarily hit on. There is keen—almost a savage—demand for the new name. There are only three requisites to success, and of these three the first is merit, the second is merit, and the third is (I hesitate to say) merit. Never mind bearding the editor. Do the thing, send it along, and then talk business. Let his highness, the editor, beard you.
—*Boston Transcript*.

Hariot's Narrative.

A book of more than usual interest has been placed in the Milwaukee Public Library. It is entitled "Thomas Hariot and His Associates," and it is a small duodecimo volume privately printed in England in an edition of 195 copies. Hariot was the first historian of the Old Dominion, and he was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose efforts to colonize the New World with Englishmen resulted so disastrously. Hariot's history, issued in quarto form, is one of the most interesting, as it is one of the rarest, of books pertaining to America.

Collectors of rare English books always speak reverently of the "quarto Hariot," as they do of the "first Shakespeare folio." It is given to but few of them ever to touch or see it, for not more than seven copies are at present known to exist. Four of these are locked up in public libraries, whence they are never likely to pass into private hands. One copy is in the Grenville Library; another in the Bodleian; a third slumbers in the University of Leyden; a fourth is in the Lenox Library; a fifth in Lord Taunton's; a sixth in the late Henry Huth's library, and a seventh was sold in London in 1883, at auction, and cost the buyer \$1,500.

The little quarto volume of Hariot's "Virginia" was issued in 1588 and contains, the author says, "all the fruits of our labours that I have thought necessary to aduertice you of at present." He also wrote a "Chronicle," but this has become utterly lost. Some time this precious narrative, it is hoped, may be

found, together with Cabot's lost bundle of maps and journals, Ferdinand Columbus's lost life of his father in the original Spanish, and Peter Martyr's book on the first circumnavigation of the globe by the fleet of Magalhaens, which he so fussily sent to Pope Adrian to be read and printed.

Hariot's "Briefe and True Report of the Newfound Land of Virginia" simply and truthfully portrays in 1585-6 the land and the people of Virginia—or rather of that narrow strip of waste lying between Cape Fear and the Chesapeake, chiefly in the present State of North Carolina. This land, called by the natives Wingandacoa, was later named Virginia, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Hariot's glimpse shows the inhabitants and the resources of primitive nature before white men contaminated them. The first breath of European enterprise in the New World seems to have at once taken off the bloom and freshness of the Indian. His natural simplicity of character rapidly changed when it came in contact with the Christian greed for gold. The unscrupulous plundering practiced by the newcomers taught the Indian cunning and the necessity of resorting to all manner of savage devices to enable him to cope with his relentless enemies for very existence on the soil that generously gave him bread and meat. Nearly all that we now know of the uncontaminated American aborigines, their mode of life and domestic economy, is derived from Hariot's narrative.

Of William Black.

The joys of this life come when they are least expected. A few months before his death, after a long period of suffering and complete withdrawal from the world, the post brought William Black this letter from an unknown correspondent living in Ohio:

This is my letter of thanks for the great pleasure you have given me. For six weeks I have been in bed. On my bed in this time have been from one to three of your books. I read until weary, then dream—and read again. I thank you for the yachting cruises whence I have gone with you. I thank you for the pleasant acquaintance you have given me with most delightful people, whom, but for you, I should never have known. I thank you for helping me through these weary weeks. I thank God for sending you into this world.

Black could afford to cry over that letter, as he could afford to smile at Carlyle's oft-quoted question, "And when are ye going to do anything serious?"

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND ITS BOOKSELLING TENANTS.

By H. R. Plomer.

Whatever else may be said of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, he deserved the thanks of the citizens of London for the steps he took, as Bishop of London, to improve the state of St. Paul's Cathedral. Its condition during the reigns of Elizabeth and James was a scandal to the city. Houses and mean sheds had been built round it on all sides, even on the very steps leading to its gateways, while the interior was the haunt of profligates of all kinds; goods were bought and sold in it, its aisles were a common highway for porters and hucksters, brawling and swearing were going on all day long; in short, the place was more like a street in Seven Dials than the interior of a place of worship. Contemporary notices of its deplorable condition were numerous and have been admirably condensed in Mr. Sparrow-Simpson's "Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's" (1881).

Laud determined to end this state of things, and prevailed upon the King to issue a commission to certain persons to carry out the reforms. Amongst other things it was decided to clear away the shops and sheds which had been built around the Cathedral. Notice was accordingly served upon the tenants to surrender their leases and quit the premises by a certain time. In one or two instances compensation was given, but in the majority of cases the tenants were allowed the value of the materials, and that was all. It was no easy thing to get the tenants out. They pleaded the difficulty of finding new homes, and begged for an extension of time, so that, although the first steps were taken as early as 1631, it was several years before the work of demolition could begin.

Meanwhile, briefs were issued and collections levied from all and sundry towards the repair of the Cathedral, and it is on record that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were ordered on no account to renew the leases of two persons in St. Paul's Churchyard who had refused to contribute.

Amongst the papers which have been preserved relating to this important improvement, three are here printed as being of especial interest to students of the history of printing and bookselling in London. The first is a list of the printers of the city of London who contributed towards the repairs, the second a list of the houses and shops upon the north side of the Cathedral, between the Great North Door

and the Church of St. Faith's, which were condemned, while the third is supplementary to the second and shows by whom the vaults under the Cathedral were used, and gives a list of the landlords to whom the condemned property belonged.

The list of printers seems to be one of the many drafts made by Sir John Lambe with a view to regulating printers and printing, which took final form in the drastic Act of 1636. It differs very little from those which Mr. Arber has printed in the third volume of his "Transcript," but, unlike them, it has the merit of a definite date, "November xij—1630." Subsequently, and in much darker ink, the various sums contributed by each printer "To St. Paul's" were added, and the date of these additions may be inferred by the deletion of Stansby's name and the substitution of Bishop's, the latter being written with the same ink as the contributions, presumably either in 1634 or 1635. There is also a third and very shaky hand noticeable in the reference to "Widow Sherleaker" and to John Norton's partnership with Oakes. The letters placed in the left-hand margin against some of the names are puzzling.

Turning now to the amounts placed against some of these names as contributions to the repairs of the Cathedral, a curious point arises. Do they represent money received from the printers, or merely an assessment levied upon the printers? In support of the latter theory, it may be noticed that the King's Printers have no amount set against them, whilst William Jones, who had proved himself on several occasions a contumacious person, is entered for the largest sum.

The second paper here printed gives a list of the tenants occupying the row of shops and houses on the north side of the Cathedral as well as the trades carried on in them. These buildings were probably very much like those still standing in Holborn, and varied in size from "a little hole" to what is described as a "large house," that is, a tenement of several floors. The trades represented were as follows: seven booksellers, two bookbinders, three clasp makers, one pins, points and walking staves, one ale house, one paper seller, one scrivener and one barber. Of the booksellers thus displaced the most important was Henry Seile of the Tiger's Head. Amongst the books he issued may be noticed John Barclay's

"Argenis," the second edition of which, published in 1636, is interesting from the copperplates by L. Gaultier and C. Mellan; Abraham Cowley's "Love's Riddle, a Pastoral Comedy," written by the author at the age of thirteen while he was a scholar at Westminster School, and his "Poeticall Blossoms"; Decker's tragedy, "Match mee in London," 1631; Donne's "Juvenilia," 1633; Ford's "Fancies Chast and Noble," 1638, and Massinger's "New way to pay old debts," 1633.

Seile carried his sign of the Tiger's Head into Fleet Street "over against St. Dunstan's Church," or, as it is given in some imprints, "between the Bridg and the Conduit," where he continued publishing for many years.

Edmund Weaver and Edward Brewster were chiefly publishers of theological literature, but both were important men in the trade, Weaver being Master of the Company in 1637 and Brewster the "Treasurer of the English Stock." The last-named died in 1647, when he was living in St. Bride's parish.

Jasper Emery was the publisher of Brathwait's "Survey of History" (1638). Arnold Ritherdon died either before his removal from St. Paul's Churchyard or very shortly afterwards, as among the State Papers is a petition from his widow asserting that his inability to find other premises, except at a much higher rental, had caused his death, and that he had left her in very poor circumstances, and praying for relief.

In connection with the third of these papers, evidently the practice of letting the vaults to booksellers did not cease at this time, because it will be remembered that at the time of the Great Fire they were full of books, and that it was the premature opening of the doors, before the contents had time to cool, that resulted in their destruction. It is interesting to note George Thomason's name amongst those who stored books there.

I.

"THE NAMES OF THE MASTER PRINTERS OF LONDON, WITH THE SUMS CONTRIBUTED BY SOME OF THEM TO THE REPAIR OF ST. PAULS CATHEDRAL (c. 1634).

November xij—1630.

The names of the master printers of London.

Imprimis. Robert Barker	{ printers to
and	
The Assignes of Joh: Bill	{ His
	{ Majesty.
	To St. Pauls
ffelix Kingstone	{ 20li
Adam Islippe	

n	Thomas Purfoot	6li
	Richd Byshop		
suspend. w	William Stansby*	8li
n	John Beale. blind and riche	.	6li
f. p.	John Dawson	15li
f.	Thomas Harper	20li
	Miles Fflesher	6li
f. w.	Robert Young	15li
f.	John Legate	15li
	George Miller	6li
f.	Augustine Matthewes	8li
n.	Nicholas Oakes	15li
f. p.	William Jones	40li
f. w.	George Purslowe	8li
f. w.	Bernarde Alsope	20li
f.	Thomas Cotes	20li
	Richard Badger		
2. f.	Widdow Aldee	10li
2. f.	Widdow Griffin	10li
	Jo. Haviland	10li
	Jo. Norton†—he was ptener		
	with Oakes for yeares ending		
	in October last.		
	†Widdow Sherleaker lives		
	by printing of pictures.		
	Rob. Raworth	?
	Ri Hodgkinson	?

How many presses."

(Dom. State Papers, Chas. I., v. 175, 45.)

II.

"A LIST OF SUCH SHOPS AND HOUSES AS DOE JOYNE TO THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL UPON THE NORTH SIDE BEGINNING AT THE GREAT NORTH DOORE.

1. Upon the left hand a booksellers shop and a large house over it, wherein lives Edmund Weaver.

2. Next unto that at the very entrance into the Petty Canons, is an ale house, being a shead adjoyning to the library of ye said church. The ale-keepers name is Parker.

3. Upon the right hand is a little shead being a booksellers shop, his name Luke Fawne.

4. Adjoyning to that is another booksellers shop of an ordinary largenes, his name Edward Bruister.‡

5. A little hole next to him wherein one sells pins poyntes and walking staves.

* Deleted in MS. and Rich. Byshop's name written over it.

† These notes are in a different handwriting.

‡ The sign of this house was the "Crane."

6. Next to that is the corner shop, which is a booksellers, his name Nicolas Fussell and over the shops of number 3. 4. 5. 6 dwelleth one of the petty canons his name Mr. Jennings; to whom also the house doth belong that you goe under in the narrow passage.

7. Unto which adjoyneth a little book-seller's shop, his name Jaspar Emery.

8. Is the sign of the Tiger's Head, a bookesellers shop, over which 2 shops of number 7 and 8 dwelleth Henry Seile.

9. A small bookeseller's shop, his name is Ambrose Ritherdon.

10. A paper sellers shop, and over those shops of number 9 and 10 is the paper sellers house, his name is Edward Pidgeon.

11. Next to him is a scrivener named Matthew Billing whose dwelling house and shop are together.

12. A small barber's shop his name Tiffin.

13. A book binders shop, his name Bennet.

14. A clasp-maker's shop, his name Edward Boddington, over which shops of number 12. 13. and 14 is the house of Edward Brewster, bookseller whose shop was number the fourth.

15. A large book binders shop, his name John Rothwell.

16. A clasp makers shop and house his name George Greene.

17. The dwelling house of the clarke of St. Fayths parish, his name George Browne.

18. A clasp-makers house, his name Kendall.

19. Kendall his shop, and a rome or two over it, next adjoyning to St. Fayths church doore, where lives an old widdow, which is the last." (Dom. State Papers, Charles I., vol. 310, No. 35.)

III.

"NOTES OF BOOKSELLERS, ETC., USING VAULTS UNDER ST. PAUL'S, AND OF LANDLORDS OF ADJOINING PROPERTY.

There are two vaults vnder St. Pauls Church on the North side employed to profane vses.

1. The first contains within it 2 Warehouses of Bookes imployed by Henry Seile and Luke Fawne booksellers, and a Celler of Beere, woode, coales, etc., imployed by Mr. Jennings. The entrance into this Vault is at the greate North doore of the Church on the right hand and is rented out by the Petty-Cannons.

2. The 2d vault containes 5 or 6 Warehouses of Bookes imployed by Mr. Heb, Mr. Thomason, Mr. Fussell, Mr. Martin, Mr. Bowler Bookesellers: the rest of that vast room is used as a Celler by Kendall a clasp-maker. The entrance into this vault is in the corner over against St. Pauls Crosse and is rented out by the parish of St. Faythes.

The names of the Land-lords of the Shops and Howses adjoyning to the Church of St. Paul vpon the North side beginning at the greate Doore.

Mr. Bayley a Gentleman Landlord to
Bruisters Howse.
Billings House and shop.
Tiffins shop.
Bennets shop.
A clasp makers shop.
Pidgeons house and shop.
Ritherdons shop.
Henry Seiles shop.

Mr. Nyghtingale one of the petty-cannons, landlord to Bruister's shop.

Freeman a leather-seller landlord to
Emmerys shop.
Ffussell's shop.
The little shop where pinnes are sold.

Petty-cannons landlords to
Henry Seiles howse.
Mr. Jennings house.
Ffawne's shop.

The parish of St. Faithes Landlord to the Howses and shops from Bruisters house to St. Faithes Church-doore.

A Knight in the Country whose name I cannot learne is Landlord to Weaver's fayre house and shop.

Neither can I heare who is Landlord to Parker's Ale-Howse."
(Dom. State Papers, Charles I., vol. 281, No. 38.)
—*The Library*.

"Children of Gibeon."

"I say that this book was as truthful as a long and patient investigation could make it. I knew every street in Hoxton; I knew also every street in Ratcliffe; I had been about among the people day after day and week after week—neglecting almost everything else. The thing was absorbing. I had stood in the miserable back room where the woman living by herself—the gray-haired elderly woman, all alone in that awful cell, with no furniture but sacking on the floor—is stitching away for bare life. I had sat among the girls whom I described—three in a room, with the one broad bed for the three—also stitching away for bare life. I had seen the widow and the daughter hot-pressing, stitching, their fingers flying for bare life. All these things and people I saw over and over again till my heart was sore and my brain was weary with the contemplation

of so much misery. And then I sat down to write. Did the book do any good? I do not know.

"'The Fourth Generation' is the most serious of all my novels. Here we have to deal with the truth that the children do undoubtedly suffer for the sins of the fathers. It is impossible to deny the facts of the case; they are conspicuous in every family, in all history. It seems unjust. The Hebrew Prophets considered the case; one of them proclaimed the law; another defined its limitation. In the novel I have admitted the law. I have shown how, by reason of an undetected crime, one member of a family after another is struck with misfortune and degraded by crimes. Yet there are the limitations. A reviewer, in speaking in commendation of the story, said that he was amazed to find a reference to a Hebrew Prophet in the preface. The amazement was caused by his inability to understand that a novel may be a perfectly serious document, and that a novelist may illustrate a most important law of humanity by a simple, even an amusing, story. The limitations are plainly laid down by the Prophet Ezekiel. They amount to this: The father, by his sins, may condemn his children for many generations to poverty, to the loss of social position, to the loss of all the advantages to which they were born; he may reduce them all to servitude; he may make it impossible for them to retrieve their former position, so that they can neither get oblivion of the past nor make a new beginning on the foundation of the old evils. But he cannot touch the souls of his children. 'As I live, saith the Lord God'—hear the Prophet's more than solemn words—'the soul of every man is mine.' If the children commit sins and crimes, they will make it still harder for *their* descendants, but the crimes are not caused by the sins of the fathers."—*Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant.*

Soothing Tales.

This pleasant morsel is from the published autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan. The volume is full of good things and not the least interesting passage is that in which Abdur Rahman describes his attitude towards literature:

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing.



At the Stevenson Fountain.

(Old Portsmouth Square, San Francisco.)

By Wallace Irwin.

Perhaps from out the thousands passing by—
The city's hopeless lotos-eaters these,
Blown for the four winds of the Seven Seas
For common want to common company—
Perhaps some one may lift a heavy eye
And smile with freshening memories when he sees
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.
And oh, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy till to his ears
Might come a tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,
To catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face
And draw contentment from a cup of tears!



AFTER THE
MEDALLION
BY AUGUST ST. GAUDENS
J. C. J.

Permission and courtesy of The Rubric.

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

A Talk with E. J. Trelawny.

Some New Anecdotes of the Poets—The Cremation of Shelley.

To see Mr. Trelawny and hear him talk is to be transported back, as if by magic, half a century or so, to that thrilling period when Shelley and Byron, those revolutionary Dioscuri of English poetry, passed the last years of their brief lives self-exiled in Italy. As he sits smoking in his chair, or paces up and down the room, the grand old man, who has been so long before Europe as to have become historical, still shows traces in his fine features which justify the assertion that he, Lord Byron, and Count d'Orsay were considered the three handsomest men of their time. Then, as he begins talking to you in a voice that seems issuing from some deep cavern, his prodigious memory and singular power of expression make the past present.

Shelley seems to be the only mortal who ever touched that proud, rebel spirit with a feeling akin to hero-worship. When he speaks of the poet there is something like tenderness in his accents, something verging on the reverence in his looks. The customary formulas of social intercourse are an abomination in his sight. Woe to you, if, on first seeing him, you should unfortunately say, "How do you do, Mr. Trelawny?" He will, if not rebuke, merely grunt out a reply and look as if he thought you a fool. He gives no small change of conversation; every word he utters is stamped with his personality—a personality so powerful that it overtops everything he can say or do.

He will begin speaking quite abruptly, as if only continuing aloud some previous train of thought. "What," he growled, "is all that rubbish that Symonds writes about Shelley being too beautiful to paint? Too beautiful to paint, indeed! When he was quite young he might have had the beauty that we admire in children or young girls; but he had no manly beauty.

"He was narrow-chested and he stooped like a scholar. You could see that from a child, almost a baby, he had been bending over books. He had the smallest head of any man I ever knew; Byron's came next. His eyes were slightly prominent, and there was hardly any of the white visible. To see him in a crowd was like seeing a stag in the midst of a herd of deer. The deer has a timid way of looking on the ground, but the stag walks with lifted head and shining eyes. His were like stars.

Now, Byron was handsome. The upper part of his figure was nobly proportioned and his throat was like a column. He had most beautiful eyes, well set in his head; they were like a cat's, changing continually in color: now brown, now golden, then green, full of ever-varying expression."

"What do you think of their genius respectively?"

"Shelley had the divine madness which alone makes a man write great poetry. But he appealed to the intellect, while Byron's poetry appealed to the passions of mankind! All men have passions; therefore they understood him. But Shelley was a great metaphysician, a logician, a poet whom people shunned in his day. No one read his writings; and when I went to get one of his poems from Ollier, his publisher, he pretended not to have a copy, till being informed that I was Shelley's friend, he fetched it from a secret drawer. This was the universal feeling concerning him. No one understood him—not Hogg—not Peacock; and the former, though he often calls him a divine poet, did not believe anything of the kind; on the contrary, he thought it all nonsense, and was laughing in his sleeve when he used such expressions."

"But, what was the bond between them, then?"

"Why, they were both excellent scholars. Shelley was an enthusiastic student of the Greek poets, and greatly influenced by them, especially in his latter years. No one who is ignorant of the classics can thoroughly appreciate him. That is partly the reason why Swinburne understands him so well; he has written better things concerning him than anyone else. But he, too, has some of the divine madness. Nothing great can ever be done without it. Here is another man who was also full of it."

Mr. Trelawny was pacing up and down the room while uttering these sentences in his deep, leonine voice. He now brought me a portrait of John Brown, the American martyr, of whom he spoke with a kindling eye.

"Do you know what was his answer to the rebels when they threatened to hang him? 'Do,' said he, 'I wish for nothing better, for then my name will become a flag for the North to rally round.' Enthusiasts and fanatic-

ics are the men that move the world. There is Blake, now; I consider him a true poet, also; what he writes is full of inspiration."

He repeated some of Blake's lines. His manner of quoting poetry is peculiarly impressive, almost oracular; it seems that Shelley was very fond of it. Once hearing him declaim:

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
In which he puts alms for oblivion.

the poet was so taken with the passage, which he did not appear to know, that he clapped his hands with delight and could not hear it often enough. Something being said to him about his "Rosalind and Helen," he laughed and shouted, "That's going into Time's wallet, you know."

"Was Shelley's voice really as loud and piercing as is generally asserted?"

"Of course all the Shelley biographers must go on repeating Hogg's assertion about the harsh shrillness of the poet's tones. No doubt he was habitually hoarse in this climate. You always find that Italians lose their voice on coming to England, while that of the English gets sweeter in Italy. Shelley's voice was soft and pleasant—at any rate when I knew him."

"Did Shelley ever shut himself up to write?"

"Shut himself up!" shouted Mr. Trelawny, indignantly. "Never! He wrote his poems in the open air; on the seashore, in the pine-woods; and like a shepherd, he could tell the time of day exactly by the light. He never had a watch. And I think Byron never had; but if the latter had one, he never wore it."

"Which of all Byron's works do you yourself prefer?"

"'Childe Harold.' He at one time intended introducing me either into that poem or into 'Don Juan'; he did not know which. His intention was to have written a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold,' the scene of which was to be laid at Naples. But he said he must see Naples before writing about it; he could not write about things he had not seen.

"Southey, on his return from a tour in Italy, was asked by a friend whether he considered Shelley or Byron as the head of the Satanic school. Southey, pointing to his feet, said, 'The devil marks his own.'" Mr. Trelawny chuckled sardonically, and he repeated the joke at intervals, as if he enjoyed it.

"That accounts, I suppose, for the author of 'The Vision of Judgment' imposing poor Southey in the pillory of his imperishable satire."

"Yes. Moore, who used to sugar over his spite and malice with the diamond-dust of wit, lost no time in repeating the saying to his noble friend."

Mr. Trelawny informed me that Gérôme, the French artist, had begun a picture of the burning of Shelley's body. The idea evidently gratified him. He referred to it repeatedly, picturing the scene, which apparently increased in vividness while he described it, till I, too, seemed to see with him the long sweep of sand, the smoothly rippling waters of the bay, the long dark line of the pine forest skirting the shore.

"Gérôme," he said, "ought to introduce the pines in his picture. They are characteristic of Shelley and of the place. Their tall, straight stems, forty feet high, rose at equal distances one from the other, and although the sun never penetrated through their interlacing boughs, it would cast a red light on the trunks below."

"I wish Mr. Gérôme could hear your description; some one ought certainly to send these details to him."

"I will send a letter to Rossetti; he can communicate with the artist if he thinks proper. Byron and myself were the only persons on the spot besides three coast-guards. Leigh Hunt remained in his carriage on the edge of the pine forest. Italian peasant-folk had also come to witness the spectacle, but with hereditary good breeding did not press near, and remained patiently watching in their gigs, carts and other vehicles. As I was pouring the incense, wine and oil upon the flames, I muttered, half to myself, 'I restore to Nature, through fire, the elements of which this man was composed—earth, air and water; everything is changed but not annihilated. He is now a portion of that which he worshiped——.' I continued for some time in this vein, when I suddenly felt Byron clapping me on the shoulder. 'Why, Trelawny,' he said, 'I knew you were a pagan, but not that you were a pagan priest. You do it very well.'"

From the obsequies of Shelley it was but natural to revert to the death-scene of Lord Byron. He had a curious fancy in his last illness to count the number of boots in the room: he persisted in saying that he could only count three boots. "This," Mr. Trelawny remarked, "was a sign of the extraordinary activity of Byron's intellect. For he had read in some German author, not long before, that incipient madness showed itself by an incapacity of counting correctly; and now, in his delirium, this statement was evidently preying on his mind, and he was trying experiments on himself."

"If Lord Byron had lived, what in your opinion would have been the end of his Greek expedition?"

"Why, he might have been President or King of Greece. Odysseus, the only capable man the Greeks had, and myself would have managed it."

"What a possibility! But it would have been too like poetic justice for this world of fact, if he who so gloriously sang of 'The Isles of Greece' had also succeeded to their sway."

"'Childe Harold' represents Byron as he was at heart; 'Don Juan' as he liked to appear in a circle, to the world."

Mr. Trelawny did not tell me all this consecutively. He comes and goes, and walks out of the house even, before you are aware of his intentions. The last time I saw him was at his place at Sompting, on the South Downs. His own particular sitting-room there reminds one considerably of a ship's cabin; it is very plainly furnished, without curtains, and the wall paper, brilliantly colored like a child's picture book, has small square designs of different nations engaged in characteristic occupations. In the morning I heard this

wonderful old man, now aged eighty-seven, singing as he rose. He always takes a kind of air bath before dressing, draws his own water and chops his own wood. He breakfasts on cold water, bread and fruit, which he eats standing, on the principle that after lying in bed people should not sit down again. The crumbs of his table he scatters on the windowsill for the birds, being very fond of animals generally. He is extremely abstemious, taking only one solid meal a day, and, like his beloved Shelley, he prefers a diet consisting of vegetables, milk, and fruit, to meat. His astonishing health and strength ought certainly to make many converts to his mode of living. He has invented a regular system of hygiene for himself, one of his theories being that you should never take hot food or drink. Winter and summer he wears the same costume—no underclothing and no extra outer clothing. He generally has a cap on his head, which he also wears in preference to a hat out of doors. —*The Whitehall Review* (1880).

THE PLEASURES OF BOOK HUNTING.

By an Old Book Hunter.

I have been engaged in the pleasant task of book hunting for the past quarter of a century. While still in my teens I remember pausing before the old book-stands and eagerly scanning the titles before me. At the period to which I refer the corner book-stand, especially in the Quaker City, was quite common. It was generally presided over by an elderly man, who had evidently seen better days. As a rule, the proprietor was of a grasping disposition, always seeking to take advantage of both buyer and seller.

The selling of books was not by any means the only essential of the business. To buy properly, to know from whom to buy, were very important points; for be it remembered that a major portion of the books offered were stolen property. Servants were the principal criminals, but the small boy played no unimportant part. Several times have I been besought by the bookseller to return some valued purchase.

"It would be a great favor if you could return the book bought last week," were the words in which the request was generally made.

I always assumed a severe aspect. This would bring forth:

"The boy who sold me the book stole it."

"Oh! He did, eh?"

"Yes. His father called on me, and seemed anxious to secure the book."

"Too bad," I would say. "Very sorry. Father ought to have brought up his son better. Good day."

I was like a miser. What! Return a book that had taken me years to find? Never!

I kept away from the stand, maybe for a week or so. Upon my return the old bookseller would give me a slight nod and then resume his reading.

I generally devoted a portion of the morning three times per week to my purpose. Of course, I would stop whenever I passed a display of books. Sometimes second-hand furniture dealers offered them for sale. Now and then I would secure a bargain, but not very often. The major portion of such stock comprised Patent Office reports, theological works, torn Sunday-school literature, school-books or other matter of no interest.

I remember one of my first valuable purchases in this connection. It was a copy of Thackeray's "The Yellow Plush Correspondence," printed in Philadelphia, 1838. It is

curious from the fact that it is the first published book of Thackeray.

When I first picked up the book, I did not dream of its contents. I had a habit of looking at every book I came across without a title. Some of my luckiest finds were obtained in this way.

I paused to look at some books near the curb. The stand was a rickety affair, surrounded by old stoves in various stages of decay. I carefully examined each book, as was my custom. A number of old board-backed novels first met my eyes. "Rokewood," by the author of "Jack Sheppard," volume 1; "Jack Brag," by Theodore Hook, volume 2; "The King's Own," by Marryat, 2 volumes, both with the last pages out. Then came "Colburn's Arithmetic," followed by "Temperance Tracts" and "The Way to Do Good." In such company I found a second volume of Hume's "Essays," which, by the way, contained the article on "Miracles." Next followed a cover-soiled volume with no title. I took it up with no thought of what was to follow. I gazed at the title-page. Then my sight became a little dim. I stared at the volume with bulging eyes. Then I read as follows: "The Yellow Plush Correspondence. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and H. Hart, 1838."

"The Yellow Plush Correspondence," with the exception of the "Epistles to the Literati," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* from November, 1837, to August, 1838, and was not reprinted in England until 1841; so that it is evident that this Philadelphia edition was not only the first of Thackeray's books to be printed in America, but the first of his writings to be published in either country, "The Paris Sketch Book" not appearing till 1840.

Shades of Dibdin! This was one of my "badly wanted wants." I had long been an enthusiastic collector of Thackerayana. "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians" had cost me more than I ever dared tell. Most of them had been purchased at London auction sales. I remember cabling to Puttick, the London auctioneer, for a copy of "Barry Lyndon." So, when I met with a copy of "The Yellow Plush Correspondence," I was greatly pleased with my good fortune. I at once paid the owner for the book, and placing it in a side pocket, continued my researches.

Finding nothing, I was about to resume my travels when the proprietor mentioned that he had a lot of books in the store. I followed him into the place. It was filled with chamber suits, chairs, old stoves, picture frames, and Heaven knows what, generally.

He pointed out a barrel for my inspection. I went through it carefully, conning each book and pamphlet. Nothing worthy of note attracted my attention until I reached the bottom. Then I found a copy of the "Memoirs of Napoleon," in boards, published in Philadelphia, in 1816. The leaves were totally uncut. The rough edges attracted my attention. I placed the book aside until I completed my search. I observed nothing further worthy of purchase.

Upon examining the pages of the Napoleon memoirs, I saw, inserted between its leaves, a little pamphlet, likewise uncut. It turned out to be Marshal Grouchy's defense against the numerous assaults made upon him after his supposed failure to reach the field of Waterloo. Napoleon himself had bitterly assailed Grouchy for his non-arrival, whilst historians claim that Grouchy was seduced into masterly inactivity through the wiles of women. Grouchy had 32,000 men and 108 guns.

The Marshal's pamphlet is a strong defense of his actions. He contends with justice that his position at Wavre prevented him from coming to the help of his master. He also avers that if Napoleon had not surrendered so quickly, he might have raised an army of sufficient dimensions to do serious injury. Grouchy's generalship was masterly. He not only gave the Prussians a severe repulse, but also carried his army intact to Paris. During his retreat he rallied most of the fugitives from the field of Waterloo. Grouchy was not aware of the battle's occurrence until 12 o'clock the next day.

The unfortunate man was made a scapegoat for the failure of others.

After the Restoration he came to Philadelphia, where he remained for some time. His name can be found in the city directory for 1817.

This little pamphlet gave me no end of trouble. By some method unknown to me the fact became noised abroad that I was the possessor of the "Grouchy Pamphlet."

The result has been that I have received letters from a number of the leading European libraries in reference to it. Many good offers have been made to me, but as I am an enthusiastic collector of Napoleana, and also in a good state of physical health, it may be some years before my executors can gratify the desires of those who are so anxious to obtain it.

Begun in "The Old Book Buyer's Guide," Vol. 1, No. 1, June, 1898. No second number was published.

GUIDE BOOKS.

Lamb did not expressly include guide books in his catalogue of "*biblia-a-biblia*, books which are no books." If he had known them, we are afraid they would assuredly have gone into his *index expurgatorius* along with the court calendars, directories, population essays, and "draughtboards bound and lettered on the back." But he lived before the guide-book period. Of course there have been guide books, in a sense, since travel began and travelers could write. The list of authors whom Herr Baedeker could, by a little stretch of imagination, claim as his forerunners, would include many a famous name. Would Horace's "Item ad Brundisium" bring him within its limits? He certainly counsels those who follow him along the road where to get good bread and good water, just as Baedeker nowadays tells us of the best hotels and restaurants. Sir John Maundeville, again, declared that he set forth the account of his travels "especially for them that will and are in purpose to visit the holy city of Jerusalem and the holy places that are thereabout." Clearly he was of the guide-book makers' company! Even Herodotus and Marco Polo might be saluted as members of the guild. But the guide book, as we know it to-day, is the product of an age in a great hurry. We cross seas not so much in order to see things as to be able to say that we have seen them. And how should we know the right thing to say about them without our Murray or our Baedeker? We must have plenty of short cuts to culture. Many people discourse fluently of the pictures of the year without having entered any of the galleries. A shilling book of reproductions and a couple of newspaper *critiques* serve their purpose quite as well. In the same way, numbers of worthy folk rush round the Continent, spend ten minutes in this gallery, walk hastily through that cathedral, and in the train on their way to the next breathless halt read up in their guide books what they are supposed to have seen. They would enjoy themselves more and also know more about art if they spent their holiday at the seaside and devoted an occasional afternoon to the Metropolitan Museum. But this would not give them the right to consider themselves experienced travelers and to talk glibly about things they have not really had a chance to see, much less to understand. This is one of the bad sides of the guide book. Another is that it gives the traveler too much information. This sounds like a paradox. In a sense it is a paradox, for the object of the guide

book is to provide information, and most travelers would say "the more the better." But for them it would be better if they were thrown a little more upon their own resources, if they were obliged to find things out for themselves, to inquire among the natives, and to grow familiar with foreign ways and methods by real contact. Anything is good that helps to break down the fence of contemptuous detachment with which the Anglo-Saxon abroad hedges himself round. The mental attitude of many travelers is well summed up in the story of an Englishman who sat watching the street-car terminus in a foreign town. For a time he watched with amused indifference. At last his scorn could no longer be contained. "Did ever anyone see anything so idiotic?" he demanded of the world at large. "They're actually taking tickets at a booking office as if it were a train!" The guide book keeps up this stupid provincialism by telling the traveler all he can want to know and not letting him gather his knowledge gradually by contact and intercourse and observation.

But these are merely incidental disadvantages. Even good things become harmful when pushed to excess. The guide book is a good thing in many ways. If it is not altogether "harmless," it is "necessary," though you use it but as an appraiser of hotels and an indicator of hotel charges. An appeal to Baedeker strikes terror to the stoutest inn-keeper's heart. If Baedeker says in his mystic language that "R. L. and A." cost so much, a bargain can be made on those terms, even if the first demand be for double the sum. How large is the debt of gratitude we owe for advice on that important question "Where to stay"—and still more important, "Where not to stay"! Thackeray has a fantastically humorous passage on this aspect of guide books in one of his delightful "Roundabout Papers."

"How I admire and wonder at the information in Murray's Handbooks—wonder how it is got and admire the travelers who get it. For instance, you read: Amiens (please select your towns), 60,000 inhabitants. Hotels, etc.: 'Le Lion d'Or,' good and clean. 'Le Lion d'Argent,' so-so. 'Le Lion Noir,' bad, dirty, and dear. Now, say there are three travelers, three inn-inspectors, who are sent forth by Mr. Murray on a great commission, and who stop at every inn in the world. The eldest goes to the 'Lion d'Or'—capital house, good table d'hôte, excellent wine, moderate charges. The second commissioner tries the 'Silver Lion'—tolerable house, bed, dinner, bill, and so forth. But fancy Commissioner No. 3

—the poor fag, doubtless, and boots of the party. He has to go to the 'Lion Noir.' He knows he is to have a bad dinner—he eats it uncomplainingly. He is to have bad wine—he swallows it, grinding his wretched teeth and aware that he will be unwell in consequence. He knows he is to have a dirty bed and what he is to expect there. He pops out the candle. He sinks into those dingy sheets. He delivers over his body to the nightly tormentors, he pays an exorbitant bill, and he writes down, "Lion Noir," bad, dirty, dear. . . I fancy this man devoting himself to danger, to dirt, to bad dinners, to sour wine, to damp beds, to midnight agonies, to extortionate bills. I admire him, I thank him."

And so must we all admire and thank the compilers of those useful volumes that will stick out of our pockets just when we particularly do not want to be taken for tourists. The man who has the courage (and the time) to forswear guide books and find everything out for himself must excite our admiration. But for the most of travelers this is a counsel of perfection and the guide book a necessity to their comfort and well-being.

The great guide-book industry is hardly at present a branch of literature at all. There have been guide books of good literary qualities, but the article usually offered does well if it keeps within the bounds of grammar. The bookseller, nevertheless, finds in it (especially at this season) a staple of his trade. This year the sale is particularly brisk. Increased demand has led to a very large increase in the number of guides published. Every town, every small place that can by any means attract visitors, has its own little handbook. In most cases information is badly given and seems merely an excuse for local advertisements. But there are a good many signs that people are beginning to demand something better. Mr. Grant Allen's handy volumes on foreign art centers are really helpful. The treasures of the Louvre and of Italian cities may be appreciated far better when one knows something of their history and of the place they fill in the great lineage of artistic endeavor. The series of monographs on foreign towns, which includes Perugia, Rouen, Toledo, and other famous places, is another step in the right direction. These, however, are more for the leisured reader. What we should like to see would be guide books of the usual size, covering not one town, but many, written by men and women of letters and making some pretence, at any rate, to be literature. The thing has been done. Mr. Augustus Hare has undoubtedly to some extent covered the ground. Mrs. E. T. Cook's "London," too, was an at-

tempt of this kind. Mr. Percy Lindley, too, has compiled for a foreign railway some capital sketch-guides on a very small scale to Holland and Belgium. The result of such endeavors ought to lie somewhere between Baedeker and those charming travel-sketches of Thackeray. The tourist in Belgium should always find a corner in his pocket or portmanteau for the "Roundabout Papers," with the record of a journey from Richmond, in England, to Brussels, in Belgium. There is no reason why such guide books as we have in mind should be above giving necessary details about hotels and conveyances and baths and church services. And, of course, the writers would have to be kept within definite lines—no fads could be aired, no fine writing indulged in—but the information which helps tourists to understand and to enjoy what they see would be put together in literary form instead of being flung together in a dry and index-like manner. The distressed novelist of to-day, whose market is spoiled by the shamefully cheap edition of the novelist of the day before yesterday, might do worse than hire out his unemployed pen to guide-book publishers.—*Literature.*

Of Hope, Dr. Johnson and George Meredith.

It is doubtless without malice that the London *Academy* couples present and past opinions, without comment, in parallel columns to this effect:

MR. ANTHONY HOPE at the Society of Authors' annual meeting:

"An author has a legal right to an examination of a publisher's accounts, but the committee do not feel justified in incurring the large expense unless there is real cause for suspicion."

DR. JOHNSON:

"Sir, I always said the booksellers were a generous set of men. . . . The fact is, not that they have paid me too little, but that I have written too much."

"CHOKY."—"An English critic, questioning the proprietor of a book-stall, has discovered that Huxley's 'Lectures and Essays' is having a good sale in sixpenny form, but that a sixpenny edition of George Meredith is a failure.

"It was only last summer that an American traveler asked an English bookseller whether he had a sixpenny Meredith.

"'Oh, dear, no, Miss,' the man replied, protestingly. 'Meredith's altogether too choky to go into sixpenny, Miss, and that Egoist's the chokiest of them all.' 'Choky' in connection with Meredith seems an inspired utterance."

AN AFTER-DINNER EXPERIENCE.

By A. H. Shirk.

I can affirm with the conviction of absolute knowledge that no one has ever accused me of vanity. Therefore, I trust I will not be suspected of that failing when I state that I am a connoisseur, wherever a dinner is concerned. No better judge of the proper quality of a ragout or Welsh rarebit ever entered the sacred portals of the Associated Gourmands than myself, and when it comes to mince pie—ah, well, I shall refrain from further eulogizing on the score of modesty.

Nevertheless, on that particular evening my dinner, which was certainly a credit to the club's chef, did not agree with me. Possibly I overdid the matter, but, in any case, I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and even the customary small black failed to produce the desired effect. So I canceled by telephone my engagement for the theatre, and, entering the parlor and finding myself entirely alone, I stretched myself out comfortably in an easy chair before the glowing grate. I soon had occasion to be thankful for having decided to remain within doors, for it came on to rain, and a shrieking, howling, and altogether refractory wind came with it. I have always been a great reader and the club possesses a splendid library, so, going to the well-filled shelves marked "Recent Fiction," I took a book at random. Returning to my seat I tried to read, but could not fix my mind upon the words. This was so peculiarly tantalizing that I finally threw the volume on the floor, where it fell back-upward, camel-like. Then, for the first time, I recognized the book. It was a newly published volume of ghost stories written by a degenerate author whom I knew slightly, and was entitled the "Spook Book." As I have said, I knew Herman Hyle, the author, but it must not be imagined that he was a member of our organization. It is doubtful whether he would be a judge of a good meal (one of the requirements for membership), for he has had so little experience with meals of any kind. I remember going to see him once. I found him in a little garret eating supper. As may be supposed all my interest was aroused, but my disappointment may be imagined when I found his supper consisted of one pretzel and two cents' worth of beer! But I am digressing. I picked up the book with renewed interest, for it struck me as just a little curious that on so wild a night and under such auspicious circumstances I should have involuntarily selected a book of

ghost stories. I opened it, and to my amazement I found every page to be blank! At the same moment a dry chuckle sounded beside me. I turned with a start and was thunder-struck at seeing Herman Hyle, the author, sitting near me. While I had no difficulty in discerning his features, there was a marked peculiarity about his entire appearance. His usually thin body seemed quite emaciated; in fact, he looked unsubstantial, and, I was about to say, transparent. Being myself too surprised to speak I waited for him to do so, which he presently did, and his voice, as nearly as I can describe it, seemed, like his appearance, thin and unnatural.

"If you are through staring," he said rudely, "I presume I may take the liberty of speaking."

"How the devil did you get in here?" I gasped, angrily.

"It matters not how I came here. Suffice it that I am not here to answer your silly questions. I am here, and that settles it. But as I entered I saw you puzzling over my blank book, and I suppose you do not understand the reason for its being blank."

"It struck me as rather odd," I answered.

"No doubt. But I am willing to explain that part of it. Perhaps you are not aware that I committed suicide two days ago?"

"What!" I cried, springing to my feet. "You committed suicide? Then how in thunder did you get here?"

For a moment he leered at me as though enjoying my astonishment; then he said:

"As I have already remarked, my presence here does not concern you. I am simply here to explain this book matter to you. I am personally responsible for its condition," he drew himself up proudly.

"What do you mean?"

"It is a law in the spirit world," he continued, ignoring my question, "but recently passed, that any one entering under the circumstances which marked my departure from this life has the power of carrying out one particular desire he had while on earth. This," he pointed at his book, "was mine."

"I do not understand," I said.

"It is very simple. I have ordained that any book of mine, purchased for a public club or any other kind of circulating library, shall become blank."

"But why——?"

"Allow me to finish," he said, interrupting

me. "Do you remember a certain fable by Ambrose Bierce, in which the ghost of Andrew Carnegie and that of an author met one another in the spirit world?"

"No," I said.

"Well, it was something like this. The author signified his dislike for libraries and suggested that Carnegie might have made better use of his money than for the purpose of establishing them. When Carnegie asked for his reasons the author said: 'If my books were not in libraries those who wished to read them would have been obliged to buy them, and I would not have had to cut my throat in order to keep from starving.'"

"But," I expostulated, "I am not Andrew Carnegie nor yet a library trustee. Why should I come in for this harangue?"

"You are the member of a club which furnishes books free to men well able to buy them, which is just as bad."

"Did you cut your throat?" I said, looking at him suspiciously.

"Well, hardly," he sniffed disdainfully. "I took strychnine in whiskey—the only death worth dying."

"Are you happy in the spirit world?"

"Happy? Oh, I can't complain. I dare say I shall like it as I get used to its peculiarities. But it is late and I must be off. I have an engagement with the Bard of Avon at 4, to attend a Roman chariot race personally conducted by Cæsar the Great; so ta-ta."

A cold wind swept by me and the chair but recently occupied was empty. At that moment I was awakened by some one tapping me on the shoulder. I looked up and saw a meek and black-clothed individual standing near me.

"I ventured to arouse you," he said, "in order to request a contribution for our Methodist Library Fund. It has been decided to add a line of popular fiction, and we——"

"Go to the devil," I said.

Mr. Howells Loquitur.

"Among other things, I set type. Those were days of great struggle for all of us. The paper was not profitable, and ours was a large family. My tastes and ambitions were all literary, and I wanted to write a story. Instead of writing it and then setting it up in type, I composed it at the case, and put it in type as I invented it. We printed a chapter of it weekly in the paper, and so it was published as fast as I got it up. I tried to get three or four chapters ready in advance, but I could not do it. All I could possibly accomplish was to have one installment ready every time the paper went

to press. This went on for a long while, and that story became a burden to me. It stretched out longer and longer, but I could see no way to end it. Every week I resolved that that story should be finished in the next week's paper; every week it refused to be finished. Finally, I became positively panic-stricken and ended it somehow or other. The experience discouraged me to some extent. I made up my mind that I could not invent!"

Punch is publishing each week a burlesque trial under the heading "Authors at Bow Street." They are very clever and very amusing. We quote one of them in full. It is the case of Mrs. Gallup, whose discovery of new cipher in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works claiming for Bacon the authorship of the plays was backed up by Mr. Mallock:

"Elizabeth Wells Gallup, an American, who described herself as a Verulamianiac, and gave an address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring *Lee's majesty*, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. Sidney Lee could do wrong, and that Shakespeare was Bacon.

"The prisoner asserted that she had never heard of Mr. Lee. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

"She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading Shakespeare's first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of Bacon on the leaves.

"The first folio being produced in court, Mr. Sidney Lee denied that it contained traces of Bacon. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

"Mr. William Shakespeare, Professor of Singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that Bacon never agreed with him.

"Sir Thomas Lipton, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of 'The Temple Shakespeare' in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

"Mr. W. H. Mallock gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had been first drawn to the interesting theory by a letter in cipher which he had received from her. After obtaining the key, he found her missive to run as follows: 'You ask, "Is life worth living?" to which I reply, "It depends on the liver—and Bacon.'"

"After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. Gallup guilty, and sentenced her to read through the 'Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography.'"

LITTLE-KNOWN POINTS ABOUT FAMOUS BOOKS.

"Our Mutual Friend," one of the most popular of all Dickens's works, has the curious record of possessing the greatest number of characters which a well-known author has ever introduced into one of his books. No less than 101 different individuals are mentioned. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" appears to stand second in this respect; but it comes a long way behind. There are 66 characters. And Disraeli's "Tancred" has 59.

If Dickens made the most live, it is Shakespeare who caused the greatest number to die. Between 90 and 100 of the personages mentioned in the plays of Shakespeare end their lives, besides hundreds of minor individuals. Two-thirds meet their deaths by cold steel, 12 die of old age, 7 lose their heads, 5 are poisoned, 3 are suffocated, 3 die by snake bite. Shakespeare holds another peculiar record. He fails in rhyme more often than any of the lesser lights. In a thousand lines of his plays there are, on an average, 55 cases of imperfect rhyming. Dryden stands next in this respect. He fails 47 times in a thousand lines, and Pope 38 times. Scott, usually accounted so perfect a rhymster, makes only two less mis-rhymes than Pope. Tennyson's number of errors is 32, but Goldsmith's only 11.

Lord Tennyson's works fill a larger space in the catalogue of the British Museum than those of any other recent author. Including his various biographies, criticisms on his works, concordances, guides and the like, he occupies nearly 250 pages. This is almost as large a space as is devoted to Sir Walter Scott's writings and those of his commentators.

In the British Museum Library those interested in such curiosities may find the book which has the longest preface of any in existence. This is Dr. Nare's "Elements of Natural History," which was published in 1822. The preface to this volume occupies no less than 172 pages, beating by 40 pages the next longest, which is James Bell's "System of Geography." The book is, however, of much greater length than the other, so there is more excuse for a lengthy introduction.

Possibly no writer of renown was ever so devoted to one pen as was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He used a gold-pointed pen made by a well-known Anglo-American firm for over thirty years, and is estimated to have written with it between twelve and fifteen million words. Thackeray once used the same pen for three years in succession, and wrote two novels with it.

There are probably very few authors alive to-day who could set up their own manuscript in type. It is said that Mr. B. L. Farjeon, however, was capable of the feat, and that he has actually set up original stories without first putting them on paper. There is one instance on record of a writer putting in type all his own work for many years in succession. This was Mr. John Close, son of a butcher, and once known as the Westmoreland poet. He began to write some fifty years ago, and not only printed his own poems, but bound and sold them. Lord Palmerston granted him a pension, but this was objected to and eventually withdrawn, in exchange for a lump sum of £100.

Next to the Bible, no book has ever passed through so many editions as "The Imitation of Christ," of which the author is supposed to have been Thomas à Kempis. Within the three centuries since it was first printed it has gone through over 6,000 editions. Next in this respect stands Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." If John Bunyan were still alive he would be amazed to hear that his work was now published in eighty-seven different languages, including five native African tongues. In China, Japan and Corea, the book sells well in native printed and native illustrated editions.

Almost every popular author has had it said of her (or him) that a record price has been offered for her work. But there is little doubt that the largest sum ever paid down to an author for a single book was the £40,000 which the French novelist Daudet received for "Sapho." Victor Hugo received £16,000 for "Les Misérables," and Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis?" has lately had an offer of £10,000 cash for his new historical romance of Poland. This would work out at about a shilling a word. The biggest sum ever paid by a publisher to an English author was probably the £20,000 which Macaulay's "History of England" brought him.

Scott obtained only £2,000 less for his "Life of Napoleon." Of living English authors Miss Marie Corelli appears to have received top price, in the shape of £8,500 for "The Master Christian." This is not, however, a record for a woman writer. George Eliot was paid £10,000 for "Romola."

In the matter of output of literary work there are very few who can beat Mr. G. A. Henty's record. He has written over 100 works; while Miss Braddon, who is certainly the hardest working lady novelist, has written fifty-seven novels in thirty-eight years.

A curious calculation has recently been made by Prof. Sherman as to the length of sentences in the works of authors, ancient and modern. He finds that the number of words between full stops is steadily decreasing. In "Fabyan's Chronicle" the average number of words to a sentence is sixty-three. Chaucer's works average out at about forty-nine words to the sentence. To come down to the nineteenth century, De Quincey's sentences average about thirty-three words, Channing's twenty-five, while Macaulay's are twenty-three and Emerson's about twenty-one. Mr.

Kipling possesses many records, but one is probably unique. After the publication of "Plain Tales From the Hills," he wrote another book of short stories, called "Forty-Five Mornings." It was accepted, set up in type, printed and prepared for binding. Mr. Kipling then showed it to a critic whose opinion he valued. This gentleman said that it was "as good as 'Plain Tales.'" "It must be better," said the author, and therewith the edition was destroyed, and the stories have never been published.—*Seattle, Wash., Post-Intelligencer.*

ALEXANDRE, THE GREAT DUMAS.

The passion for life and action which gives prosperity to so many novels of the present commercial-historical school is yet unsatisfied, and whatever temporary changes of taste there have been and may be there is little doubt that in the matter of novels the world has returned and will return again and again to its first loves. Learned lips tell us that the taste is infantine. It endures, and the literary progeny of old Dumas will live long. Psychology and analysis, subtlety, study into motive and character, the anatomical and dissecting school, will have, as they have had, their brilliant or dull representatives. Critics will tell us what to admire in fiction and wring their hands at the stupidity of novel readers. But people read novels to be amused, not to study morbid anatomy or pathology, or to improve their minds.

One Mr. Francis Gribble—Phœbus, what a name!—has written an article for the *Fortnightly Review* on Father Dumas. We judge the value of his article by its first paragraph, which says that Dumas is one of the men who are more interesting than their books. Then Mr. Gribble goes on to scatter the old chaff about Dumas's private life and plagiarism. We leave such food to those who like it. The amours of Dumas are nothing to us, nor do we need to see him, unbraced and unbuttoned, in his flannel shirt. He took his own where he found it, like Molière. We remember that he prigged parts of "Henri III." from Schiller and others and that Mr. Frédéric Gaillardet proved or thought he proved that he and not Alexandre the Great wrote that stirring, romantic "Tour de Nesle." There is endless chatter of collaboration, and some of Dumas's enemies had bitter tongues, whereon the taste of sour

grapes lingered. Well, everybody who amounts to anything as a writer is accused of plagiarism; and if Dumas's works are the products of collaboration, of a syndicate of authors, we advise the modern novelists to get some of that brand of collaboration, as Mr. Lincoln would say.

Let Gribble dribble. Dumas's extravagances, his monkeys and his mistresses, his facility in borrowing from brother authors or milking Grub street, are not he. His works are Dumas. In those endless airy galleries what long processions of gallant or sinister figures; what light and life and splendor; what restless tumult and delight of battle! To be sure, there are some vacant spaces, weary intervals; there is something of the lag and limp; there are some failures and arrested developments, and some conversations as tedious as most talk is. Cut all these briars and this underbrush away. Take away even what of the gaudy or the false, the part of the mountebank, the juggler or the fakir, the most ferret-eyed hostile anti-Dumasian may see there. Then you have, if you are so minded, the best of the man, the giant born in stormy and heroic times, full of the tempest and also of the foam of a gigantic and noisy generation. Miss Nancy may shrink from him, and good little Rollo may be frightened at him. See, on some antique frieze, Hercules grappling some bull or river god, and you may cry out at the exaggerations of that old sculpture. There were no such muscles; there were no such men. Dumas has the Atlantean shoulders of the Napoleonic time. Like Hugo, he has a passion for the grandiose, the magnificent, and paste.

No style, say the prunes-and-prisms school. Neither had Scott. Neither had Balzac. They

had style enough for their purpose, which was not to give material to collectors of elegant extracts. You are not thinking of the prettiness of rhetoric when you read Dumas. You are in an enchanted country, a credible fairyland. Read Dumas in boyhood; read him in manhood; read him in old age. The wind moans around the Château d'If. The bells of St. Bartholomew clash on the wind. Swords flash in the garden of the Tuileries. Athos is breaking bottles in the cellar. Aramis leaps down from the lady's chamber to his comrade's horse. Charles I. is all but saved.

A hundred, a thousand men and women come to the eye and mind. Strange eventful histories seem truer than the truth. Life and love, throbbing, exuberant, overflowing, passionate, leap from every page.

We know not what others may think, but as for us,

"A long, porched Cottage in an idle Star,
An easy Couch, a not too bad Cigar,

And through the endless, careless years to read
The myriad novels of Old Man Dumas!"

Mr. Thackeray said something of this kind.
—N. Y. Sun.

THE ECCENTRIC MR. WHISTLER.

W. G. Bowdoin is the author of a dainty little volume, entitled "James McNeill Whistler: The Man and His Work," which contains a biographical sketch of the famous American painter, a critical review of his work, a number of amusing anecdotes, and a list of the Whistler prints in the Avery collection, at the Lenox Library, New York. Mr. Bowdoin says that it may be said of Whistler, with more truth than is often the case where others are concerned, that there is perhaps no more interesting personality in the whole artistic world than is he. Mr. Whistler has lived to see himself famous, and to enjoy the fruits of his fame. Mr. Bowdoin continues:

With his temperament it would indeed be extraordinary if he were not something of a *poseur*, and we may easily believe it of him that when he goes to London it is always with an outfitting that is so very elaborate and unusual that when he appears on the city's streets he is sure to attract attention. In the long, black overcoat that he affects, with his French top-hat, the brim of which stands straight out, carrying in his hand a long, thin cane or wand of bamboo, the London small boys scent a celebrity, and in crowds they worshipfully follow him, until even the stoic smiles to see him pass. His boots and gloves fit him, and he wears the eccentricities of genius with his clothes. He is, happily, still in the full vigor of his artistic power, and is probably the most observed and discussed of all living artists.

Whistler is famous for his controversies:

Ruskin and Du Maurier are but two well-known instances of a long and expanding line of persons with whom Whistler has differed polemically. His crusades against what he regards as unjust newspaper criticism, by pamphlet and by letter, present him as possessed of more than ordinary literary power, and, because of the keenness of his counter-

attack and sword-like repartee, he is a redoubtable antagonist. Holding as he does that only the practicing painter has the capacity to judge of art, he is forever on the alert to catch the professional critics in error, and then to securely nail the discovered error, and to flaunt it without mercy. Their blunders and inaccuracies are held up by him to unrelenting ridicule whenever there is opportunity for so doing, until he has become a terror to those whom Whistler regards as his "natural prey." It is because of this that Whistler has sometimes been looked upon as ungracious and forever antagonistic.

It is said that on one occasion a commissioner representing the American art section of a certain exposition, was to arrive in Paris to arrange with the American painters and sculptors resident there for their contributions:

Wishing to be brisk and businesslike, he wrote ahead to several artists, stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day was the name of McNeil Whistler and the hour "4:30 precisely." The note he received is worthy of the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies":

"DEAR SIR: I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4:30 precisely.' Yours, most faithfully,

"J. McN. WHISTLER."

Vance Thompson tells this story of Whistler:

A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"symphonies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What!"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning."

In the following interview, which Mr. Bowdoin quotes, there is just enough of characteristic likeness to make the portrait recognizable in spite of the exaggeration:

I handed the servant my card, saying: "I wish to see Mr. Whistler." The servant withdrew, and reappeared presently with a printed slip of paper, on which I read the following words: "Who is the greatest painter in the world?"

I bethought myself a minute, and my mind's eye saw a long and brilliant pageant, from Giotto down to the present day; then I wrote this name: "Whistler." I was asked to step in.

The studio was dyed gray, so to speak—gray walls, gray canvases, gray easels, gray chairs; Whistler, his back turned toward me, in a gray suit; and on a dais a gray lady, with gray hair, gray dress, gray skin, and gray gloves, was staring with gray eyes rather anxiously into my puzzled features.

Whistler laid down palette and brushes, crossed his arms like Napoleon, and swung round on me. Without leaving me time to utter a greeting, he said, sarcastically:

"*Parbleu!* This is a nice get-up to come and see me in, to be sure. I must request you to leave this place instantly." Then, turning to Madame: "These scribblers, rag-smudgers, *incroyable!* Why it is perfectly preposterous! Did you ever hear such a dissonance in your life, madame?" pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "His tie is in G-major, and I am painting this symphony in E-minor. I will have to start it again." He turned on his heels toward me, and said: "Take that roaring tie of yours off, you miserable wretch; remove it instantly."

Being an adept in the gentle art of making friends, I removed my scarlet tie as quickly as possible.

The moment it had disappeared in my pocket he heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness," he said, shading his eyes. "My sight is perfectly deaf."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Whistler."

"Whistler, sir? Whistler? That's not my name!" he roared.

"I beg your pardon."

"That is not my name. I say, you don't seem to know your own language"—shrugging his shoulders.

I looked at him sheepishly.

"W-h is pronounced whhh—Whhhistler. Bah!" and he dropped his eye-glass from his eye.

"Thank you, Mr. Whhhistler. The object of my interview is to hear some of your ideas on the painter's art in general, and yours more particularly. As you are probably aware, there are still

a lot of people who are at a loss to understand either your paintings or your etchings. I should like to help the world to appreciate your revelations."

"Revelations! I like that; that's good," said Whistler. "But, my dear sir," he continued, now in quite a different tone, "that is impossible. They would never understand. It's much too high, too great. Why, I myself am compelled to stand on tiptoes to reach my own height, metaphorically speaking. To begin with, you, my dear sir, are nobody, nothing from my point of view—just a conglomeration of bad colors. Why on earth, man, do you wear a brown jacket with blue trousers? That's like B-flat in G-major, do you see?"

"I can't say I do."

The typography of the volume is excellent, and the illustrations are very interesting and attractive. They include Mendelssohn's portrait of Whistler, which serves as a frontispiece; Spy's famous caricature, "A Symphony," and five reproductions of Whistler's work. These are his "Portrait of My Mother," "Lady Eden," "Japanese Lady," "Sketching," and "The Punt."

(Published by Randolph R. Beam; price, \$1.50 net.)

His Ruling Passion.

A little old man, stooping and white haired, with a rusty hat and long used coat, was bending over the rows of volumes in a dusty, antique bookstore not many miles from East Twenty-third street the other day. There was about him something of the flavor of oldtime books and last century literature; he might have stepped out of one of those old engravings which show shabby collectors absorbed in their treasures, while small boys pick their pockets from behind, pockets already well drained, though, by the collectors' ruling passion.

Suddenly he picked up a book eagerly, blew off the dust, and poked his nose between the yellow leaves. A young man, himself a lover of old books, who had been watching the old fellow with interest and a certain literary affection, asked almost timidly, "Have you made a find?"

"Sh, you young fool," said the mild old "collector." Then, in a whisper, he added: "I can get this book here for \$1; for \$1, I tell you, and sell it to a collector I know for \$5. The other day I picked up a book for five cents in a pawnshop and sold it for——"

But the young man was gone.—N. Y. Tribune.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES.

By H. Sutherland Edwards.

One of the most entertaining volumes of reminiscences is "Personal Recollections," by H. Sutherland Edwards, the English journalist, musical and dramatic critic, and miscellaneous man of letters. Mr. Edwards's circle of acquaintances has been very large and varied, including noted authors, actors, musicians (composers and performers), painters, politicians, and men of the world generally. His reminiscences begin with the early forties, when percussion caps, lucifer matches, daguerreotypes, and electroplating were novelties, when the polka and mustache were being introduced into England, and when the only theatres in London were the Drury Lane and Covent Garden, at which alone Shakespeare could be performed; the Haymarket, a comedy theatre; the Adelphi, where domestic melodrama was given, and Her Majesty's Theatre, on the site now occupied by Beerbohm Tree's handsome theatre, of the same name, where Italian opera was played. Mr. Edwards follows the many changes which have taken place in society, the theatre, and the opera since those days, and then introduces us to a host of interesting personages. He writes in a kindly, sympathetic manner, and almost every one of his two hundred and eighty pages is sprinkled with sparkling anecdotes, jubilant with jest, and packed with pleasantries.

Of Thackeray, whose acquaintance he made through the Russian novelist, Turgeneff, he says:

Thackeray had just been reading "Mme. Bovary," and told me that he very much disliked the book. I confessed that I had read it with interest and admiration, mentioning particular chapters and scenes, such as the brilliant description of the banquet, the dialogue between Mme. Bovary and the priest, who mistakes her moral malady for a physical one, and so on. I asked the great writer whether they possessed no merit. "The book is bad," he said. "It is a heartless, cold-blooded study of the downfall and degradation of a woman." Thackeray was absolutely without affectation or false pride of any kind. He did not mind speaking of himself, and in answer to my inquiries (after a conversation which had lasted some time) as to whether the success of "Vanity Fair" had taken him at all by surprise, "Very much so," he replied. "And not myself alone," he added. When a little time before I had asked for permission to republish some tales from *Fraser's Magazine*, it was given to me with a smile—almost an ironical one, as much as to say, "Much good may you get out of them." They bring me

in three hundred a year now. Twelve-and-sixpence a page, he said, was all he got for his contributions to the magazine, and he expressed a hope that writing was better paid now than it was in his young days.

Speaking of translations of "Faust," he said that the worst in existence was Abraham Hayward's. The preface, he added, was a piece of impertinence written to justify Hayward's having published as a literary work a word-for-word translation made under the direction of a German master at three-and-sixpence an hour. He told me, moreover, that Turgeneff had called upon him without any introduction, simply in the character of a foreign admirer of his works, and without saying one word about his own literary position. On one of three or four other occasions, when I had the pleasure of meeting the author of "Vanity Fair" at dinner, a writer named Ormsby, of great talent but quite unknown to fame (he was a journalist), was talking on the subject of literary expression.

"For my part," said the great novelist, "I generally find that the appropriate words present themselves with the idea."

"Yes," replied Ormsby, "but you are Mr. Thackeray."

I possessed at one time several letters from Thackeray; but various friends, collectors of autographs, deprived me of them, and I have now only one left. He had been kind enough to suggest, when the *Cornhill* was about to appear, that I should send him something for it, which I naturally did, and the reply was as follows: "*Bis dat qui cito?* I have read and hope to have an early opportunity of using your pleasant little paper."

Thoroughly kind-hearted, Thackeray belonged all the same to the "irritable race":

When the *Times* in a review of the "Kickleburys on the Rhine" treated the little book as unworthy of the author of "Vanity Fair," and suggested that, published at Christmas time, it had been written with a view to the payment of Christmas bills—the great man waxed wroth and, taking up his sharpest pen, wrote a reply which he called "Thunder and Small Beer." The title was a good one, for the "thunder" of the *Times* had really soured him. Now the writer of the review happened to be Charles Kenney, a friend of Thackeray's, and a very intimate friend of mine. Finding that he had given pain to a man for whom he entertained the highest respect, and not wishing, moreover, to remain in a false position with regard to him, he went to Thackeray, confessed his guilt, and was at once forgiven. Kenney was not far wrong in his estimate of the "Kickleburys." Thackeray, however, had not written the little book, as Kenney naturally supposed, just before publishing it. He had written

it some ten or a dozen years previously and had apparently in his unknown days found it difficult to get it brought out; for in the year 1899 a copy of the "Kickleburys" and also a copy of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" were sold at Christie & Manson's for thirty-six pounds, each volume being illustrated by a drawing from Thackeray's own hand, dated 1836. Father Prout once told me that soon after the publication of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" Albert Smith complained to him that he, Albert Smith, "had done it all before" in various sketches of evening parties.

"Not at all," replied Father Prout. "You forget The O'Mulligan"—a character in which the nail of the lion can at once be seen.

Mr. Edwards gives us a delightful sketch of Douglas Jerrold, whom he saw after a *Punch* dinner:

Waiting for him were his habitual butt, George Hodder, and his occasional bully, Harry Bayliss. Everything then pointed to a lively night; but I came away an hour or two afterward by no means impressed with the wit of the leading personages. Jerrold often uttered witticisms which were to wit what a truism is to truth; and he indulged at every opportunity in repartee which, sometimes facetious, generally sarcastic, was too often in bad taste. When he had made what seemed to him a smart speech, he closed his lips with a sort of snap, exclaiming on particular occasions, when he had made a palpable hit: "I had him there!"

He was short, rather thin, and apparently about fifty years of age, with gray hair, rather long and of fine quality, gray eyes, a pale, delicate face, and thin lips. His talk was like the dialogue of some five-act comedy in which the author has striven hard to make every line effective. In conversing with anyone, his sole object seemed to be "to have him there," and whenever he made a point, all around him burst into an applauding laugh. To mild, meek, kind-hearted George Hodder, author of "Mornings at Bow Street" (which Henry Mayhew pained him to call "Black Eyes and Bloody Noses"), he would say things which he scarcely could have ventured to address to any one else; while Harry Bayliss, who was witty himself and not in the least degree afraid of Jerrold, would occasionally shut him up. It was to Hodder that Jerrold observed one night that he was "lead all through, like a cedar pencil"; and Bayliss once told Jerrold that his best things were "like Cleopatra's pearls, dissolved in vinegar."

Like all satirists, Jerrold hated satire against himself:

When a certain reviewer said of his wit that it was "probably called caustic because it blackened everything it touched," he made a formal complaint to the editor. A license of speech was allowed in those days that would scarcely be tolerated now. Bayliss, for example, went into the Café de l'Europe one night (the "café," as its frequenters used facetiously to call it), in order

to tell Boucicault what a very bad piece he had brought out at the Haymarket, next door. "When you want to write a comedy," said Bayliss, "you produce a five-act farce. If you were to try a farce, the result would be a pantomime. The best thing you can do, now that Christmas is coming on, is to write a real harlequinade. You yourself could be the clown, and you might get that bilious-looking beggar sitting next to you to play pantaloons." The gentleman of bilious aspect was seen by Bayliss on this occasion for the first time.

Much of Charles Reade's work was based on French originals; but from these originals there were such wide departures, and the English treatment was so vigorous and so entirely Reade's own, that the foreign groundwork was quite lost sight of:

Charles Reade brought out at Drury Lane, while the Australian gold craze was still on, a piece from the French called "Gold," which contained the nucleus or germ of the story of "Never Too Late to Mend." But a large portion of "Never Too Late to Mend" is based on British blue books; and when the dramatic version of the popular English novel was brought out on the stage it reminded no one of that play of "Gold," to which as also to a careful study of parliamentary papers and Reade's own invention, it owed its existence. This admirable writer had but little faith in his own power of imagination, and Dion Boucicault, who wrote with him a very clever novel called "Foul Play" for *Once a Week*, under the editorship of Dallas, assured me that without powerful external stimulants Reade could never get his brain to work. As the story which these two writers produced together was founded on a French melodrama called "Le Portefeuille Rouge," Boucicault, it may be said, was possibly in the same case.

Charles Reade, however, was so conscious of his weak point that he used to collect from the newspapers all kinds of incidents and accidents likely to be of use to him as subjects, suggestions, hints, and aids:

These he kept carefully assorted in pigeon-holes, lettered alphabetically; although, as a matter of fact (so Boucicault assured me), he never referred to them. Doubtless, the mere process of cutting them out and pigeon-holing them impressed them upon his mind. He kept, too, exhibited on the walls of his sitting-room, pictures of persons and incidents that he wished to have constantly before him. He thus created for himself a sort of atmosphere. When Dallas first told me what "Foul Play" was founded on, I bought the piece—an old melodrama of D'Ennery's, which I had some difficulty in obtaining; and, though a good deal of "Le Portefeuille Rouge" was in "Foul Play," there was very little of "Foul Play" in "Le Portefeuille Rouge." In the central scene, both of the play and the novel, the principal young man and the leading girl are thrown together on

a desert island, in which trying position the conduct of the pair in the English novel is most exemplary, in the French play less exemplary, but perhaps more natural. So in another melodrama by the same D'Ennery, a youth and a maiden are surprised in a Swiss *châlet* by an avalanche, which shuts them up together for six months. In the French piece they avow to one another the love by which they are both animated. In the English adaptation of the French piece the lovers maintain towards one another a cold reserve, which lasts from the end of autumn till the beginning of summer. Meanwhile the heroine instructs the hero in the French language, avoiding, no doubt, one of the most familiar of the verbs, or they might "read no more that day." In "The Cloister and the Hearth," Charles Reade's latest and finest work, there is no trace of extraneous influence; neither is there in "Christie Johnstone," his earliest and most charming.

Mr. Edwards tells a number of entertaining stories of Eugène Vivier, the finest horn-player of his day, and the spoiled child of nearly every court in Europe. He says:

Speaking to me once of the Emperor Napoleon III he said, in answer to a question I had put to him as to that sovereign's characteristics: "He is the most gentlemanly Emperor I know."

"What can I do for you?" said this gentlemanly Emperor one day, when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuileries.

"Come out on the balcony with me, sire," replied the genial cynic. "Some of my creditors are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your Majesty."

Besides speaking to him familiarly within view of his creditors, Napoleon the Third conferred on Vivier several well-paid sinecures. He appointed him "Inspector of Mines," which, from conscientious motives, knowing very little of mining, Vivier never inspected; and he was once accused by a facetious journal of having received the post of "Librarian to the Forest of Fontainebleau," with its multitudinous leaves.

At St. Petersburg, Vivier took such liberties with the Emperor Nicholas that, if half the stories told of that monarch were true, the imprudent Frenchman would have been arrested, knouted, and sent to Siberia:

He had just brought to perfection the art of blowing soap-bubbles. The whole secret of his process consisted, as he once informed me, in mixing with the soap-suds a little gum. Using a solution of soap and gum, he was able to produce bubbles of such size and solidity that they floated in the air for an almost indefinite time, like so many balloons. In order to entertain the St. Petersburg public, Vivier would, in the most benevolent manner, take his seat at an open window, and blow his gigantic and many-colored bubbles, until these prodigies of aerostation had attracted a multitude of lookers-on. The delighted

crowd applauded with enthusiasm. Vivier arose from his seat and bowed. Then the applause was renewed, and Vivier blew larger and brighter bubbles than before.

One evening, or rather afternoon, the rays of the setting sun were illuminating a number of iridescent balloons floating high above the point where the Nevsky Prospect runs into the Admiralty Square, when the Emperor Nicholas drove past, or tried to do so—for his progress was interrupted at every step by the density of the crowd:

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the Emperor Nicholas.

"It is M. Vivier blowing his soap-bubbles," replied the aid-de-camp in attendance.

"What! Vivier, the French musician, who played the horn so wonderfully the other night at the Winter Palace, and afterward entertained us so much with his conversation?"

"The same, sire."

"Go to him, then, and tell him that I should be glad if he would choose some other time for his soap-bubble performances. How wonderful they are!"

The aid-de-camp forced his way through the crowd, went upstairs to Vivier's apartments, and told him that the Emperor desired him not to give his exhibition of soap-bubbles at half-past three in the afternoon, that being the time when his Majesty usually went for a drive.

Vivier took out a pocketbook, consulted it carefully, and, turning to the aid-de-camp, said with the utmost gravity: "That is the only hour I have disengaged." Vivier, meanwhile, had had his joke; and his exhibition of soap-bubbles, or rather of gum-and-soap balloons, was now discontinued.

The horn-playing performance to which the Emperor Nicholas had made reference was marked by one strange, marvelous, almost inexplicable peculiarity. The player sounded on his instrument, simultaneously, a chord of four notes:

To produce at the same time four different notes from one and the same tube seems, and must be, an impossibility. But Vivier did it, and the fact was certified to by Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, and other musicians of prominence. The only possible explanation of the matter is that Vivier executed a very rapid *arpeggio*, so that the four notes which apparently were heard together were, in fact, heard one after the other. The effect, however, was not that of an *arpeggio*, but of a chord of four different notes played simultaneously on four different instruments. Besides astonishing the learned by his four-note performance, Vivier would sometimes mystify his friends, learned and unlearned, by pretending that in a side room he had three other horn-players with him, when he was, in fact, alone.

Both for home and for out-of-door use the

mystifications practiced by Vivier were as numerous as they were varied:

In an omnibus, when some grave old lady had just risen from her seat, Vivier would assume an expression of the utmost astonishment, and suddenly take from the place where she had been sitting an egg, which, meanwhile, he had been concealing up his sleeve. Or, asked to pass a coin to the conductor, he would gravely put it into his pocket. A well-dressed, well-bred gentleman, of charming manners, could scarcely be suspected of any intention to misappropriate a two-sous piece. But it interested Vivier to see what, in the circumstances, the lawful owner of the coin would do. On one occasion Vivier, in an omnibus, alarmed his fellow-passengers by pretending to

be mad. He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when he suddenly broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor, and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate.

Among other celebrities met with in these recollections are Lola Montez, George Cruikshank, Shirley Brooks, Henry Clapp, Horace Greeley, Berlioz, Verdi, von Bülow, Rubinstein, G. H. Lewes, the three Salas, and W. S. Gilbert.

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SOME LITERARY PREFERENCES.

Beethoven was fond of history and novels. Cowper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Hallam said that Livy was the model historian.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Auber hated reading, and never read save under compulsion.

Cæsar Borgia had a library of works relating mostly to art.

Titian read his prayer book and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini, for nearly thirty years, read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Paul Veronese thought there was no book equal to the "*Æneid*."

Lord Clive said that "*Robinson Crusoe*" beat any other book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the *Psalms* of David.

Bach was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

Hogarth was fond of joke books and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

Cherubini was a lover of botany, and made collections of works on the subject.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

George III., for many years of his life, read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

"Papa" Hadyn liked stories, and he said, "The more love there is in them the better."

St. John Chrysostom never tired of reading or of praising the works of the Apostle John.

Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists and imitated their style and language.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

Baxter read only the Bible, and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the *Psalms*.

Wordsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.

Molière was a reader of romances. His plays give many evidences of his excellent memory.

Wagner was a close student of musical history, and made that line of reading a specialty.

Bulwer-Lytton's favorite author was Horace. He always carried a small edition in his pocket.

Charles II. of England delighted in Chaucer, and thought him the greatest poet that ever lived.

Carlyle had a very large library, relating principally to German and French literature and history.

Lablache, the stout basso, was a student of botany, and had quite a collection of botanical works.

Tennyson was a close student of the old English tales, and had a large library of such literature.

Landseer was a student of anatomy and zoölogy, and made collections of books on these subjects.

James I. of England was a lover of the classics and very familiar with most of the Latin writers.

Bunyan read little besides his Bible, and often said that Christians would do well to read no other book.

Vandyke, the painter, was fond of the Decameron, and often, in conversation, quoted from its pages.

Bolingbroke was a warm admirer of the French philosophical writers, and had a large collection of their works.

Hannah More made a collection of educational works and read extensively on the line of female education.

Cardinal Richelieu once said that Tibullus, the Latin erotic poet, was the most natural of all the ancients.

Louis XIV. thought that Ovid's "Art of Love" was one of the most charming books that had ever been written.

Goethe once said that his literary life was determined by a volume of folk-lore tales he read when a child.

Julius Cæsar was a close student of Homer, and said that all military science was comprised in its pages.

David, the French historical painter, was a student of French history to the exclusion of almost all other reading.

Salvator Rosa liked any kind of poetry, but more especially that relating to the country or to country scenes.

Mrs. Siddons gave much attention to the history of the drama, and had an extensive library of this kind of matter.

Tolstoi is said to have a large library of sociology, and to read attentively any book bearing on some new social fad.

Addison's specialty was the history of medals and coins, and he eagerly perused anything treating of this subject.

Mendelssohn was a close student of Jewish history and remarkably well informed as to every particular of Jewish annals.

Pope Adrian is said never to have read any books but the Bible, the works of St. Augustine, and the offices of the church.

Pope studied the poems of Matthew Gregory Lewis very carefully, and confessed that from them he learned versification.

Gladstone's principal reading for pleasure was in the line of the Greek classics, particularly in Homeric literature.

William of Orange was an admirer of Seneca

and fond of quoting the moral aphorisms of the great statesman.

Cortez always carried in his bosom a little prayer book, which he religiously read from beginning to end every month.—*Literary Life*.

The Great Auk's Eggs.

R. C. Lehmann.

A hundred years or more ago
A Great Auk laid two final eggs;
Then, since she found existence slow,
She drained life's beaker to the dregs,

And died; she was the last Great Auk,
And knew that she had lived too late—
It may be she had met a hawk,
And died of want of aspirate.

* * *

Down death's dark, dusty way she went,
Last of her race, alone, sublime.
Her eggs remained; the bird had meant
To hatch them, but she had no time.

Years passed; an egg-collector came,
A spectacled and eager man,
"Eureka! here," he cried, "is fame";
And took the eggs, and off he ran.

* * *

. . . the eggs were bought,
And twice two hundred guineas paid,
And no one gave a single thought
To her by whom the eggs were laid.

Yet doth her fate provoke *my* tears;
When poets shall have ceased to be,
Thus men may rush in future years
To buy my books, nor think of me.

One of Mark Twain's First Efforts as a Lecturer.

He committed his lecture to memory, and was entirely confident of success; still, desiring to forestall even the possibility of failure, he arranged with some friend of his—Major Pond has forgotten her name—to sit in a box and start the applause if he should look in her direction and stroke his mustache. "Instead of failing, however," the Major reports, "the lecture started propitiously, and that caused Mark to forget his instructions to the lady. By and by, unconsciously, when the audience was filled to the neck with pleasure and sore with laughter, he unwittingly turned to the box where his friend sat and pulled his mustache. At the time he was saying nothing particularly good or funny, but the anxious lady took his action for the signal, and almost broke her fan on the edge of the box in a fury of applause." It took all the nerve which Mark had accumulated among the gamblers and crevasses of the Mississippi to pass through the embarrassment.

FADS AND THEIR PASSING.

By Frank Miller.

The tinkle of an ancient hurdy-gurdy intruded itself into the sanctuary of my den at a most provoking time in the most provoking way.

When the door is barricaded and the "not-to-be-disturbed" sign has been put out, this pen-driver is generally oblivious to all the hubbub of a noisy metropolis. The newsboys may yell "Huxtry!" never so sensationally—they are not noticed. The hucksters may bellow forth the seductive charms and cheapness of their wares—they are not heard. And a brass band and a fire engine may pass without disturbing the absorbed quill-pusher. There is a great deal in concentration, and even more in training one's ears not to listen to unnecessary noises. It is a positive joy to be able to sit through an "entr'acte" when the curtain has descended on some particularly strong, tragic scene, to keep out the jingle of the latest popular waltz or the racket of the last atrocity in coon songs.

But, really, I've trained myself till I actually do not hear the stuff that up-to-date managers put between the acts; and, priding myself a bit on my power to concentrate my attention, I was quite astonished to find that the distant sound of a very old and particularly wheezy organ should break my line of thought enough to make me notice it at all.

But how could I help it? My mammy used to sing me "Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses," when her camp-meeting hymns were all exhausted and I still wakeful. And so I laid aside the pen and paper, and, walking to the window, tossed a few coins to the greasy, grimy old grinder, just to make him play that tune over again. It had been so long since I had heard it! That decrepit old organ had another "antique" in its repertoire, and when "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," was ground out—another of my mammy's tunes—the window went up once more and some coins went down once more, and I had my "antiques" wheezed and tinkled out for me all over again.

The grinder must have been greatly astonished at my old-fashioned taste, and was generously starting to regale me for the third time, when around the corner "Dolly Gray" began to be thumped and banged by one of those infernal machines the "Dagoes" drag around town, with hideous green and yellow covers over them and drums and tambourines at the sides, besides horrible flowers and views on

top. The old hand-organ is bad enough, but oh for invectives enough to hurl at the new torturers! And "Sweet Violets" and "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie," may have been silly enough, though dear from association; but what ear that loves true harmony can endure the abominable nonsense of "Hot Time" and "Annie Moore"?

It is a good many years between "Sweet Violets" and "Dolly Gray." How time flies! But, as mammy used to say, "Temus does figit and jest a-keeps on a-figitin'," and if every dog must have its day why should not every stupid little tune and every senseless little fad?

Of course one person cannot recall the rise and the fall of each popular song, but yet it seems to me as if "Sweet Violets" and "The Mikado" were coevals, and that "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching" grew popular, and then gave way to "Annie Rooney" and "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon." How could these bits of folly take so? Who can say? But they did, as well as "Daisy Bell" and "Sweet Marie," not to mention that disgusting trash about "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," which was sung, played, whistled, and sold from one end of the country to the other. This sort of clap-trap is generally kept within the country, but Sousa's "Washington Post" has broken out in Europe, and is heard from Paris to Odessa. And yet how long does this sort of thing last? One season or two, or twice that much, at a stretch. Don't you remember when this country and Europe went mad over "Pinafore" and "The Mikado"? Where are they played now? And the day will surely come when "Florodora" and "San Toy" will be obsolete.

And with games just the same thing will happen. I can remember as far back as croquet, but my mother dates from the days of archery. And when folks tired of both the former and the latter the tennis epidemic spread, which, having spent its course, "tiddlewinks" took its place. Just like diseases, one year it's "la grippe" and the next "appendicitis," then the "gout," etc. And when folks got cured of "tiddlewinks"—by the way, the French called them "fleas," a much more descriptive name than ours—then it was golf, which, having lost its virulent form, has been followed by ping-pong! And the little folks can even recall the passing of the "Yellow Kid" and the rise of "Foxy Grandpa."

And so it is with books. I did not read many of the "latest things out" until "Ships That Pass in the Night" sailed into the horizon, bringing a despondent consumptive whiff. Then, as the rest of the quotation puts it so aptly, "then silence again forever." Nobody reads that book now, and a very small fraction of the legions who flung themselves on "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and made a rage of it have representatives to-day. It's a charming tale, and so is "Titus," but even this cannot claim to sell millions annually, as it once did. And then "Trilby" or Trilby's foot got a footing and was dramatized, and "raged" like the rest. The years when the other side of the globe was claiming my attention I was not aware of but one book which was "*the thing*" of the hour. That happened to be "Eben Holden," and I got home in time to see it played and to have "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" spring into flower.

But who within the boundaries of the United States needs to be told the tale of "Richard Carvel" and "L'Aiglon," etc., etc.?

The elevated stations groan under the signs, the billboards are covered six deep with these ephemera. We all know them. And how Mormonism had its day—a pretty long one—but it is really moribund, and the funny half-bad, part-good, part-stupid sects that sprang up, mushroom-like, and withered away in turn—ah, yes, we know them. Should one laugh or sigh? Is it comic or sad? Does anything last? Does anything, song or game, book or play, hoop-skirt or powdered hair, have but its day—like the dog in the proverb? After all, does any kind of thing last? Let's see—let's look backward a few thousand years.

Once there was a poor lad who kept his sheep on the mountain sides in Asia Minor. He used to sing a song about a shepherd who would not let him want, and who would take care of him all the days of his life. A very simple song—very sweet, though, and touching the great issues of life—and to-day, even to-day, here, past thousands of miles, past thousands of years, despite all the differences of age and tongue, that song is known and sung by all, even to-day. Surely that lasted.

And once there was a blind beggar, who went about singing of a wooden horse and a war, and a hero who wandered around the earth, and got into all sorts of strange adventures and all kinds of dangers, to return to his faithful wife, who would not listen to her many suitors, but remained true to her lord and master. Just a blind beggar's tale, but to-day who dares to say that the immortal name of Homer is

unknown to him or that the story of the Trojan war has not fired his imagination?

And then in Greece: An old man with a shambling gait and an ugly face used to go about in his dirty old mantle and talk to the Athenians and ask them strange questions about why they were what they were, and said some crazy things about its being worth while to be virtuous, and foolish to be self-glorious like the Sophists. Of course he was hated, and they put him in prison and gave him hemlock—killed him and got him out of the way. And yet, even after twenty centuries, every learned man knows that old Greek, and reveres him and the truths he uttered.

And once a lad in a carpenter's shop—a poor, squalid shop in Nazareth—pondered over the sorrows of the earth, and in obeying, in working in the dust and dirt, He spelled out the great, divine word *Love*, and saw how He must teach it to the world. They hanged Him on a tree for His divine lesson of Love, but to-day I or you cannot fathom that word's depth without letting in some of the light He gave us.

Truth must last. It always does—that is the quality of truth—and I cannot even end and date this 1902 A. D. without, in so doing, signifying by that A. D. whose year it is. Something lasts. Ah, yes, some things!

A New Version.

"Alas, I resemble poor little Bo-peep,"
The editor cried to his throng;
"I'm followed by naught but illiterate sheep,
And they all bring their tales along."

Phase of Bret Harte's Character.

An interesting side-light on the character of Bret Harte is thrown by William Black in one of his letters addressed to Sir Wemyss Reid in 1880. "And in a few weeks' time don't be surprised if Bret Harte and I come and look you up," writes Black—"that is, if he is not compelled for mere shame's sake to go to his consular duties (!!!) at once. He is the most extraordinary globule of mercury—comet—aerolite gone drunk—flash of lightning doing catherine wheels—I ever had any experience of. Nobody knows where he is, and the day before yesterday I discovered here a pile of letters that had been slowly accumulating for him since February, 1879. It seems he never reported himself to the all-seeing Escott (the hall porter) and never asked for letters when he got his month's honorary membership last year. People are now sending letters to him from America addressed to me at Brighton! But he is a mystery and the cause of mystifications."

LOVE AND OLD BOOKS.

By Gerald Brennan.

Sancroft ignored the well-lighted part of Father Toolings' old bookshop—passing, as was his custom, to the uttermost gloomy recesses of that subterranean cavern of assorted lore. This alone displayed a close acquaintance with the peculiarities of Father Toolings and his quaint establishment. Toolings had been intended by nature for a collector, not for a vender of books. His soul loathed the selling of a precious volume; but the Mumbo Jumbo of poverty must be placated, and poor Toolings kept a shop, instead of a library.

But Toolings made a sort of bargain with his financial conscience when he placed the editions he loved most, and most feared to lose, in out-of-the-way, dark, and almost inaccessible corners of his place of business. The volumes were exposed for sale, it is true; but exposed in such fashion that it frequently called for the eyes of midnight-prowling Grimalkin, or the agility of Alpine chamois, to discover their abiding places. Hence Toolings' frequent customers had learnt to pass by the tempting but worthless display of literature near his doorstep, and to make search instead among the dust and cobwebs beyond.

Sancroft, although a young man, was an old patron of Toolings'. Indeed, there were few whom the old shopkeeper admired, and at the same time feared, more than Peregrine Sancroft. "Admired," because of his keen love for books; "feared," because no rare edition, however laid away in difficult nooks, however skillfully covered with dust, or artfully surrounded by a cordon of other books or boxes, could be considered safe from the quick eyes and limbs of this youngster.

On the present occasion Father Toolings followed Sancroft's movements about the shop with a grimly humorous expression.

"That boy has the *instinct*," muttered the bookseller. "I wish to goodness, though, he'd exercise it in some other place than this. I verily believe he can smell a prize at twenty feet off. Ten to one he won't leave the shop without lighting on that Aldine 'Virgil' in the far corner. He'll find himself at a loss there, however, for the book is well worth thirty pounds. I'm thinking that younger sons do not care to give so much for an octavo volume, even when the young gentlemen happen to be born bibliophiles, and the book is an Aldine of 1505. Ah! I thought as much. He has found it."

In truth Sancroft had unearthed the small treasure from beneath a layer of dust and a huge but unimportant collection of "Sermons and Discourses." It took him a very few minutes to test the value of his find. There was the familiar dolphin-entwined anchor of Aldus Manutius, and the Venetian imprint. It was the "Virgil" of 1505—a really valuable edition.

"It is the genuine book," he said to himself. "And, oh, dear, what a hole it will leave in my purse! I must have it, though, even if my finances hop on three legs until next quarter."

"Thirty pounds, Mr. Sancroft—not a penny less," was Father Toolings' ultimatum, when the book was referred to him. But, to the old man's disgust, Sancroft never winced at the price. "I have not that sum about me, but it won't take me ten minutes to get it," he said. "In the meantime, lay the volume aside for me, so that nobody else will be likely to find it."

Father Toolings' face fell, while Sancroft sped up the steps on his errand. So the Aldine was to be taken, after all. Old Sir Simon Sancroft must have been suddenly liberal to his second son. Well, the children of the Toolings household would be the richer by about thirty pounds; and times were none too flourishing just then. Still, the bookseller's heart was heavy within him at the thought of losing his so lately acquired Aldine. Sadly he took the little book in his hands for final inspection.

It was at this moment that Miss Cecily Travis tripped down the steps, attended by a body-guard of sunbeams. The radiant apparition completely cheered up Father Toolings. He laid the Aldine down and smiled a welcome.

No casual observer would have suspected in Cecily Travis a taste so musty and material as that for old books. Yet a bookworm she was—a hereditary bookworm, indeed. Her father, the distinguished Professor Travis, had bequeathed to her his magnificent library and trained her in his pet pursuit. Like Peregrine Sancroft, she had the "instinct" for book-hunting; and the shop of Father Toolings was one of her happiest hunting grounds.

Cecily Travis had not been five minutes in conversation with the venerable Toolings when her eyes fell on the Aldine (enviable Aldine! for they were remarkably fine eyes).

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed, after a hasty exclamation; "it will just complete the set. I must have this, Mr. Toolings."

Toolings shook his grizzled head regretfully.

He was sorry—very sorry, but the Aldine had been sold not many minutes before.

"Sold! Perhaps the purchaser would sell it over again?"

"I scarcely think so, Miss Travis. He is an enthusiast, although a young fellow. But still, I shall ask Mr. Sancroft——"

"Sancroft!" interrupted the pretty bibliophile; "not Peregrine Sancroft?"

Father Toolings nodded assent. "Why, you know him, then?" he said. "Dear me! There is a plot to the story of my Aldine."

"No—I do not know him. At least, I do not know him *now*. He was a pupil of my father's once, years ago."

There was a something in Miss Travis's manner that caused the bookseller to adjust his glasses and stare at her curiously.

"H'm!" he observed; "the plot thickens. I beg pardon—I mean, you interest me. No doubt you can induce Mr. Sancroft to sell you his prize. I fancy he is not over wealthy."

Cecily Travis looked dignified. "I do not propose to ask any favors from Mr. Sancroft," she said; but her eyes wandered longingly to the Aldine, notwithstanding.

Hardly had she spoken when down the steps came Sancroft, an open purse in his eager hand. He never noticed Miss Travis, but counted out thirty pounds in notes and gold and snatched up his purchase.

Father Toolings glanced at his fair customer.

"You do not wish to make an offer, then, Miss Travis?" he said.

Sancroft wheeled about, with a half-spoken "Travis" on his lips. Their eyes met; and Father Toolings noticed, just before he ducked discreetly behind his desk, that they colored simultaneously.

"Cecily! Cecily Travis!" ejaculated Sancroft, whipping off his hat. The treasured Aldine dropped neglected upon the counter.

Miss Travis took time to collect herself before she spoke. "How do you do?" was her frigid response. "I fancy there is some mistake. I do not desire to make any offer for the book, as Mr. Toolings seems to think."

Reminded of the poor Aldine, Sancroft picked it up.

"And, even if I did," continued Miss Travis, "I could not think of asking the owner to part with it."

Sancroft looked at the little volume. Then he stole a glance at the girl.

"No," he said quietly; "I certainly should not care to sell it."

Miss Travis bowed and turned to depart.

"But, if you will pardon me," went on San-

croft quickly, "I should dearly like to make another disposition of it. You see, I don't—I can't forget old times, even in spite of the unforgiving way you treated me. I always look on the days spent with the dear old Professor and you as the happiest of my life. Please don't be offended. Indeed I mean no impertinence; but I'll thank you from my heart, Cecily, if you will, for old sake's sake, accept the Aldine as a gift."

Before Cecily Travis could recover from her surprise, the small "Virgil" lay before her on the counter, and Sancroft's long legs had borne him in three bounds up the steps and into the street.

When she spoke, it was to address Father Toolings in agonized tones: "Oh! Mr. Toolings! Quick, for goodness' sake! Run after Mr. Sancroft and bring him back. Do you hear? Bring him back, if you have to use force. I sha'n't take his book. He cannot make me accept a favor at his hands."

Father Toolings, quite carried away by the young lady's vehemence, dashed upstairs after the flying Sancroft. The passers-by saw this mad chase. A very natural idea seized them—that of robbery and pursuit! Half a dozen voices raised the cry of "Stop thief!"

Under ordinary circumstances the panting Sancroft could have distanced the panting Toolings with ease. But an honest citizen at the corner, hearing the shout, and seeing the apparent justification therefor, leaped upon the fugitive and captured him by sheer force of *avoir-dupois*. Meanwhile Toolings came puffing and blowing to the spot.

"Let the gentleman go!" cried the bookseller to the crowd which had gathered around with grim expectancy. "He is not a thief at all; but he is urgently requested to return immediately to my shop."

The crowd growled. It clearly did not believe this statement. An ill-looking fellow shouted: "Hey, Bill! 'Ere's one o' them bloomin' klepto-what-you-may-call-'ems. If 'twas you or me what done it, we'd get three years." Then a tardy policeman loomed up in the middle distance.

Sancroft saw that to refuse to return would be to create discussion and complications. Very wisely, he followed Father Toolings back to the shop, the disbelieving crowd following in the rear.

Cecily Travis stood by the counter, the Aldine in her hand. Evidently she had been taking a surreptitious peep at it; but when Sancroft made his appearance, she steeled her heart and held it forth with dignity.

"You took a most unfair advantage," she said, "in trying to force this book upon me, and at the same time accusing me of having treated you unfairly in the past. You must take back your Aldine."

Mr. Sancroft put his hands behind his back.

"I cannot take back a present," he replied. "Besides, the book was not given to you. It was a gift to the Cecily Travis that I used to know—to the Cecily Travis that I used to" (Father Toolings had once more disappeared discreetly behind his desk) "love. All that I ask of you is to present the Aldine to that dear Cecily in my name."

"Your conduct is—is *outrageous!*" exclaimed Miss Travis, stamping her foot, but with certain hints of tears in her angry eyes.

Sancroft never winced. "You said the same of me, and with an equal lack of justice, on the other occasion," he answered. "The idea of calling a fellow '*outrageous*,' simply because he could not agree with you that a forged Elzevir was genuine! Why, your own father sided against you. Yet for that you drove me away. For that you sent me back the ring. For that you—— Don't cry, Cecily! I sha'n't say another word."

This apparently incoherent remark was caused by the fact that tears had indeed made their appearance in Miss Travis's eyes. Next moment she was sobbing a confession in Sancroft's arms.

"I wanted to tell you many a time that you were right," she whispered. "It was a spurious Elzevir. There should have been a mistake in the numbering of page 104; and there wasn't. But I was too proud to send for you. I—I thought, somehow, that you'd come back of your own accord."

"And I have—have I not?" queried Sancroft. "We must thank the Aldine there for our reunion. And now let us take a turn, while we talk it over. If you are properly chaperoned, and all that sort of thing, you might invite a man to lunch."

As these two happy young people turned to leave the shop, Father Toolings, with a sly look lurking behind his spectacles, barred the way.

"Mr. Sancroft," he said, "the crowd out there thought you had stolen something from my shop, and I am by no means sure" (with a glance at Cecily) "that you have not done so. By the way, if there should be any future difficulty respecting the ownership of that Aldine, I shall be happy to buy it back."

Cecily Travis pressed Sancroft's arm, as she answered: "That book belongs to me, and I shall never wish to part with it again."

A Book's Soliloquy.

My lady's room is full of books
And easy-chairs and curtained nooks,
And dainty tea-things on a table,
And poetry, and tale and fable,
And on the hearth a crackling fire
That welcome gives, and when you tire
Of pleasant talk you still may find
A tempting pasture where the mind
May browse awhile, and read the pages
Which poets wrote, or fools, or sages.

And here I come to ask a place
Among these worthies, face to face!
To be allowed on some low shelf
To rest and dream, and pride myself
On being in such company—
To watch fair women drinking tea;
And if, perchance, on some lone day
The gentle mistress looks my way
And softly says, "Now I shall see
What's going on in Arcady!"
Then I'll rejoice that I'm a book
At which my lady deigns to look.
—From Robert Bridges' "*Bramble Brae*."

Mr. Stockton's Limerick.

Once the late Frank Stockton recited a "Limerick" at the Authors Club in New York that won for him a certain fame that was not to his liking. The "Limerick," which he claimed to have written to illustrate his satisfaction with his position in the world of letters, ran:

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier
Till he broke from his cell
With a hell of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

Two or three days later Mr. Stockton went to Mr. Eggleston with a long and melancholy face, and asked:

"What did you understand me to mean by the verses I recited here the other night?"

"Why, there was only one interpretation possible," Mr. Eggleston replied. "You meant that for a space you made wages by editing other people's matter, and that at last you broke your bonds and went to making literature on your own account."

"Well," he answered, with his droll drawl, "that is what I think I meant. But perhaps others know better. That is what I meant to mean, anyhow, but perhaps I was wrong. You see, one is so often wrong in these matters concerning himself. To-day, in a bisexual club, Mrs. Stockton and I were greeted with the exclamation: 'Why, I never knew that your marriage was a runaway one!'"

"THE EXPORTATION OF RARE BOOKS TO AMERICA."

An editorial in the *London Times* of July 7th has been widely commented on in this country, but we believe has not before been reprinted here. THE BOOK-LOVER presents it entire. It is as follows:

Can nothing be done to stem the continuous and wholesale exportation of rare early printed and other books and illuminated MSS. to the United States of America? The "drain" has been going on for over half a century; within recent years it has reached huge proportions; and now we have the mournful privilege of chronicling the most important single transaction which has occurred—or, perhaps, is likely to occur—in connection with this subject. The significance of the transaction will be at once recognized when it is stated that the library which Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have just sold by private treaty to an American gentleman (who does not wish his name disclosed) includes thirty-two examples of Caxton's press, and that the price paid is only a little less than that at which Mrs. Rylands acquired the Spencer library, which consisted of several thousand volumes. The library was for the most part formed by the late William Morris. Soon after Morris's death in 1896, the whole of his splendid collection of early printed books and MSS. was purchased *en bloc* by a well-known collector, whom the Ashburnham and other sales of the five or six succeeding years enabled to make very considerable additions to a library already distinguished by its choice and rare character. The library, as it now stands, comprises only about 700 articles, but every one of these is of the highest interest and value.

What, it naturally may be asked, was the object of forming this library, and for what reason was it, so soon after its completion, placed in the market? Both questions admit of a ready answer. The owner's object, apart from the intellectual joys of the bibliophile, was to form a collection of books which should exemplify the origin and development of the early illustrated book, starting from the illuminated manuscript, through the block books, and onwards to the finished typographical specimen; so that there are scarcely any books in this collection of a later date than 1500. As to the second of the two questions, change of residence and occupation in other matters rendered it necessary for the owner to part company with the treasures which he has brought together with so much enterprise within such a very brief space of time. He has made the most of opportunities which cannot reasonably be expected to occur again. His greatest *coup* was made when, as we have said, he purchased *en bloc* the whole of William Morris's fine library. From this he selected only the very choicest articles, both manuscript and printed book, and placed the remainder, which did not help his collection, under the hammer at Sotheby's. This sale took place

on December 5, 1898, and five following days, and produced a total of close on £11,000. Articles describing William Morris's Library at the time of his death and the selection sold in 1898, appeared in the *Times* of November 7, 1896, and November, 1898. Fine as were the books sold in 1898, they appear third-rate by the side of those which were retained by the owner. At the Ashburnham sales, 1897-98, his agents carried off a very considerable percentage of the prizes which came within the limits of his requirements. Apart from, and in addition to, these two primary sources, he has been a fearless purchaser whenever anything important came into the market; and for years past he has been scouring the Continent in the search after illuminated MSS.

With these few preliminary remarks, we may pass on to consider the chief features of the 700 odd volumes which constitute the library. To start with, there are no fewer than 111 illuminated MSS., French, English, German, Dutch, Italian, etc. Those of English origin, thirteen in number, will naturally be of most interest to English readers; and these are additionally attractive from the fact that, with four exceptions, they were in the Morris Library. The more important include the Huntingfield Psalter, formerly the property of Roger de Huntingfield, with sixty-eight miniatures on thirty-four leaves folio, executed about the year 1150; the Worksop Priory Bestiary, said to be the finest of its kind in existence, with 106 splendid miniatures, executed about the year 1170, and presented to Worksop Priory seventeen years afterwards; the Nottingham Psalter, dating from about 1220, with fine illuminations in the calendar, and initials throughout; the Clare Psalter, *circa* 1270, with the arms of Clare, Plantagenet, Warren and Gifford incorporated at the beginning; the Edindon Bible, formerly in the monastery of Edindon or Hedington, executed about the year 1270, with a great number of extremely delicate miniatures of the English school; the Tiptoft Missal, executed in 1332, at the time of the alliance between John Fitz Roger Clavering and Hawse de Tibetot (Tiptoft); the arms of both families occur frequently, with 616 full-page illuminated borders containing miniatures—one of the very finest MSS. of its kind in existence; the Gloucester Abbey Hymn Book and Horæ, written at the Abbey of St. Peter, Gloucester, about the year 1430; the Sheldon Missal, executed in 1440, and formerly the property of Sir John Sheldon, Lord Mayor of London, with 176 illuminations, and the Kildare Book of Hours, with seventy-five full-page and other illuminations, formerly the property of the old Fitzgerald family, Earls of Kildare.

It would require several columns to describe with anything like adequacy the various MSS. of Continental workmanship. But a few of the chief examples may be indicated. Of the Italian, spe-

cial mention may be made of the *Evangeliarum* of Pope Eugenius IV., illuminated with fifty miniatures by John De Monterchio, and presented by Peter, Bishop of Padua, to the Pope on his presiding at the Council of Basilcons in 1436—this MS. is of the finest artistic interest; and of the Morosini Missal, executed for the family of that name, whose arms are incorporated in the illuminations; a 15th century MS., with three full-page and sixteen smaller miniatures; the Italian *Horæ* and Offices include several very choice examples. The Flemish MSS. are chiefly Psalters of the 13th century—one of the finest, executed for a lady named Katherine, contains eighteen full-page miniatures and twenty smaller ones, whilst the Liège Psalter is adorned with four full-page miniatures and 300 smaller examples.

The French MSS. are nearly seventy in number, and where all are fine it is exceedingly difficult to make a selection for special notice. Some of the more splendid examples were in the famous Firman-Didot collection, notably the Limoges Gospels, with thirty full-page miniatures, executed about the year 1150, and formerly the property of the Abbey of St. Martial at Limoges; the Angoulême Bible, dating from about 1225, and formerly the property of the Frères Mineurs d'Engolismen; the St. Louis Psalter, *circa* 1250, with sixteen full-page and twenty-one smaller miniatures, a superb MS., which belonged to Gerald, Bishop of Cambray, in 1374; a fine MS. of "*Le Roman de la Rose*," executed about the year 1370, with fourteen pictures in *grisaille*; Marie Stuart's Book of Hours, bound for her at her marriage in 1558; a 15th century MS., with twenty large and thirty-four small miniatures. The Psalters are especially fine, the Beauvais Psalter, executed about 1260, with ten full-page miniatures and numerous other smaller illuminations being one of the finest; the *Horæ* are not only numerous, but include several with interesting pedigrees—that, for instance, which once belonged to Anne and Françoise de Saligny; another which was presented to Louis XI.; another executed at the order of Louis le Batard de Bourbon, as a present to his son Charles de Roussilon, and afterwards the property of Louis XIII.; one which belonged to King James II., and so forth. Linking together the illuminated MS. and the printed book, come the Block books, which are so excessively rare, but of which this library contains several of the most interesting and important.

But the crowning interest of the whole library, so far as English collectors are concerned, lies in the magnificent series of Caxtons. When William Blades published the revised edition of his work on Caxton in 1877, he described ninety-nine works by Caxton; of these thirty-eight were known by a single copy or fragments only. There were eighty-one in the British Museum, of which twenty-five were duplicates, thus reducing the number to fifty-six, of which three are mere fragments. The Spencer Caxtons (now in the John Rylands Library), although numerically fewer than those

in the National Library, make a more complete collection and embrace fifty-seven separate works. The University Library at Cambridge possesses forty-one different (or including duplicates fifty-two) examples, the Bodleian coming next with twenty-eight, and the Chatsworth Library of the Duke of Devonshire with twenty-five. It will be seen, therefore, that this collection of thirty-two Caxtons ranks as the fourth largest in existence; and it is probably the most numerous series which has occurred in one library since John Ratcliffe's sale at Christie's in 1776, when forty-eight Caxtons realized the total of £236 5s. 6d., which to-day would scarcely purchase a few leaves from Caxton's press! The series leads off appropriately enough with "*Corydale: Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses*," which is believed to be one of Caxton's earliest works, printed by him at Bruges, *circa* 1474; the only other copy known is in the British Museum, and this was discovered by Mr. Winter Jones, bound up with another work, when recataloguing a portion of the old Royal Library. Following this come the Ashburnham copy of the first book printed in the English language, Le Fevre's "*Recuyell of the Historyes of Troyes*," *circa* 1474, and a copy of the later edition, *circa* 1477, of the same work. The other Caxtons include the Hardwicke example of "*The Game and Playe of Chesse*," 1474-75; "*The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*," 1477, one of five perfect copies known; "*A Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason*," *circa* 1477, the finest of three perfect examples, acquired at the Ashburnham sale for £2,100; "*The Booke named Corydale, or the Fowr Last Thynges*," 1478; two imperfect copies of the first edition of Chaucer, 1478; three of Higden's "*Polychronicon*," 1482, each wanting a good many leaves; "*The Booke callyd Caton*," 1483; "*The Booke of the Ordre of Chivalry of Knyghthode*," 1483, an excessively rare Caxton, only four other copies being known; one of three perfect copies of Lydgate's "*The Lyf of our Lady*," 1484, "*The Proffyttable Boke for Mannes Soule* . . . which boke is called the chastysing of Goddes chyl dren," 1490-01, the Perkins copy of the first book printed in England with a title-page; and "*A Boke of Divers Trulytful, Ghoostly Matters*," etc., 1490, one of five copies. There are eight Caxtons with illustrations, starting with the earliest of all, "*The Mirroure of the World*," 1481.

The early Oxford Press is represented by three books, one being the celebrated "*Sancti Ieronimi Expositio in Simbolum Apostolorum*" with the error in the date of 1468 for 1478, which caused so much bibliographical discussion during the early part of the last century. This is the first book printed at Oxford, and of it only about nine copies are known. The second Oxford book is an edition of Richard Rolle de Hampole, "*Explanationes Notabiles Devotissimi*," etc., 1481-86, the only one of four copies not in a public library—this was purchased at the Inglis sale in 1900 for £300; and J. Lathbury, "*Liber moralium super trenis Jhereime Prophete*," 1482, with illus-

trations. The presses of the other early English printers are well represented. Many of these are almost as rare as Caxtons. Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, the mysterious St. Albans printer, and Lettou being represented by over forty books.

The section which comprises books printed in Germany, the Low Countries, etc., forms a highly representative one, numbering as it does over 200 articles, nearly all of which were in William Morris's library. Two specimens of Peter Schoeffer's press are printed on vellum. All these books are very rare, many excessively so, and in one or two instances they are unique, whilst a number have bibliographical and other notes in Morris's own handwriting. The early Italian printed books number over 160, ten of which are upon vellum, whilst those of French presses number about 120, twenty-nine (chiefly Books of Hours) being printed on vellum.

A fully annotated and descriptive catalogue alone would do justice to this library, but the few foregoing facts will serve to indicate some of the principal features. It was formed, as we have already stated, with a well-defined object, and it is reasonably complete within those limits. The formation of another such collection scarcely comes within the range of the possible—even granted half a century and an unlimited amount of money to attempt such a task. It is, therefore, for these and for other reasons little short of a public calamity for the collection to pass out of this country; but, unfortunately, in these matters there is no such element as sentiment—the man with the biggest purse gets the prize. If English collectors will not avail themselves of such unique opportunities, it is, at all events, comforting to reflect that, as in the present instance, the collection is in the custody of an English-speaking nation.

Self-Judged Authors.

Cooper once said that "The Spy" was his best-written novel.

Elizabeth Browning always regarded "Aurora Leigh" as her best.

Whittier regarded his war lyrics as the best of all his writings.

Hume thought more of his "Essays" than he did of his "History of England."

Smollett agreed with posterity in considering "Roderick Random" his best.

Franklin thought more of the "Poor Richard's Almanac" than of all his other works.

James Russell Lowell thought "Among My Books" his most creditable performance.

Emerson said: "I put my whole soul into my essays. They represent my literary life."

Bayard Taylor was said to esteem "Ximena" above anything else he had written.

Prescott is said to have regarded the "Conquest of Peru" as his master performance.

Gibbon declared when the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was completed, "I feel my fame to be secure."

Baxter said that he put his entire religious experience and the whole of the Bible into the "Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Hobbes believed that when he had finished the "Leviathan" he had begun the revolutionizing of the world's thought.

Cowley regarded "The Mistress" as his best. It was a collection of love poems, and is now almost entirely forgotten.

Sir Thomas More was very proud of the "Life of Edward V.," and left no mention of his estimate of the "Utopia."

Keats seemed to regard "Endymion" as his best, though one of his biographers says that he spoke very well of "Hyperion."

Bailey, the author of "Festus," said that his book was his life, and contained the whole experience of the human race.

Burke thought most of his "Vindication of Natural Society." His speeches he regarded as means, not as ends in themselves.

Froude believed that his "History of England" would better stand the test of criticism than any other of his works.

Jeremy Taylor is said by a contemporary to have devoutly believed that no better sermons existed in any language than his own.

Alison had a stalwart opinion of his own merits. In speaking of his "History of Europe," he said "that work will never die."

Wycliffe was one of the most modest of men. After his translation of the Bible was finished, he simply said, "I hope it will do good."

Lamb thought that the description given by him of the origin of roast pig, in the "Essays of Elia," was the best thing he ever wrote.

Coleridge regarded the "Lectures on Shakespeare" to be his best literary and critical effort, and the "Ancient Mariner" his best poem.

De Quincey once said that he expended more thought on "The Logic of Political Economy" than on all the rest of his books.

Herrick prided himself on his "Hesperides," and not at all on his sermons. He once said, "I preach for pay and write poetry for love."

Montgomery rested his fame on his "Pelican Island," a work now forgotten, and thought little of the hymns by which he is best remembered.—*Literary Life*.

The Book-Lover.

His tastes are simple, his wants are few,
And the years will bring him contentment true,
Though they give but a crust from the worst of cooks
And a threadbare coat with plenty of books.

—LOU LAWRENCE.

TWO ILLUSTRATED ITALIAN BIBLES.

By Alfred W. Pollard.

Two years ago *The Library* recorded the almost simultaneous discovery in Italy of two copies of a previously unknown edition of the Italian translation of the Bible by Niccolo Malermi, printed by "Maestro Guiglielmo da trino de Monferato nominato Anima Mia" at Venice in 1493. One of the books had already passed to the library of the Prince d'Essling and the other to the Berlin Print Room; and it was thus impossible to make any detailed com-

of the Bible was printed by Jenson, who finished it on August 1st, 1470, apparently the same year in which the translator entered the monastery of S. Michele in Murano, near Venice, at the age of forty-eight. He was then stated to be "natus quondam spectabilis et generosi viri domini Philippi de Malerbis, de Venetiis"; but nothing else is known of his family or early life, and the subsequent records only refer to his transfer from one monastery to another. Besides the Bible he also translated into Italian the lives of the saints from the "Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine, with additions of his own. This book also was printed for him by Jenson, and published in 1475.

Malermi's translation of the Bible was a great popular success, at least nine, and probably ten, editions being printed during the fifteenth century, and the British Museum possessing six others issued in 1517, 1546, 1553, 1558, 1566, and 1567. By a curious chance another translation, by an anonymous author, must have been already in the press while Jenson was printing Malermi's first edition. It appeared exactly two months later, on October 1st, 1471, without the name of its printer, but in the types of Adam of Ammergau. That two rival translations of the Bible were thus among the first fruits of the Italian press is one of the facts which Protestant controversialists are not apt to emphasize. It is probable, as Dr. Garnett, I think, has suggested, that Venice, which was wont to show great independence in its relations with the Papal Court, was the only city in Italy in which a vernacular Bible would have found a publisher. The earliest Italian Bible printed in any other Italian town does, indeed, appear to be one with Doré's illustrations, published at Milan at some date between 1866, when the illustrations first appeared in English and French Bibles, and 1880, when it attained a third edition. No doubt the Holy See had little enthusiasm for vernacular Bibles, and the Italian governments, which were more susceptible than Venice to the feeling of Rome, did nothing to encourage them. But discouragement, whether we approve of it or not (and the subsequent religious history of Europe shows that the Roman objection to unannotated vernacular texts was not wholly unfounded), is very different from prohibition; and next to the eighteen pre-Reformation



Initial page of Part II. of the Malermi Bible. Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493 (reduced).

parison of the illustrations in the new find with those in the already known editions published by Lucantonio Giunta in 1490 and subsequent years. Within the last few weeks a third copy has been acquired by the British Museum, which has also since 1897 possessed the first Giunta edition; and a few notes based on a careful collation of the two may perhaps be found interesting.

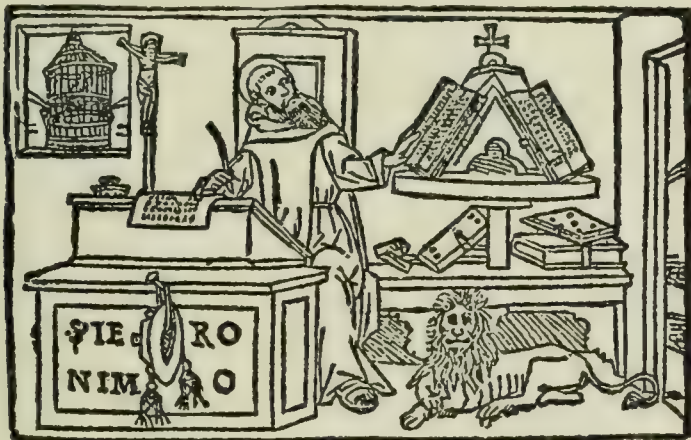
The first edition of Malermi's Italian version

German editions, the ten printed at Venice during the fifteenth century offer the most convincing proof that, except in the actual presence of heresy, vernacular translations enjoyed a practically unimpeded circulation long before the leaders of the Reformation made free access to the Scriptures one of their main demands. It is remarkable, indeed, that during the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Inquisition was tightening its hold on Venice, and the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" had come into being, the Italian Bibles printed there increased notably. The British Museum possesses five editions of Malermi's version published in the twenty-two years 1546-1567, six of Brucioli's published in the twenty years 1532-1551, two of Santi Marmochino's, printed respectively in 1538 and 1545, a total of thirteen editions published within thirty-six years, now on the shelves of a single library. After 1567 there is another tale to tell. Until the Milan edition already mentioned, Geneva,

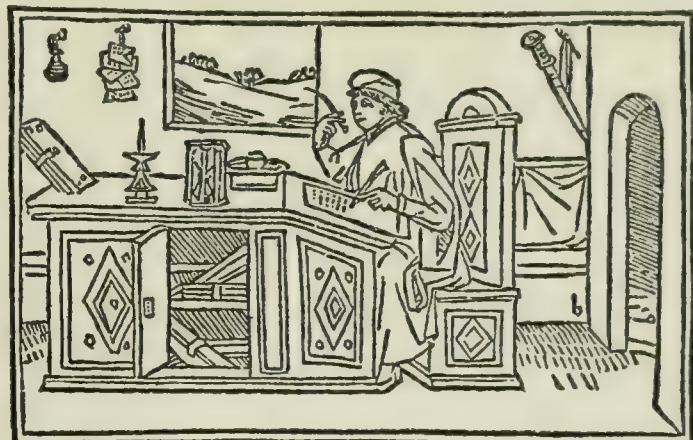
possesses six colored illustrations representing the six days of Creation, the coloring being so heavy, as nearly, though not quite, to obscure the fact that it is imposed upon woodcuts.

In the years 1470-1472 there are fairly numerous examples of woodcut borders and initials being used in books printed at Venice, not as substantive decorations in themselves, but as outlines for the guidance of illuminators. We may probably take it that the six designs in the first Malermi Bible, which do not seem to occur in all copies, were of this character, and were not intended to stand by themselves. The first Venetian woodcuts not intended to be colored are found in books printed by Erhard Ratdolt, and their use spread very slowly until nearly 1490. Thus the Malermi Bibles of 1477, 1481, 1484 and 1487 are all innocent of woodcuts, though there are blank leaves and spaces left in some of them, which may have been intended for illumination.

There seems to have been a project of mak-



S. Jerome. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, Giunta, 1490.



An Author at Work. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, Giunta, 1490.

Nuremberg, Leipsic and London are the only imprints to be found on Italian editions of the Scriptures. In the face of what she considered heretical interpretations, the Church of Rome would no longer trust her people with vernacular Bibles; but it is one of the small services which bibliography can render to history to note that this had not been her policy so long as the Scriptures were desired for edification and not for controversy, and the popularity of the Malermi Bible is so decisive a proof of this that it would be unfair to leave it unmentioned.

The main object of this article is far removed from the weighty question of religious policy on which we have incidentally touched. The first edition of the Malermi Bible is a very rare book, and the British Museum, sad to say, possesses no copy of it. The only copy in England of which I know is in the John Rylands Library at Manchester, and this pos-

sesses the "Biblia cum postillis Nicolai de Lyra," published by Octavianus Scotus in 1489, into a handsome illustrated book; but if this was so the project was soon abandoned, as the illustrations come in little patches at different points at which the book may have been put in hand on different presses, and between these points there are long stretches without any pictures at all. Thus not only the first Italian Bible, but the first Bible printed in Italy in which illustrations form an important feature, is the edition of Malermi's version printed in October, 1490, by Giovanni Ragazzo for Lucantonio Giunta. If long delayed, this was a fine enough book to be worth waiting for. It is in double columns, measuring 250 x 76 mm. apiece, and each containing sixty-one lines of a respectably round type about the size of pica. For convenience of printing rather than of binding, it is divided into two parts (the second beginning with the Book of Proverbs),

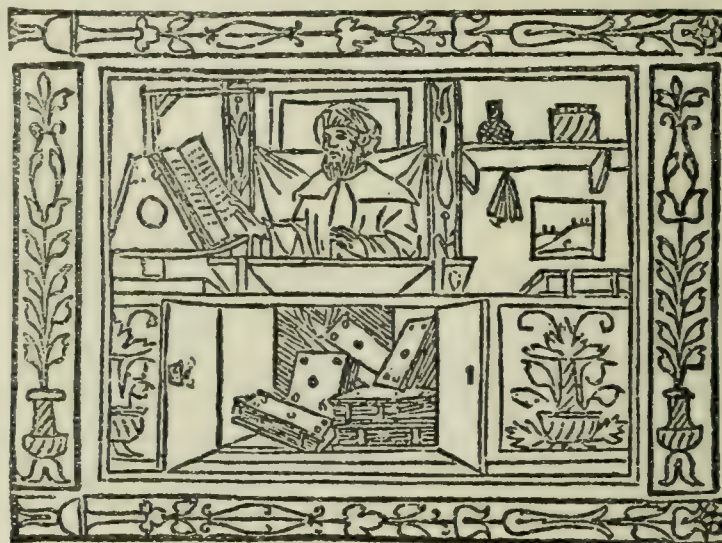
which are always, as far as I know, found united in a single volume. Part I. contains: (i.) a frontispiece made up (within a border) of six cuts measuring 56 x 57 mm. each, representing the six days of Creation, obviously influenced by the illuminations with underlying woodcuts of the 1471 edition; (ii.) a pictorial initial N for the "Nel principio" of Genesis; (iii.) 208 small woodcuts or vignettes, measuring about 45 x 75 mm., of which 199 are different and nine are repetitions. Part II. contains a large picture and border for the opening chapter of Proverbs, and 175 small cuts, of which 166 are different and nine are repetitions. Deducting the repeats, but counting the initial and each of the woodcuts separately, we have thus a grand total of 373 different designs, almost all of them well drawn, though many have been sadly mangled by the woodcutter.

It is to the credit of the Venetian public

propriateness by cuts taken from Deuteronomy ix. and Leviticus x. In Leviticus one cut (that to chap. vii.) is changed and a new one added to chap. xviii. In Numbers an illustration of the zeal of Phineas in chap. xxv. is omitted, and two new cuts are added to chaps. xxix. and xxxiii.; in Deuteronomy we have six new cuts and a repeat. To these twenty-six additions (against two omissions) in the Pentateuch, we have to add fourteen more (against one repeat omitted) from Joshua to Kings. From Chronicles to Acts the woodcuts in the two editions are substantially the same, six cuts being changed, while one is omitted. In the Epistles, besides two changes, there are twelve additions, but these are mostly either repeats or taken from other books. In the Apocalypse and the Life of St. Joseph, with which the book ends, the illustrations in the two editions agree. The number of dif-



S. Jerome. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.



An Author at Work. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.

that Giunta's edition of this big book sold quickly. For reasons hereafter to be given I think it possible that a reprint with some additional cuts was published as early as 1491. We know for certain that a new edition (printed again by Giovanni Ragazzo) was ready for sale in July, 1492. Like most reprints of illustrated books this aimed at an appearance of greater liberality at a comparatively small expense. Thus in the Book of Genesis there are twenty-seven woodcuts in 1492 against sixteen in 1490, a too realistic picture of Potiphar's wife tempting Joseph being judiciously omitted, while twelve new subjects are added. In Exodus we have twenty-nine cuts against twenty-five, four new ones being added, while on the other hand the representations of the Burning Bush (in which a dog is shown barking at the Almighty) and of the slaying of the first-born are withdrawn and replaced without ap-

proportionate cuts (deducting twelve and nine respectively for repetitions) is 240 in Part I. and 178 in Part II., or a total of 418 different cuts against 373 in the 1490 edition, the increase being practically confined to the Books of Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy and the Epistles.

Turning now to the "Anima Mia" edition of 1493, three copies of which have recently come to light after its existence had remained unsuspected for generations, we have only to place it side by side with one of the Giunta texts to find that it is a not too scrupulous attempt to cut into the profits of the firm which was first in the field. The worst evil of the publishing trade at the present day is that if one publisher strikes out a new line, whether in the form of his books or the prices at which they are issued, or by bringing into notice some hitherto neglected author or subject, one or more of his competitors immediately try

to put similar editions on the market, and to offer purchasers a little more for their money. The result is that the first publisher finds his profits sensibly diminished, while the second very probably burns his fingers. Few modern publishers, however, would plagiarize quite as freely as did "Anima Mia" in his new Bible. Not only did he copy Giunta closely in the form and size of his book, the arrangement of the page and the size of the illustrations, but in a great number of cases he allowed his artists to take precisely the same subjects for illustration, and even to copy the designs themselves quite closely, sometimes by the lazy method which, by imitating the model on the block of wood without first reversing it, caused the printed picture itself to appear in reverse.

A curious question now arises as to which of the Giunta editions "Anima Mia" elected to copy from. That of 1490 was clearly not the one chosen, since among "Anima Mia's" pictures we find illustrations to Genesis xiii., xv.,

sure that he had that of 1492. While he copies six of the new pictures in Genesis he omits six others; in Exodus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy he agrees with the 1490 edition against that of 1492; in Judges, Ruth, and Kings, with 1492 as against 1490; in Genesis, Leviticus, and Joshua, partly with one, partly with the other. In two other cases he steers a middle course. The 1490 artist had illustrated far too realistically both the temptation of Joseph and the sin which called forth the zeal of Phineas. In the 1492 edition these subjects are very wisely omitted. In that of 1493 they appear, but in a modified form. My own theory to account for these discrepancies is that between 1490 and 1492—presumably in 1491—Giunta published yet another issue of the Bible, adding a few illustrations, but not so many as in 1492, and substituting two new cuts of the subjects unpleasantly illustrated in 1490, which he subsequently thought well to pass over altogether. Such an intermediate



Joshua and the Gibeonites. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, Giunta, 1490.



"Except the Lord Build the House." From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.

xvii., xx., xxiv., and xxvi., none of which were illustrated in the 1490 edition, while pictures on the same subjects are found in that of 1492. Again, in the four books of Kings the 1493 edition agrees with the 1492 in having forty-nine cuts as against forty-three in the original edition of 1490. More conclusive still is the evidence of a mistake in Joshua ix., where it is impossible that the artist can have had before him the pretty little cut of the Gibeonites as hewers of wood and drawers of water, which is one of our illustrations. By 1492 the block for this had apparently been damaged and is replaced by a larger cut (56 mm. in height), representing a king and two councillors, apparently taken from some other book. The 1493 illustrator was, no doubt, puzzled by this, and for lack of anything better repeated a cut of Moses and Miriam from Exodus. Clearly he had not in this case the 1490 edition before him. But neither am I at all

edition would supply a model which would explain all the early illustrations in the edition of 1493, and would also allow a more reasonable time to "Anima Mia" to get them made, and his book printed, than the nine months which separate the editions of July, 1492, and April, 1493. "Anima Mia," however, was by no means wholly a plagiarist, as is proved by the fact that, while in his first volume the 236 illustrations stand midway numerically between the 215 and the 252 of the two Giunta editions of 1490 and 1492, for his second volume he provided no fewer than 208 against the 176 and 187 of his predecessors, the new cuts being fairly evenly distributed through the different books, while their artistic merit is of average quality.

It is by this touchstone of artistic merit, and not by considerations of quantity, that the comparative claims of the two rival editions must be decided; and on the whole there can

be no doubt that both for originality of design and for the highest merit in execution the palm must be given to the artists and craftsmen employed by Giunta. Unfortunately in both editions large numbers of the woodcuts were intrusted to cutters quite incompetent to deal with such delicate work. Giunta's illustrations to the Gospels are quite painfully bad, while those of "Anima Mia" are here

is not so good as that of his predecessor. One reason for this is, no doubt, that part of the space available in the column was occupied by the little borderpieces which, though offer-



"The Fool Hath Said in His Heart." From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, Giunta, 1490.



S. Jerome in the Desert. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.

only mediocre, his worst craftsman having been employed on some of the middle books of the Old Testament. His worst work is almost as bad as the worst of Giunta's, though less painful, as not introducing the figure of Christ. The proportion of mediocre cuts is far greater, and of these we give a generously chosen example in that prefixed to Psalm lii.

ing a pleasing setting to the pictures, diminish the space available for illustration by nearly a quarter. The effect of this is especially noticeable when the 1493 artist is copying his predecessor, the necessity for "selection" sometimes leading to the omission of important parts of the composition. But at the outset of both volumes, before the work began to



The Entry into the Ark. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.



Jacob Deceiving Isaac. From the Malermi Bible.
Venice, "Anima Mia," 1493.

It should really be an illustration, it may be imagined, to the text, "Except the Lord build the house their labor is but vain that build it," but in any case it is strikingly inferior to the brilliant cut in the 1490 edition, which illustrates the heading "Dixit insipiens" with all possible cogency.

Lastly, his best work, though really good,

be hurried, there is plenty of originality, and excellent use is made of the space at the designer's disposal. The cut of the animals entering the ark here shown is delightful, and in that of Jacob deceiving Isaac we seem to feel instinctively the blindness of the old man, who stretches out his hand to feel for the dish his false son is bringing him. As the 1493 edition

is so little known compared with that of 1490, both our remaining illustrations are taken from it. The first, the frontispiece to the second volume, shown at the beginning of this article, compares very favorably with the similar design in the earlier edition. The second, the picture of S. Jerome in the Desert, is one of the best things in the book, both in design and cutting; but it differs from everything else in it, and may possibly belong to some other set.

It may have been noted that in writing of the edition of 1490 I have not thought it necessary to write of the various theories which have been built on the little letter "b" with which many of the cuts are signed, *e.g.*, that of "an author at work" reproduced on p. 233. It is now generally acknowledged that "b" is the mark, not of any designer, nor even perhaps of any individual woodcutter, but merely of the workshop in which the little blocks were cut.—*The Library*.

AMUSING AND SATIRICAL INDEXES.

By H. B. Wheatley.

"It will thus often happen that the controversialist states his case first in the title-page; he then gives it at greater length in the introduction; again perhaps in a preface; a third time in an analytical form through means of a table of contents; after all this skirmishing he brings up his heavy columns in the body of the book; and if he be very skillful he may let fly a few Parthian arrows from the index."—J. HILL BURTON'S "Book-Hunter."

One of the last things the genuine indexer thinks of is to make his work amusing; but some wits have been successful in producing humorous indexes, and others have seen their way to make an author ridiculous by satirically perverting his meaning in the form of an ordinary index. We can find specimens of each of these classes.

Leigh Hunt has a charming little paper, "A Word upon Indexes," in his "Indicator." He writes: "Index-making has been held to be the driest as well as the lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves,* we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. Calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the *Spectator*, which we used to look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the 'Pantheon of Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods,' which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of Hs; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades, ——. The poets would have been better, but then the names, though perhaps less unfitting,

were not so flattering; as for instance Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, ——. We did not like to come after Hughes."

The indexes to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* are full of piquancy, and possess that admirable quality of making the consulter wish to read the book itself. The entries are so enticing that they lead you on to devour the whole book. Hunt writes of them: "We have just been looking at the indexes to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than with himself. Our index seemed the poorest and most second-hand in the world after theirs; but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there is 'a soul of goodness in things evil' so there is a soul of humor in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst or aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing burgundy out of a cellar, so an Index, like the *Tatler's*, often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humor." The very title gives good promise of what is to be found in the book: "A faithful Index of the dull as well as the ingenious passages in the *Tatlers*."

Here are a few entries chosen at random:

Vol. 1—

"Bachelor's scheme to govern a wife."

"Knives prove fools."

Vol. 2—

"Actors censured for adding words of their own in their parts."

"Dead men, who."

"Dead persons heard, judged and censured."

* To the original edition of the "Indicator," the reprint (2 vols 8vo, 1834) has no index.

— Allegations laid against them, their pleas."

"Love letters before and after marriage, found in a grave."

"Mathematical sieve to sift impertinences in writing and discourse."

"News, Old People die in France."

Vol. 3—

"Flattery of women, its ill consequences."

"Maids of Honor, their allowance of Beef for their Breakfast in Queen Elizabeth's time."

"Silence, significant on many occasions."

— Instances of it."

Vol. 4—

"Blockheads apt to admire one another."

"Female Library proposed for the Improvement of the Sex."

"Night, longer formerly in this Island than at present."

In 1757 "A General Index to the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians" was published, and in 1760 the same work was reissued with a new title-page. Certain supposed blots in the original indexes were here corrected and the following explanation was made in the preface: "Notwithstanding the learning and care of the compilers of the first indexes to these volumes, some slight inaccuracies have passed, and where observed they are altered. Few readers who desire to know Mr. Bickerstaff's Opinion of the Comedy called the Country Wife, or the character of Mrs. Bickerstaff as an actress, would consult the Index under the word *Acts*." This seems to refer to an entry in the index to the first volume of the *Tatler*:

"Acts the Country-Wife: (Mrs. Bignel)."

The index to the original edition of the *Spectator* is equally good with that of the *Tatler*, but the entries are longer and more elaborate than those in the latter. The references are not made to the pages, as is the case with the *Tatler*, but to the numbers of the papers. The following entries are worthy of quotation:

Vol. 2—

"Gentry of England generally speaking in debt."

"Great men not truly known till some years after their deaths."

"Women, the English excel all other nations in beauty."

— Signs of their improvement under the *Spectator's* hands.

— Their pains in all ages to adorn the outside of their heads."

A precursor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* was the curious *Athenian Oracle*, of the eccentric John Dunton, each volume of which contained "An Alphabetical Table for the speedy finding

of any questions, by a member of the Athenian Society," from which the following amusing entries are taken:

"Ark, what became of it after the Flood?"

"Bees, a swarm lit upon the Crown and Scepter in Cheapside, what do they portend?"

"Hawthorn-tree at Glassenbury, what think you of it?"

"Noah's flood, whither went the waters?"

"Pied Piper, was he a man or dæmon?"

"Triumphant Arch erected in Cheapside 1691, described."

A selection from this curious seventeenth-century miscellany was made by Mr. J. Underhill, and published by Walter Scott a few years ago.

Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" is one of the works of genius which are little known in the present day, but well repay perusal. A humorous table of contents was prepared by the author, which he styled an index. He wrote: "I have added a ludicrous index purely to show (fools) that I am in jest." This was afterwards omitted, but D'Israeli reprinted it in his "Curiosities of Literature." It contains an amusing *précis* of the chief points of the poem; the whole is short, and a few extracts will give an idea of its plan:

"A CIRCUMSTANCE in the situation of the mansion of early Discipline, discovering the surprising influence of the connexion of ideas."

"SOME peculiarities indicative of a country school, with a short sketch of the sovereign presiding over it."

"SOME account of her night-cap, apron and a tremendous description of her birchen sceptre."

"HER titles and punctilious nicety in the ceremonious assertion of them."

"A VIEW of this rural potentate as seated in her chair of state, conferring honors, distributing bounties and dispensing proclamations."

Gay composed a full and humorous index for his interesting picture of eighteenth-century London—"Trivia." The poet added a few entries to the index in the quarto edition of his "Poems" (1720). The following selected references will show the character of the index:

"Asses, their arrogance."

"Autumn, what cries then in use."

"Bully, his insolence to be corrected."

"Chairs and chariots prejudicial to health."

"Cellar, the misfortune of falling into one."

"Coach fallen into a hole described."

"Glazier, his skill at football."

"London, its happiness before the invention of Coaches and Chairs."

"Periwigs, how stolen off the head."
 "Quarrels for the wall to be avoided."
 "Schoolboys, mischievous in frosty weather."
 "Wall, to whom to be given.
 — To whom to be denied."

"Women, the ill consequence of gazing on them."

Of modern examples of the amusing index, by far the best is that added to the inimitable "Biglow Papers" by the accomplished author, James Russell Lowell. Here are some extracts from the index of the First Series:

"Adam, eldest son of, respected."

"Babel, probably the first congress."

"Birch, virtue of, in instilling certain of the dead languages."

"Cæsar, a tribute to. His *Veni, Vidi, Vici* censured for undue prolixity."

"Castles, Spanish, comfortable accommodation in."

"Eating Words, habit of, convenient in time of famine."

"Longinus recommends swearing (Fuseli did the same thing)."

"No, a monosyllable. Hard to utter."

"Noah enclosed letter in bottle, probably."

"Ulysses, husband of Penelope. Borrows money. (For full particulars see "Homer" and "Dante.")

"Wrong, abstract, safe to oppose."

The following are from the Second Series:

"Antony of Padua, Saint, happy in his hearers."

"Applause, popular, the *summum bonum*."

"Atlantic, editors of, See *Neptune*. [There is no entry under Neptune.]"

"Belmont. See *Woods*."

"Bible, not composed for use of colored persons."

"Charles I, accident to his neck."

"Ezekiel would make a poor figure at a Caucus."

"Facts, their unamiability. Compared to an old-fashioned stage-coach."

"Family trees, a primitive forest of."

"Jeremiah hardly the best guide in modern politics."

"Missionaries, useful to alligators. Culinary liabilities of."

"Rum and water combine kindly."

"Shoddy, poor covering for outer or inner man."

"They'll say, a notable bully."

"Woods, the. See *Belmont*."

"World, this, its unhappy temper."

"Writing, dangerous to reputation."

The witty Dr. William King, student of Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards Judge

of the Irish Court of Admiralty, presented an example of the skilled controversialist spoken of by Hill Burton as letting fly "a few Parthian arrows from the Index." He was dubbed by Isaac D'Israeli the inventor of satirical indexes, and he certainly succeeded in producing several ill-natured ones.

When the wits of Christ Church produced under the name of the Hon. Charles Boyle the clever volume with which they thought to annihilate the great Dr. Bentley, Dr. King was the one who assisted by producing a bitter index.

The first edition of "Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Esop examin'd" (1698) has no index; but Dr. King's work was added to the second edition, published in the same year. It was styled, "A short account of Dr. Bentley by way of Index." Then follows:

"Dr. Bentley's true story of the MS. prov'd false by the testimonies of

— Mr. Bennet, p. 6.

— Mr. Gibson, p. 7.

— Dr. King, p. 8.

— Dr. Bentley, p. 19."

"Dr. Bentley's civil usage of Mr. Boyle.

"His civil language to

— Mr. Boyle.

— Sir W. Temple.

"His singular humanity to

— Mr. Boyle.

— Sir Edward Sherburne.

humanity to Foreigners.

"His Ingenuity in

— relating matters of fact.

— citing authors.

— transcribing and plundering notes and prefaces of

— Mr. Boyle.

— Vizzanius.

— Nevelet.

— Camerarius.

— Editor of Hesychius.

— Salmasius.

— Dr. Bentley.

"His appeal to Foreigners.

— a suspicious plan.

— a false one.

"His modesty and decency in contradicting great men.

"(Long list from Plato to Every body.)

"His happiness in confident assertions for want

— of Reading.

— of Judgment.

— of Sincerity.

"His profound skill in Criticism

From beginning to

The End."

This is certainly more vindictive than witty.

All the wits rushed madly into the fray, and Swift, in his "Battel fought last Friday between the Antient and Modern Books in St. James's Library," committed himself irretrievably to the wrong side in this way: "A captain whose name was B-ntl-y, in person the most deformed of all the moderns; tall but without shape or comeliness, large but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces . . ."

Then look at the leader of the opposing host: "Boyl clad in a suit of armor which had been given him by all the gods immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him."

It is amazing that such a perverted judgment should have been given by some of our greatest writers, but all is to be traced to Bentley's defects of temper, so that Dr. King was not altogether wrong in his index.

Sir George Trevelyan in his "Life of Macaulay" refers to Bentley's famous maxim (which in print and talk alike he dearly loved to quote), that no man was ever written down except by himself, and quotes what the historian wrote after perhaps his tenth perusal of Bishop Monk's life of the great critic: "Bentley seems to me an eminent instance of the extent to which intellectual powers of a most rare and admirable kind may be impaired by moral defects."

Charles Boyle's book went through four editions, and still there was silence; but at last appeared the "immortal" "Dissertation," as Porson calls it, which not only defeated his enemies, but routed them completely. Bentley's "Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris," with an answer to the objections of the Hon. C. Boyle, Esq., first appeared in 1699. De Quincey described it as one of the three most triumphant dissertations existing upon the class of historico-critical problems: "All three are loaded with a superfetation of evidence, and conclusive beyond what the mind altogether wishes."* In another place De Quincey points out the line of argument followed by Bentley: "It was by anachronisms of this character that Bentley detected the spuriousness of the letters ascribed to Phalaris. Sicilian towns, etc., were in those letters called by names that did not arise until that prince had been dead for centuries. Manufactures were mentioned that were of much later invention. As handles for these exposures of a systematic forgery, which oftentimes had a moral significance, these indications were valuable, and

gave excessive brilliancy to that immortal dissertation of Bentley's."*

The fate which the wits thought to bring upon Bentley fell upon them, and they quarrelled among themselves. It was believed that Charles Boyle, when credit was to be obtained, looked upon himself as author of the book; but afterwards, when it was discredited, he only awaited the public trial of the conspirators to wash his hands of the whole affair. Atterbury, who had much to do with the production of the volume, was particularly annoyed by Boyle's conduct. He wrote to Boyle: "In laying the design of the book, in writing above half of it, in reviewing [revising] a great part of the rest, in transcribing the whole and attending the press, half a year of my life went away. What I promised myself from hence was that some service would be done to your reputation, and that you would think so. In the first of these I was not mistaken—in the latter I am. When you were abroad, sir, the highest you could prevail with yourself to go in your opinion of the book was, that you hoped it would do you no harm. When you returned I supposed you would have seen that it had been far from hurting you. However, you have not thought fit to let me know your mind on this matter; for since you came to England, no one expression, that I know of, has dropped from you that could give me reason to believe you had any opinion of what I had done, or even took it kindly from me."†

In the same year (1698) King turned his attention to a less formidable antagonist than the great Bentley. His "Journey to London" is a very ingenious parody of Dr. Martin Lister's "Journey to Paris," and, the pages of the original being referred to, it forms an index to that book.

The Royal Society in its early years had to pass through a long period of ridicule and misrepresentation. The author of "Hudibras" commenced the crusade, but the gibes of Butler were easier to bear than those of Dr. William King, who was particularly savage against Sir Hans Sloane. "The Transactioneer" (1700) and "Useful Transactions in Philosophy" (1708–1709) were very galling to the distinguished naturalist, and annoyed the Royal Society, whose "Philosophical Transactions" were unmercifully laughed at. To both the tracts referred to were prefixed satirical tables of contents, and what made them the more an-

* "Rosicrucians and Free-Masons" (De Quincey's Works, vol. 13, p. 388).

* "Memorial Chronology" (De Quincey's Works, vol. 14, p. 309).

† "Memoirs of Bishop Atterbury," compiled by Folkestone Williams, vol. i. (1869), p. 42

noying was that the author's own words were very ingeniously used and turned against him. King writes: "The bulls and blunders which Sloane and his friends so naturally pour forth cannot be misrepresented, so careful I am in producing them."

Here is a specimen of the contents of "The Transactioneer":

"The Tatler's Opinion of a Virtuoso."

"Some account of Sir Hans Sloane.

—— of Dr. Salmon.

—— of Mr. Oldenburg.

—— of Dr. Plot."

"The Compiling of the Philosophical Transactions the work of a single person.

—— the excellence of his style.

—— his clearness and perspicacity.

—— Genius to Poetry.

—— Verses on Jamaica Pepper.

—— Politicks in Gardening.

—— Skill in Botanicks."

The following appear in the contents of the "Voyage to Cajamai" in "Useful Transactions":

Preface of the author—

"Knew a white bramble in a dark room."

Author's introduction—

"Mountains higher than hills."

"Hay good for horses."

The most important of King's indexes was that added to Bromley's "Travels," because it had the effect of balking a distinguished political character in his ambition of filling the office of Speaker of the House of Commons.

William Bromley (1664-1732), after leaving Christ Church, Oxford, spent several years in traveling on the Continent. He was elected a Member of Parliament in 1689, and soon occupied a prominent position among the non-jurors. In 1692 he published "Remarks in the Grande Tour of France and Italy, lately performed by a Person of quality. London. Printed by E. H. for Tho. Basset at the George in Fleet Street, 1692." A second edition appeared in the following year: "Remarks made in Travels through France and Italy, with many Publick Inscriptions. Lately taken by a Person of Quality. London (Thomas Basset) 1693."

In March, 1701-1702, Bromley was elected Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, which he continued to represent during the remainder of his life. In 1702 he published another volume of travels: "Several Years' Travels through Portugal, Spain, Italy, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark and the United Provinces performed by a Gentleman."

In 1705 Bromley was supposed to have pre-eminent claims to the Speakership, which office was then vacant; but what was supposed to be a certainty was turned into failure by the action of his opponents. They took the opportunity of reprinting his "Remarks," with the addition of a satirical index, as an electioneering squib. This reprint appeared as "Remarks in the Grand Tour . . . performed by a Person of Quality in the year 1691. The second edition to which is added a table of the principal matters. London. Printed for John Nutt near Stationers' Hall, 1705." This was really the third edition, but probably the reprinters overlooked the edition of 1693. It was reprinted with the original license of "Rob. Midgley, Feb. 20th, 1691-2."

In the Bodleian copy of this book there is a manuscript note by Dr. Rawlinson to the effect that this index was drawn up by Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; but this was probably only a party rumor. Dr. Parr possessed Bromley's own copy of the reprint with the following manuscript note by the author:

"This edition of these travels is a specimen of the good nature and good manners of the Whigs, and I have reason to believe of one of the ministry (very conversant in this sort of calumny) for the sake of publishing 'the Table of the principal matters, etc.,' to expose me whom the gentlemen of the Church of England designed to be Speaker of the House of Commons, in the Parliament, that met Oct. 25, 1705. When notwithstanding the Whigs and Court joining to keep me out of the chair, and the greatest violence towards the members, turning out some, and threatening others, to influence their votes, I had the honor (and I shall ever esteem it a greater honor than my competitor's success) to have the suffrages of 205 disinterested gentlemen for me: such a number as never lost such a question before; and such as, with the addition of those that by force, and contrary to their inclination, with the greatest reluctance voted against me, must have prevailed for me.

"This was a very malicious proceeding; my words and meaning plainly perverted in several places; which if they had been improper, and any observations trifling or impertinent, an allowance was due for my being very young, when they were made. But the performances of others, not entitled to such allowance, may be in this manner exposed, as appears by the like Tables published for the Travels of Bp. Burnet and Mr. Addison. *Wm. Bromley.*"

Dr. Parr took this all very seriously, and set great value upon the book. He added a

note to that written by Bromley, in which he said:

"Mr. Bromley was very much galled with the republication, and the ridiculous, but not untrue, representation of the contents. Such a work would unavoidably expose the author to derision: instead therefore of suffering it to be sold after my death, and to become a subject of contemptuous gossip, or an instrument of party annoyance, I think it a proper act of respect and kindness for the Bromley family, for me to put it in possession of the Rev. Mr. Davenport Bromley, upon the express condition that he never sells it nor gives it away, that, after reading it, he seals it up carefully and places it where no busy eye, nor thievish hand can reach it. "S. P."

This note was written in 1823, and the precautions taken by Parr seem rather belated. Even the family were little likely to mind the public seeing a political skit more than a century old, which did no dishonor to their ancestor's character.

It is very probable that Harley was at the expense of reprinting the book, as it is reported that every one who came to his house was asked if he had seen Mr. Bromley's "Travels"; and when the answer was in the negative, Harley at once fetched a copy, which he presented to his visitor. There is no doubt, however, that the index was drawn up by Dr. King.

The index is neither particularly amusing nor clever, but it is very ill-natured. Dr. Parr infers that the book is not misrepresented, but there can be little doubt that the index is in most instances very unfair. Thus the first entry in the table is:

"Chatham, where and how situated, viz., on the other side of Rochester bridge, though commonly reported to be on this side, p. 1."

The passage indexed is quite clear, and contains the natural statement of a fact.

"Lodged at Rochester, an episcopal seat in the same county [Kent]. The cathedral church is plain and decent, and the city appears well peopled. When I left it and passed the Bridge I was at Chatham, the famous Dock, where so many of our great ships are built."

The following are some further entries from the index:

"Dover and Calais neither of them places of Strength tho' frontier towns, p. 2."

"Boulogne the first city on the French shore, lies on the coast, p. 2." [These are the same words as in the book.]

"Crosses and Crucifixes on the Roads in France prove it not England, p. 3."

The passage here indexed is as follows:

"Crosses and Crucifixes are so plentiful everywhere on this road, that from them alone an Englishman will be satisfied he is out of his own country; besides the Roads are much better than ours."

"Eight pictures take up less room than sixteen of the same size, p. 14."

This is founded on the following:

"They contain the Histories of the Old and New Testaments, and are placed in two rows one above the other; those that represent the Old Testament are in the uppermost reaching round the room and are sixteen. Those of the New are under them, but being only eight reach not so far as the former, and where no pictures are be the doors to the presses where the sacred vestments are kept."

"Travelling by night not proper to take a view of the adjacent countries, p. 223."

This is a version of the following:

"The heat of the weather made travelling in the night most desirable and we chose it between Sienna and Florence. . . . By this means I could see little of the country."

"The Duchess dowager of Savoy who was grandmother to the present Duke was mother to his father, p. 243."

This is a perversion of the following perfectly natural observation:

"This was designed by the Dutchess Christina grandmother of this Duke in the minority of her son (his father) in 1660."

The entry, "Jews at Leghorn not obliged to wear red hats, p. 223," contains nothing absurd, but rather is an interesting piece of information, because the Jews were obliged to wear these hats in other parts of Italy, and it was the knowledge of this fact that induced Macklin to wear a red hat when acting Shylock, a personation which induced an admirer to exclaim:

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

Such perversions as these could have done Bromley, one would think, little harm; but the real harm done consisted in bringing to light and insisting upon the author's political attitude when he referred to King William and Queen Mary as "the Prince and Princess of Orange." The passage is as follows:

"A gallery, where among the pictures of Christian Princes are those of King Charles the Second and his Queen, King James the Second and his Queen and the Prince and Princess of Orange."

It would indeed seem strange that one who had thus referred to his King and Queen should occupy so important a public office as Speaker

of the House of Commons. Another ground of offence was that when in Rome he kissed the Pope's slipper.

Although Bromley was disappointed in 1705, his time came; and after the Tory reaction consequent on the trial of Sacheverell he was in 1710 chosen Speaker without opposition. There is a portrait of Bromley in the University Picture Gallery in the Bodleian at Oxford.—From "How to Make an Index."

The Career of an Old Book.

"Some books," observed the enthusiastic bibliophile, "have a more varied career than the heroes or heroines of whom they treat." The bibliophile in question, who is a middle-aged man, engaged in the publishing business in this city, told the following story anent his above-quoted observation:

"A few years ago," he said, "I decided on a trip to Germany. A friend of mine of Teuton descent and living in San Francisco, but who at the time was visiting at my house, asked me to procure for him a volume on architecture, that being his profession.

"Now, that young man, like myself, was an amateur antiquarian and collector of all sorts of bric-à-brac. So when in Bremen, in one of those narrow, circuitous streets that cluster around the magnificent railway station of the old Hansa town, I ran across, in a decrepit book store, an old rendering into German of Vitruvius, the ancient writer on architecture, I saw my opportunity and bought the book for the comparatively modest sum of fifteen marks.

"The book had been printed in Amsterdam in 1786, and was 'set up' in the old, blinding Gothic type, and ornamented with those queer but effective illustrations of a century ago. It was dedicated 'by your most humble slave,' the author, to 'His gracious Majesty, the generous patron of art, and ardent lover of the muse, etc., etc., Frederick William II., King of Prussia.'

"The architect, as I expected, was delighted with it. He wrote me a letter full of expressions of gratitude. For some time after this I did not hear from him, and in the stress of business affairs both he and his prized volume passed from my memory. But about six months later I received a telegram from his relatives saying that John—that was his first name—had mysteriously disappeared from San Francisco. The despatch added that business reverses had come upon him, and a fear was expressed that he had become insane. I wrote

my condolences to his family. A reply said that although the best detectives on the coast had been put on the case, and thousands of dollars spent in the effort to locate the unfortunate young man, every trace of him had been lost, until at last hope of ever finding him again had been abandoned.

"About five years later I happened to be in New Orleans, and walking down Phillippa street I strolled into an old bookshop there kept by a Confederate veteran.

"In an absent-minded way I opened one of the first volumes that came within my reach, and to my astonishment it proved to be the very book I had bought in Bremen just seven years before. Indeed, at first I discredited my own eyes; yet there was not an iota of doubt. Even the inscription in my own handwriting was there. The bookseller noticed my agitation, and asked me its cause. I then told him the story connected with the volume. When I had finished he grasped my hand, saying:

"Why, that's the very man who about four years ago strolled into this place and sold me the volume. He told me he was from California, that the book was a present from a dear friend, and that only his precarious financial condition had induced him to sell it. He finally asked me to keep it for him, saying that in about five weeks he would have money. A day or so later, however, I read in the *Times-Democrat* a story about a man picked up in the French quarter apparently in a state of intoxication. He was taken to the police station, where it was later ascertained that he was not drunk at all, but suffering from acute mania. He was placed in an asylum, where I visited him, and my apprehension was confirmed. It was the man who had sold me this book.

"I tried to get some information as to his antecedents and family, but in vain. He was hopelessly deranged, and a week or so later he died. Since then I have kept the book.'

"I listened to this story with considerable emotion and then offered to buy the volume, but the bookseller handed it to me, declaring that under no circumstances would he accept any money for it. My next trip was to the asylum authorities, who indicated my friend's grave in the Potter's Field. I then telegraphed to San Francisco for poor John's parents, who arrived a few days later, when my unhappy friend was decently buried. I kept the book, which had wandered so much around the world."—*The Commercial Advertiser*.

THE COSTLIEST SET OF BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

The highest price paid for a "First Folio" of Shakespeare is in round numbers \$11,000. Yet this is a mere bagatelle compared with the prices of the éditions de luxe of Paul de Kock's works, now being issued.

The price of one of these editions, limited to a single set, will be \$200,000; that of another, also limited to a single set, \$150,000. Of these amounts \$50,000 is payable on the signing of the subscription contracts. The principal edition consists of ten sets, and is sold at \$50,000 a set. It speaks eloquently of the wealth of the United States and the enthusiasm of its collectors, that already, within a short time of the putting out of sample sheets, seven subscriptions for the \$50,000 edition have been taken. The editions at \$200,000 and \$150,000 have not yet been offered, although negotiations as to the purchase of one are now pending.

These editions of De Kock will form the greatest achievement to date in the history of American bookmaking—in fact, of bookmaking anywhere. If there has been nothing approaching them in price, there has, on the other hand, been nothing approaching them in sumptuousness.

The most significant feature of the transaction is that there is an American firm able to turn out ten sets of books so magnificent as to make \$50,000 no more than a fair measure of their value, and that there are so many book-lovers willing to pay that price.

But the volumes will have more than the value of their material outfit, rich as this will be. An æsthetic worth also attaches to them. The publishers had a special reason for selecting De Kock. No satisfactory or complete English translation of this popular French author's work has appeared.

De Kock practically kept France laughing for over fifty years, and is considered the Smollett of France as well as the Dickens. This edition will contain all of his novels, dramas, tales, vaudevilles, together with his biography and literary reminiscences. His vaudevilles were the popular songs of France, and were theatrical satires upon the prominent people and events of the times of which he wrote; and the pen pictures that he drew around his characters, from the first chapter to the last, simply were delicious. It is estimated that between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 volumes of the works of De Kock have been sold throughout the world. De Kock's novel, "The Barber of Paris," was translated into sixty differ-

ent languages, and it is safe to say that several million copies of this book have been published and sold.

M. Jules Claretie, for many years director of the Comédie Française, will write a complete preface and introduction.

Epoch-making these editions surely are, and in many ways. For instance, the work is to be printed on parchment—not "parchment," the imitation kind, but genuine parchment. For this is the first time that a publisher has attempted to make an edition of any author on genuine parchment for over 300 years. It will take 40,000 sheets of parchment, which costs sixty cents a sheet, for the \$50,000 edition alone. At the present time there is not parchment enough in the world to complete this work. When the publishers made their contract with the parchment people it was stipulated that the latter would not be required to complete their contract within a period of twenty-four months.

Parchment is one of the most difficult materials to work upon, owing to the fact that it contains so much oil. Heretofore printers have objected to working on parchment owing to the great difficulty of the ordinary ink retaining its color, as they have found from experience that the oil in the parchment would eat the life from the inks. All this, however, has been remedied as the result of two years of experiment, and an ink and process have been secured that make the task a feasible one. The books will be printed entirely on hand presses built in 1630, and substantially like the press upon which Franklin worked in London. This presswork will be done by Scotchmen, who are expert in printing on parchment. The process is a slow one; so slow, in fact, that only twenty volumes a month can be turned out. In other words, only two pages at a time on one side, or about seventy-five impressions per hour, will be printed, whereas it is usual nowadays to print sixteen pages at a time and get a thousand impressions an hour, or 160,000 pages a day. The type is made expressly for this work, and is known as the twelve-point old style Caslon, the type made famous by its maker, William Caslon, in 1720.

Another respect in which these De Kock editions will be epoch-making is that they will mark a revival of the ancient art of illumination. The progress in the rapidity of printing and the constant increase as years went by of the typographical multiplication of books

proved fatal to this art. Some of the early productions of the press, to be sure, had blank spaces left for initial letters and miniatures, which were painted in by hand, but these were soon replaced by printed designs intended to be gilded and colored.

There is a decided distinction between the word *illumine* and the word *illuminate*. To *illumine* is to embellish with colors the already printed letters; to *illuminate* is to entirely produce the initial letter in all its various colors by hand. It is this supreme well-nigh forgotten art which the publishers of the De Kock editions will revive, and in a manner worthy of its ancient traditions.

This is one reason why, at the cost and trouble already referred to, genuine parchment has been chosen for the printed and illuminated page. The publishers concluded that in order to produce a modern set of books similar to the ancient illuminated manuscripts, it would be absolutely necessary to use genuine parchment. There is a charm about the color and texture of well-prepared parchment no paper can be made to possess, and, again, it is to be desired for its extraordinary toughness and durability. Of course, it is easier to do this illuminating work upon paper, and it takes the highest dexterity and skill for the illuminator to produce proper effects upon parchment.

From the work already produced by the De Kock illuminators it can readily be seen what they have borne in mind. In the first place, they have fixed the scale of their illuminative and decorative work in relation to the size of the page. Then, again, where a historical style has been adopted for a particular period or a particular incident of the story, the work shows a clear and sympathetic appreciation of harmony.

The illuminations are from original designs by Sinclair Patterson, Ella Grace Brown, and Henri Padeloup of Holland, who have received the highest awards for this class of work, both here and abroad.

Each initial letter and head and tail piece is appropriate to its chapter; that is, the artists read the manuscripts and then make their drawings in keeping or in harmony with the style of the chapter, even carrying the details so far as to use the colors which predominated at the particular period of the writing. In many cases, designs to be found in the missals and used for decorative effect centuries ago, are used, the gold leaf being laid on the parchment, after which the artists design their drawings over the gold.

In other cases gold, silver, and bronze colors are worked in, in order to harmonize the colors and to secure the best effects. Many of these initial letters are large, making a complete circle of the entire text-page, or border line over the margins.

There will be about 1,200 initial letters and 2,400 head and tail pieces, and no two throughout the entire edition will be alike. Each one is made from an original design sketched before the artists put their work on the parchment. There will be in the neighborhood of thirty artists employed in completing the work of illuminating under the direction of the illuminators mentioned above.

In the editions that will sell for \$200,000 and \$150,000 the entire border of each page will be illuminated, making about 32,000 pages, which will be entirely illuminated, from original designs; and this work will be done by artists in various parts of the world, including Russia, Germany, England, and France, no two pages being alike.

The cost of copyrighting the initial letters, head and tail pieces, and illustrations will be about \$5,000. Heretofore it has been the custom of publishers to copyright the volume entire, which would cost \$1. But in the manner indicated purchasers will be protected from all dangers of the contents of their volumes being reproduced.

The \$50,000 edition will contain 100 etchings made from original drawings expressly for the work, 300 full-page genuine water-colors done by the artists direct on the parchment, and each being an original conception or drawing and signed by the artist; 250 original marginal drawings in water-color signed by the artists; besides 160 pen and ink drawings, and many hundreds of character drawings and hand-painted marginal miniatures.

In the case of the illustrations there are positively no duplicates, each and every one being an original painting. The owner of a set of the books will own each original drawing, just as if he had it framed in his home, excepting that it is in a book form. This is an undertaking such as has never before been considered by a publisher.

Among the artists who will be represented are A. B. Wenzell, Jacques Reich, Sidney L. Smith, William Glackens, Frederick Dielman, F. V. Dumond, Walter Russell, A. I. Keller, A. de Ford Pitney, Orson Lowell, W. M. Crocker, W. Boyd Smith, W. H. Dunton.

These illustrations will represent the work of seventy-five artists, many of international reputation. The cost of original water-colors for

these several editions will exceed \$200,000. By ordinary production processes it is possible to print a large number of illustrations in a day—from 500 to 1,000—but for the De Kock editions it will be a month's work of some celebrated artist to paint a single picture, each one costing several hundred dollars, and to become the special property of each subscriber, and forming in their entirety a veritable gallery of modern-day paintings made by artists of renown.

The binding will be full genuine French Levant morocco.

In the publishers' opinion no skin for fine binding is equal to that of the goat. Webster says morocco is chiefly from the goat, though a cheaper kind is made from sheep. This definition is misleading. Morocco is goatskin, and goatskin only. Sheepskin, according to the understanding of experts, is used for imitation.

Levant morocco is the skin of the monarch breed of goat, the skin de luxe for book-binding, and in every case these publishers and binders have found it superior to all other skins in strength and grain, and the beauty of finish which its surface is capable of taking. The original breed of this goat was confined to the Levant, but the great demand extended its geographical limit southward to the Cape, from which district most of the Levant morocco is now obtained.

The ordinary Turkey morocco, so called from the pebble grain which it takes, and to distinguish it from the smooth and straight grained morocco, although it has many qualities for durability, and in some measure is a fine binding, is far inferior to the genuine French Levant in strength, grain, and flexibility of finish.

Never in the history of bookmaking has such a colossal order for Levant been given as by the publishers of the De Kock translation. Levant of the highest grade advanced thirty-five per cent. in the French market when the publishers placed their order. The war in South Africa greatly affected the supply. At the commencement of the Boer war the goats were driven by their owners far into the interior of the mountains.

For the three editions of De Kock an order amounting to \$65,000 was placed with the leading New York importer of this leather. As there is not on hand enough in the world to complete this order, the time in which to make full delivery is twenty-four months.

Each volume will have an outside flexible Levant cover, made after the style of the Ox-

ford Bible cover, tooled on the back the same as the book itself, and intended as a further protection to the volume. In the bookcase this cover will look like the book itself.

A First Edition.

By Clinton Scollard.

A most exclusive clan are we,
Proud of our peerless pedigree;
Will Caxton fathered us, a man
Shaped somewhat on the clerkly plan,
But one of whom we're fond withal,
Industrious and not prodigal.
Now comely, now unkempt, we show—
Octavo, duodecimo!
But whether dimmed or bright our page,
We glow to know our lineage.
Black-lettered first, clear-lettered last—
The present, or the golden past—
We stand content our fame upon
From fly-leaf through to colophon.

As among all patricians, fine
And fair ensamples of our line
Arouse our self-complacency;
Viz., Caxton's priceless Malory;
A Tyndale Bible (choicer none!);
A Shakespeare in full folio done;
A song that tells of paradise
Which Milton saw with darkened eyes;
And that rare "find" of later vein,
The little *liber* Tamerlane!

And now a word of warning, ye
Who seek our constant company!
Unless your purses, plethoric, hold
The round and clearly-minted gold,
Abjure us, shun us, lest the night
Creep on ye, and pale candle-light
Find ye by us uncomfited,
And slipping supperless to bed!

'Gene Field on the Road.

"Twenty-five years ago a comedy trio left Denver, which had some rather unusual experiences. Eugene Field, Otto Rothaker and myself were the three performers," said Howard Saxby, of Cincinnati, at the Raleigh Hotel a few days ago. "We decided that there was money in the show business and started out to demonstrate to the world our great ability as entertainers. We were all three employed on the Denver *Republican*, but we decided that newspaper life was too monotonous, interested a partner who sold a horse to get money enough to put us on the road, and started for Colorado Springs, where we were to play our first engagement.

"Field and I were to read humorous selections of our own composition, and Rothaker was to give some of Tennyson's poems that there might be variety in the entertainment.

Our success in Colorado Springs was remarkable. We had 427 people in the audience, and everything went off smoothly. All of our stunts were very polite, and it was necessary for each of us to wear a dress suit. We had only one dress coat, and consequently it was impossible for us to do any reading in concert. As soon as a performer dashed off the stage he skinned off that stock coat, and the man who was to do the next number slipped into it. Unfortunately, all of us were not of the same size. Field and I were larger than Rothaker, and the coat was as much too small for us as it was too large for Rothaker.

"We liked Colorado Springs so well that we came pretty near not getting to Pueblo, our next stop. Our first success wasn't repeated in Pueblo. Seventeen people came out to hear us, and it was the most exacting audience I ever saw. It was painfully candid, and had no hesitation about expressing its opinion in plain, unvarnished Colorado English.

"Field had just begun his Primer at that time. When nothing but jeers greeted our other numbers, Field decided that he would try some of the Primer on the audience. He stepped on the stage with great assurance at the conclusion of a reading by Rothaker, which brought out more catcalls than I ever imagined seventeen men could make. After asking for order, Field began to read from the Primer. It wasn't a Field crowd, and the Primer was received much after the fashion one of Effie Cherry's compositions is received to-day.

"Well, we left Pueblo, pretty badly discouraged. Our next stop was to be in New Mexico. By pawning Field's coat and Rothaker's umbrella, we raised money enough to buy tickets most of the way, and we walked the remainder of the distance. Another Pueblo reception greeted us, and we found ourselves stranded. We had nothing to pawn but the dress coat, and there wasn't much demand for evening clothes in New Mexico at that time. An old man, who had a room at the hotel, adjoining mine, committed suicide during the night. When the Coroner came to hold an inquest, we three were the first applicants for places on the jury, and the fee we received enabled us to get back into Colorado."

Longfellow's Highest-Priced Poems.

The two largest sums ever paid to Longfellow for single poems were \$3,000 for "The Hanging of the Crane," which amount he received from Robert Bonner in 1874, and \$1,000 for the poem "Keramos," which he received from

Harper & Brothers in 1877 for its publication in *Harper's Magazine*. The following is the letter written to Longfellow by Henry Mills Alden, editor of the *Magazine*:

"August 3, 1877.

"DEAR SIR—I have this morning received your poem 'Keramos,' which more than meets my expectations, large as they were.

"In payment I send enclosed Messrs. Harper & Brothers' check for One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000).

"In regard to illustrations, any attempt to embellish the poem in the ordinary way would result in a complete failure. Possibly each page might have an illustrated border—severe as a frieze in its limitations as to form—indulging, however, in some freedom at the top and bottom of the page and perhaps at the middle point on each side: the suggestion in the border to harmonize with the text. But even this will not be done unless a marked success can be achieved.

"It is understood that we are to publish the poem in our December number and that you are not to publish it in book form until two months after the publication in our magazine.

"With thanks, yours sincerely,

"(Sgd.) H. M. ALDEN,

"Ed. *Harper's Magazine*.

"PROF. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Poetry.

By Carmen Sylva.

Like waves of the ocean, like wings of the swallow,
Doth Poetry sweep through the times and through
space,

Her heart is a ground-swell, her rhythm, pulsation,
Keep time with the stars and the sun in their race.

She carries like nutshells the ships o'er her billows,
Upheaving their keel and o'erflowing their mast,
Her depths are the tears and the sorrows of nations,
She fills wandering sails with a sob and a blast.

She rises in anger to froth and to thunder,
She smiles like a child and she dreams like a saint;
Her garment is starlit, a moonray, or sable,
A sunshiny glitter, ne'er lifeless or faint.

She curses and blesses and sings as the winds harp,
And threatens with voice and with withering frown;
She carries you lightly; she nurses her children
Asleep o'er the abyss where warriors go down.

The bride of great Heaven, she struggles to reach
him;

She calls to the storm to uplift her on high;
Despair is her strength, and her wail is a war whoop;
She beckons the clouds to bring nearer the sky.

No desert can scorch her, no gale ever drown her,
No ruins will crush her, in death she will thrive,
She'll watch desolation, and hover o'er terrors,
With wings of the ocean, forever alive!

—Independent.

Publicity: As An Enemy and As A Pleasure.

Our day is remarkable for the wide diffusion of instruction, and equally remarkable for the decline of true culture as it is defined by the dictionary—"the training, disciplining and refining of the moral and intellectual nature of man."

To the ignorant and uneducated the reading of books seems the one great road to knowledge and refinement, and many who include themselves among the educated and well-informed base their claim upon the amount of printed matter over which their eyes travel during a large proportion of their waking hours. The great aim and purpose of our educators is to make everything easy for the learners. All the work is done for them from kindergarten days to the boiling down, editing, rewriting, etc., of the classics.

And in America, at least, everything is furnished with such lavishness and extravagance that the untrained, undisciplined mind flies from one thought to another without any time to know their average relation or importance. And the mind gets accustomed to this rapid, superficial work, and immediately tires when it must apply itself to one thought for any length of time.

Everybody is wide awake and everybody wants to know all everybody else knows, and very soon wants to have everybody else know all that has been acquired.

One great trouble is that very soon the half-taught turn round and pronounce themselves teachers.

There is a great unrest in the world. What is it leading to? One thing after another is taken up, talked about, written about, read about and dropped. And all with the same energy and with the same interest, whether it be golf, the bicycle, ping-pong, the latest much-advertised novel or the newest "fad" in physical culture, mental healing, universal language, et cetera, *ad libitum*.

Individuality is almost extinct in our "cultured" circles. One person's opinions are just like another person's opinions, and are held chiefly because they are the opinions of another person now on the flood-tide of publicity.

And this superficiality is strongly reflected in our books. How many of the thousands published each year really stand out and last after the publishers and so-called critics have ceased to give them publicity? Where are the novels all the world was reading twelve months ago? What are those who read them reading

now? We strongly advocate good novels and do not by any means think that all reading should be study. What we want to encourage is the reading of books that reach the individual needs of the reader, books from which will really come the true refinement and wide culture that lead to modesty, quiet and usefulness.

Our authors just now are really more sinned against than sinning. It is almost a pity to have a bright, talented writer bring out a successful book. The first thing demanded is another one. If the book was a good historical novel we must have another, and while it is being made ready for us we must turn publicity upon the author, must see his house, his writing table, his clothes, his favorite breakfast, his pet cat, and finally all the manuscripts he once knew were not good enough for publicity, but now brings out in print to catch the public before he has become one of the forgotten "fads" of a given year. Do true refinement and culture pry around and display curiosity concerning the private affairs of others?

After many conversations, especially with young girls, we are convinced the present condition of affairs rests chiefly upon the mistaken idea most conscientiously held that it is really necessary to know the last new book in order to take rank among the cultured. Some of these girls were totally unfitted to understand several of the books that everybody read last year, but they thought they had read them because they had turned the pages to the end.

In many cases it would be good if a prohibitive price still kept the newest fiction from the general reader. But here the library steps in and offers for nothing to the non-taxpaying girl what would otherwise be outside her reach, and also more and more impresses on her that she must read and read and read. True, the libraries do excellent work in directing those who take books just as they take any other kind of amusement and excitement.

Readers should take time to think on what subjects they need information, and should then seek it intelligently and restfully. They should be "individuals" in reading and in all else!—*The Literary News*.

THE PLEASURES OF PUBLICITY

We live in and on publicity. Where our fathers repelled the society journalist from their doors and horsewhipped him if they caught him at his tricks, we encourage him to the top of his bent. Only twenty years ago I have known a man blackballed at a club because he was suspected of having written for a so-

ciety journal, and a guest who published the names of his fellow-guests at a dinner-party was never again permitted to cross the violated threshold. But now the smartest people take the society journalist to their bosoms. He dines with them in London and stays with them in the country. He is invited to inspect the bedrooms and examine the plate and scrutinize the family jewels. He is encouraged to write descriptive "pars" about his host's chest measurement and the shape of his hostess's mouth, the principles on which they educate their children, and the system of diet by which they keep in check their hereditary gout. The interviewer is abroad in the land, and to him people of the highest cultivation disclose their private beliefs in religion and politics and literature. They supply lists of "Hymns That Have Helped Me" and "Prayers That Have Pushed Me"; they enumerate their "Hundred Favorite Books"; they resuscitate the memories of the nursery and the private school; they describe their illnesses, their medicines and their recoveries; they narrate their spiritual experiences, and tell how the smoking flax of their faith was almost quenched by "Robert Elsmere" and requickened into flame by "Lux Mundi." Reticence has fled to Jupiter or Saturn, and, as all speech is unguarded, so all life is public. It begins with an early ride in Rotten Row, and goes on with a constitutional walk in Piccadilly or Bond street. In the afternoon there is the grand parade of driving, shopping, and lounging, all in the full gaze of the public eye. All the places of amusement within reach of London are thronged, and everybody eyes everybody else with the most unembarrassed scrutiny. By dinner-time the restaurants are crowded with people who a few years ago would no more have dined in public than they would have bathed in the Serpentine. Beautiful women, returning unescorted from race-meetings, eat their chops in the public dining-car and drink their brandy-and-soda amid a hilarious crowd of "sporting gents." At the opera and the play people struggle for the most conspicuous seats, and feel that they have failed if they have not contrived to concentrate public attention upon themselves.

Or suppose that we are dealing with people who are not mere pleasure-seekers. We shall soon find that the instincts of patriotism, philanthropy, and even religion, are by no means incompatible with the love of publicity. A Judge's wife perched on the bench and prodding her learned lord with a fan when he nods is a highly unedifying spectacle, and she is

happily matched with the candidate's wife who enlivens the election by singing:

"We'll put the Tory host to rout,
And shove old Trueblue up the spout."

The lady who moves resolutions at political meetings, the lady who conducts "Gospel Temperance Missions," and the lady who lectures on the rights and wrongs of her sex, all depart conspicuously from the restraint of old days. Works of mercy, which formerly were performed with the most modest secrecy, are now advertised through every available medium. "Lady Fitz-Battleaxe, whose devotion to female felons is well known, has recently given a tea-party to twelve selected inhabitants of Aylesbury prison." "Lady Kew is engaged in some highly interesting researches on heredity in pauper lunatic asylums, and proposes to develop the results in a course of lectures at the Royal Institution." "Lady Emily Sheepshanks has been invited by the Scottish Temperance Association to give a series of addresses in the northern capital, and leaves London for Edinburgh on Monday night."

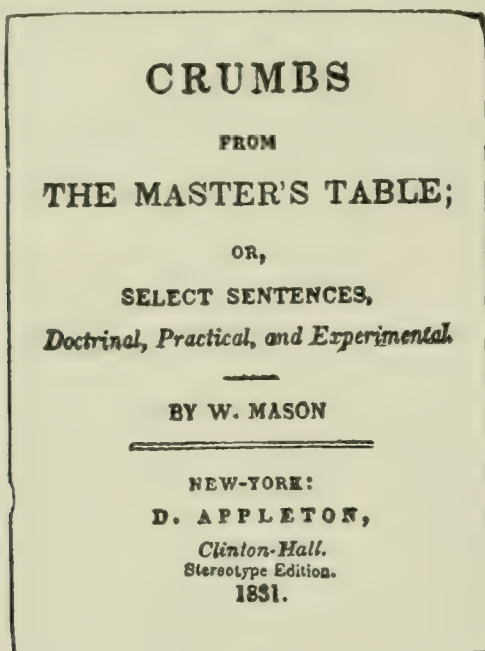
According to modern standards, to be famous is the chief joy of human life, and even to be notorious is preferable to being unknown.—From "An Onlooker's Note-Book."

Daniel Appleton's First Book.

The accompanying facsimile of the title-page of "Crumbs from the Master's Table" will be interesting, because this is the book with which the founder of the house began business as a publisher in 1831. How many copies were disposed of is no longer matter of record, but it is known that at least two editions were printed in the first year. It was also a sufficiently important enterprise to make stereotype plates. Very few copies of the little book are known to be in existence—not more than six. The copy of which the title-page is here shown is a perfect one, and has been bound in crushed blue levant by William Matthews, the book being provided also with a hinged morocco case.

Mr. Derby, in his "Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers," relates how, many years ago, when a copy of this book was wanted by the firm a paragraph was published as an advertisement stating that they would give in exchange the largest book published by the house. An old lady in Maryland saw the advertisement, and received for it a volume twenty times the size of "Crumbs." The next book published by Mr. Appleton was a volume similar in size to "Crumbs," and called "Gospel Seeds." In the following year he brought

out "Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence" and "Thoughts in Affliction," the latter having a page about twice the size of that of "Crumbs." "Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence" appeared in the year when the Asiatic cholera spread terror throughout the whole country. It had an enormous sale, being often mistaken for a treatise on the cholera.



To Stephen Phillips.

(After Reading "Ulysses.")

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou hast beheld the subtle beckoning foam
Round siren forelands, and hast bent the ear
To fateful music of the sea-caves drear
Where arch-enchancement hath its feudal home.
And thou caduceus-led hast dared to roam
Far from the glimpses of the sunlit sphere,—
Ay, thou has mingled with the shades austere
Of mortal frames long crumbled in the loam!

Or, if thou hast not seen and heard these things,
Then must it be, on some Ægean shore,
Great Homer's best-loved acolyte wast thou;
And, while he sang, and touched the trembling strings,
Didst guide his steps from charmed door to door,
And make thine own the song that binds us now!

—*The Critic.*

Where William Black's Sense of Humor Was Tickled.

He had a favorite story which he used as an illustration of the matter-of-fact realism that distinguishes many of his fellow countrymen. Somebody was telling a Scotsman a marvelous tale which he had just been reading. A certain Eastern potentate, having taken offence at the doings of his Grand Vizier, had ordered him to be put to death. The victim knew that he must die, but wished to die as comfortably as possible. He was aware that his master's chief executioner was proficient in the

art of dispatching his fellow creatures, and could send them out of the world not only with incredible swiftness, but with no appreciable suffering. Accordingly he sent for the executioner, and offered him a very large sum of money on condition that he put him to death without pain. The official promised to do his best, and the Grand Vizier went to his doom in a frame of pious resignation. Kneeling down to receive the fatal blow, he was conscious that the sword of the executioner was whirled about his head, but he felt nothing. Opening his eyes, he reproached the man, saying: "How is this? You undertook for a large sum of money to put me to death instantaneously and without pain, yet you are only playing with me and prolonging my misery. Do thy work quickly!" Thereupon the executioner stepped up to the condemned man and offered him a pinch of snuff. The Vizier took the pinch of snuff and sneezed, and his head forthwith tumbled from his shoulders. This is the story which, according to Black, was told to a fellow countryman of his. The latter, having heard it, uttered an interrogative "Well?" "Well!" repeated his interlocutor. "What do you mean?" "I am waiting for the finish of the story," said the Scot. "But you've got the finish," said the other. "Don't you see that the executioner was so clever that he cut the fellow's neck in two without letting him feel it?" "Ou aye, I kent that weel eneugh, but that's not the point. What I want to know is, did the executioner get his money?" And this, according to Black, was a typical example of the point of view of a certain class of his countrymen.

A Book of Verses.

By Theodosia Garrison.

Only a little book of little rhymes,
Yet, when I read, there sudden seemed to ring
Soft to my ears the distant caroling
And happy notes of silver-hearted chimes
That pealed in some Arcadian morning tide,
When like a rose on roses came the bride.

I know one morning, when the world was young
And spring was like a maiden garbed in green
Some Amaryllis turned to look and lean
When melodies like these her shepherd sung,
So clear, so delicate that scarce a bird
Could shrill an answer to the notes he heard.

I think the great god Pan one day in mirth
Piped him a song, too fine and exquisite
For weight of years to crush and quiet it;
Too sweet to vanish wholly from the earth
It loitered long in alien ways apart
To spring at last in this new singer's heart.
—*Smart Set.*

HUSTLE.

Thus does the London *Academy* discourse:

"Four Cooling Novels" is the heading of a New York publisher's advertisement page in a literary journal. We figure that New York is stuck on coolness, and the publishers are planning to meet up with the thermometer. Turning from journal to journal—in an hour when happier men are starting for Dartmoor or the Dolomites—we find a long display of "Summer Fiction," "Books for Summer Reading," "The Summer All Time," and "Good Books for Warm Weather." It is by a very easy transition that we pass from cooling novels like "The Spenders," "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," and "Jezebel" to cooling novelties offered by Wanamaker: men's outing clothes which attain "the top notch of coolness," and women's shirt-waists of which it is written: "A girl's bureau-drawer has always room for one more shirt-waist, just as an open car has for another passenger. And the girl's mother wouldn't be blamable, if she applied a rush-hour test to the capacity of the bureau, when pretty, cool, fresh summer waists bear such vastly shortened prices as to-day's offerings do." However, the cooling quality of a novel is not so easily estimated, and one firm, that would consider itself blamable to join in the fiction-fizz snap, takes the public by the button-hole in this fashion: "Did you ever reflect that the best winter fiction is just as good in summer? Take the work of an author like Mr. Howells. His new novel, 'The Kentons,' was not written especially for summer. But for summer reading it is one of the wittiest, most entertaining novels possible to find. . . . So with Mr. Bangs's new 'Olympian Nights.' It would be just as entertaining and funny in winter simply because it is really funny—the humorous adventures of a mortal among the modern, up-to-date gods of Olympus. Since the 'House-Boat' Mr. Bangs has done nothing better. . . . Readers have already shown that Hamlin Garland's 'Captain of the Gray Horse Troop' is not a summer novel. They bought it before summer began. They are still calling for it. It is a novel for all the time." As a rule it does not pay to argue with the public: what it likes is pat statements. The sale of "The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred" will probably rise with the mercury on the strength of the fact that "Blakely Hall says of it: 'I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but you are turning out wonderful, accurate and convincing character studies in the Mildred's Mother articles. They are as refreshing

and invigorating as showers on the hottest July day."

All this is but a small cross-section of that wonderful literary hurly-burly which alarms us week by week in American journals. The effect is cumulative and therefore difficult to convey, but the Eureka-shouts of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, *Syracuse Herald*, *Philadelphia Item*, *Boston Transcript*, and innumerable other papers, to say nothing of the confident proclamations of publishers, and special communications to authors by critics with kaleidoscopic names, are beginning to shake even American nerves and produce talk of reaction. "There are strong indications," says one sober organ, "that reaction from this mercantile excess, this flamboyant advertisement of wares of the brain and fancy, must come as a relief to the judicial and scholarly reader." It is amusing, too, to note that these feelings are sufficiently notorious to draw, even from the frenetic scribblers who have awakened them, disingenuous acknowledgments of their existence. Among "Four Absorbing Novels" we find one that is "a restful oasis in the waste of trumpery which so largely characterizes the output of literary fiction in recent years." The waste of trumpery is indeed evident, but over it the breezes of critical trumpery blow without ceasing, or they are broken only by assumptions of superiority not so impressive as amusing. Thus the *American and Journal Saturday Review* turns momentarily from its "Plots of the Latest Novels" and its "Glimpses of the Literary Shop" to celebrate the Wisdom and Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, which it does by headlines twelve inches in length, and on cause shown:—

In these days, when a silly novel, devoid of all true literary merit and thought, reaches phenomenal sales, it is extremely gratifying to record the triumph of a book of real worth. Herbert Spencer's "Facts and Comments," wherein the great philosopher sums up the principles that he has been expounding for half a century, has reached its fifth edition in a month. The *American and Journal Saturday Review* reviewed the book some time ago, and herewith prints some further extracts from its pages.

But the *Journal* will soon return to its—cooling novels and the "rush-hour test."

Not the least amusing thing about American book reviews and advertisements is a certain naive gravity, maintained on the edge of precipitous absurdity. Take the following:—

Oriental sumptuousness and splendor of description mark Mr. John W. Harding's biblical

romance of war and politics under King Hezekiah and the great Sennacherib. The prophet Isaiah is one of the leading figures, and a singer called Naphtali the hero of a highly imaginative and effective bit of gorgeousness. "The Gate of the Kiss" (Lothrop) is the title, its application not becoming apparent until the crowning tragedy comes at the end of the book. The narrative is uniformly vivid and picturesque, and the story not improbable in spite of its distance in both time and place. Mr. Harding shows signs of familiarity with the higher criticism, and has utilized sidelights from recently discovered secular history to eke out the scriptural narrative.

And this:—

One of the woman writers of to-day who is doing excellent work is Miss Grace Denio Litchfield. Miss Litchfield is a New York woman by birth. Much of her early life was spent in repeated trips abroad. At one time she remained for six consecutive years in Europe, and since her return has made her home in Washington. She was in the great earthquake on the Riviera in 1887, when the wall of her room fell on her bed, miraculously leaving her uninjured. In consequence, her account of the earthquake in "In the Crucible" was written from actual experience.

And this of a novel called "The Mississippi Bubble":—

The chief person is, of course, that intense figure of adventure and finance, John Law, of Lauriston, the man who drove half the old world crazy by the inflation of the new, and who, the bubble pricked, as lavishly returned half France to France and dropped from her sight forever, her curses ringing after him. Around this man's compelling comet of a life Mr. Hough has constructed a romance that runs like a smooth road over great mountains and into deep valleys, a road that glitters with the gems of cleverness and brilliancy.

Yet the piping far exceeds the dancing, and we are told that the period during which a popular American novel enjoys favor is "growing shorter all the time." We can believe it.

Now all this is the noise of a mighty nation turning the leaves of knowledge in the flush of youth. It is by following the columns of literary notes and queries in the American papers and magazines that one obtains something like a vision of these millions of readers who through all crudities and ignorance are trying to forge their way up the slopes of culture. As they stand, many of their questions and communications are revelations of intellectual innocence, and yet they are suggestive of a multitudinous striving of which the world will know more tomorrow. These be the firstlings of our scissors:

"A SUBSCRIBER," West One Hundred and Eleventh Street, New York City: "Is Sir John

Lubbock's list of the best 100 books to be had now?"

"S. E. SMITH," Oyster Bay, N. Y.: "If you can, kindly print the poem, 'Aux Italiens,' by 'Owen Meredith.'"

"GRACE DILLON," 5 Kenwood Road, Boston: "Kindly tell me something about Lavinia Walsh, author of 'When the Dead Walk.' Is this her first novel?"

"J. M. W.," 372 West One Hundred and Twentieth Street, New York City: "In vain have I sought the authorship of these lines:

"'Hope, the sweet bird, while that the air doth fill,
Let earth be ice—the soul hath summer still.'"

"X.," Grindstone, N. Y.: "Be good enough to inform me who wrote these lines:

"'Those who by due steps aspire
To lay their hands upon that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.'"

"(3) I have seen somewhere a record or description of the longest sentence in the English language. Can you or any reader direct me to it?"

"W. L. C.," Irvington, N. Y.: "Where can I find a passage enumerating several great men who delighted, when alone, in playing comical antics which would have been termed by the conventional masses childish, silly, or insane? One of these men, a Cardinal, I think, said to his fellow-gambolers, when he saw a dignified friend approaching the mansion: 'We fools must stop now; the wise men are coming,' or 'We must be wise now, the fools are coming'."

["217"] "DEAR SIR ORACLE: Was Omar Khayyam the author of this quatrain?

"'Ha! see where the wild-blazing grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness roll,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible light-house of hell!'"

"HENRY E. LEGLER," office of Milwaukee Board of School Directors, Milwaukee, Wis.: "I am gathering data for a monograph on contemporary parodies of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' I shall appreciate the receipt of any information on this subject."

"A GRATEFUL READER": "Please allow me to thank all who so kindly responded to my request for the names of such books as they had found most helpful to the 'higher or spiritual life.' Miss (or Mrs.) Tiliston's last compilation, 'Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Way,' is excellent, and nothing more fresh and helpful can be found than Dr. Babcock's 'Thoughts for Everyday Living,' so wisely recommended by Miss MacIntosh. The pleasure and profit of the other 'Books of Refuge' suggested are yet in anticipation."

It is hustle and crudity all round, but a generation will arise which will discuss larger questions than "Does the type-writer affect literary style?" and read better books than those on which the Niagara of eulogy now pours tumultuous.—*The Academy*.

The following happy rejoinder to the above is from the *New York Times*:

The *Academy* is much concerned about American book reviewing, and incidentally about American novels. Its concern has been aroused by reading the reviews of our lively neighbor *The Journal*. Its chief objection to the proceedings of our neighbor appears to be that the editor of its literary department saw fit to group four novels under one head and designate them as "Four Cooling Novels." The *Academy*, with that gravity which always attacks a true Briton in the presence of American flippancy, proceeds to show that Mr. Howells's "The Kentons" and Mr. Bangs's "Olympian Nights," would be just as interesting and amusing in winter as they are in summer. Doubtless this fact did not escape the literary editor of *The Journal*, but he, with that peculiar eagerness of the American journalist to print timely matter, undertook to show that now was the accepted time to read such books. Next winter he will have other fish to fry, and he knows that what he says to-day will be forgotten then. Meanwhile, we may be permitted to note that the *Academy* declares that "the piping far exceeds the dancing," which is a figurative way of saying that the praise of our reviews exceeds the value of our novels. The *Academy* confesses that it is told that "the period during which the American novel enjoys favor is 'growing shorter all the time.'" With all deference to such a distinguished authority, we do not see how anything can "grow shorter," but it occurs to us that if the novels referred to are going to be just as good reading in winter as *The Journal* says they are in summer, their favor will be for more than a season.

Words.

By Julie Closson Kenly.

Words are the glittering treasures of the tomb
 In which the ages lie. What ravishment
 Of mood and light and color and sweet scent
 Hides in the dusty lexicons, where bloom
 Star, sea, and sun names, all the glow and gloom
 Which eye has seen, and lips made eloquent—
 Beautiful words, serene or turbulent,
 The brilliant ravel from the poet's loom!
 What keener pleasure can a craftsman know
 Then sorting, gloating, till the symbols grow
 Incarnate to his mind, and cease to be
 Mere threads of ink, but live and laugh and grieve,
 Quickened by his own soul as when you see
 Dull drops flash prisms in a rainbow weave!
 —*Century Magazine*.

Sol Smith Russell

The late Sol Smith Russell married a daughter of William T. Adams, more familiarly known to the American public as "Oliver Optic." The author was very fond and very proud of his talented son-in-law. Eugene Field used to tell a story about this feeling on the part of Adams. As Field described it, a modest, quiet and benevolent-looking man was sitting one day in the rotunda of the

Palmer House, Chicago, when a stranger seated near him made the remark that he believed he would see Sol Smith Russell in the evening.

"Excuse me, sir," said the old gentleman to the stranger, "but that is a wise determination. Mr. Russell is the greatest comedian we have on the stage to-day. He possesses remarkable histrionic talents."

"So?" interrogated the stranger with a smile.

"He does indeed," replied the old gentleman warmly, "and what is more, I assure you that he is as clever personally as he is professionally. In fact, you would not take Mr. Russell for an actor, as he is entirely free from those habits that are not infrequently the result of the exciting life behind the footlights. He does not play cards and is exceedingly temperate in all things. You have seen him act, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," replied the stranger.

"May I ask where you saw him last?"

"In Milwaukee," said the stranger, "and he was sitting behind three of the biggest jacks ever laid down."

"I don't believe that I quite catch your meaning," murmured the old gentleman. "What was the play?"

"Three of a kind," was the laconic answer.

"It was a very good play, too."

"Comedy?" asked the old gentleman.

"It was tragedy," answered the stranger simply. "Sol raked in the pot."

"Horrors!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You don't mean to tell me that Sol was playing cards?"

"You catch my drift," replied the stranger, "but what has that to do with you, anyway?"

"Why, it has everything to do with me. Sol told me that he never played cards."

"Told you?" persisted the stranger. "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the old gentleman.

"Why, I'm W. T. Adams, Sol's father-in-law."

A Little Tale of Woe.

Oh, a funny little dickey-bird sat singing on a tree
 (Peep, peep—peep, peep),
 When along came a poet, and a sorry sight was he
 (Weep, weep—weep, weep),
 And he sang a verse he'd written,
 Telling how his heart was smitten
 (Deep, deep—deep, deep),
 And how *she* he loved the best
 Now beneath the sod did rest
 (Sleep, sleep—sleep, sleep);
 But the bird went right along
 With his funny little song
 (Cheep, cheep—cheap, cheap).
 —*Harvard Lampoon*.

RAREST OF AMERICANA.

The Library of Congress has received from Dr. Swan M. Burnett a complete set of the first edition of the plays and poems of William Shakespeare printed in America, a work which, with the Eliot Indian Bible, ranks as one of the *rarest and most valuable publications* in the whole range of Americana. For some time past the Library of Congress has been making an effort to complete a large and valuable collection of Shakespeareana. Last summer, while in Europe, Assistant Librarian Spofford purchased a large number of rare and valuable editions of Shakespeare that are now in the library, but the rarest and most valuable edition of all, the first American Shakespeare, he was unable to obtain until, finally, Dr. Burnett consented to part with his.

That the first American edition of Shakespeare, printed in Philadelphia, in 1795, by Bioren & Madden, is to-day the rarest of all editions of Shakespeare's works, and, next to the Eliot Bible, the most difficult to obtain of all early works published on the American continent, is a fact well understood and appreciated by book collectors. The scarcity of this work, according to Dr. Burnett, is due to two causes, viz.:

In the first place, what few printers and publishers there were in the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Augustine during the early days of European settlement on this continent did not begin publishing the classics until a comparatively late period. From the first settlement of America until quite a late period the few publishers on this side of the Atlantic were for the most part engaged in turning out works of a religious character, of which the Eliot Bible is an example. During that time, if any one wanted to read the Greek, Roman, or English classics they imported them direct from the mother country. The number of people with literary tastes was at that time rather small, whereas the demand for religious literature was very great; and the edition of Shakespeare printed and published by Bioren & Madden, in 1795, which was not only the first Shakespeare printed in America, but the first of the classics brought forth on this side of the Atlantic as well, was a very limited edition, and, in all likelihood, printed for a certain number of subscribers. Thus it was scarce from the outset, and is doubly so now after a lapse of 107 years.

COMPLETE SET RARE.

In the second place, the work was printed in eight volumes, 12mo., with leather binding,

which fact renders it all the more difficult to collect; for, in case an edition is found, it is liable to be lacking in one or more of the entire set of eight volumes. The work is to-day extremely rare, and the great library of Birmingham, England, which contains the finest and most complete collection of Shakespeareana in the world, is lacking in this, the first edition of the works of the great English poet printed in America. For several years past they have maintained standing advertisements in all the American book journals, catalogues, and bibliographic works, offering to pay a princely sum for the complete set of eight volumes, but thus far the Birmingham Library has failed to secure a set of this valuable work. Mr. J. T. Loomis, of Lowdermilk & Co., has for some time past endeavored to secure a set for the institution aforesaid, but has not succeeded.

The Boston Public Library is one of the few such places possessing a complete set of this rare work.

In speaking of the matter Dr. Burnett stated that it was just a little singular that the first editions of the classics published in America should have been printed in Philadelphia, which seems to have been a center of culture and refinement somewhat in advance of the rest of America in those early days. The celebrated "Dauphin Edition" of the works and poems of Horace, the first of the Greek and Latin classics published in America, was also printed in Philadelphia, in 1803, to say nothing of other first American editions of the classics that were published in the City of Brotherly Love at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In addition to the first American Shakespeare, Dr. Burnett also owns a copy of the "Dauphin" Horace, which is bound very curiously in buckskin. This book belonged to the doctor's grandfather and father in North Carolina, the latter having furnished the buckskin binding in place of the original of tree calf, which had fallen away through constant handling and use. This book, which was read in the Old North State by his father and grandfather, was a source of pleasure to the doctor during his younger days in the mountains of East Tennessee, and studied by his son during the latter's course in Harvard. Thus four generations have learned to read the Latin language from this one volume.

The manner in which he secured the set of the first Shakespeare published in America is indeed a romance of book collecting. It appears that along in 1895 the doctor happened

to be in Boston, and in the course of his sojourn in that city he dropped into Burnham's second-hand shop, just as he had always done every time he paid a visit to the Hub. Burnham was a man who attended every auction within a radius of fifty miles of his shop, purchasing incomplete editions of books, and sets of silverware and china, so that, as a result, it was possible for one to find a great many valuable things by simply picking over the odds and ends in his remarkable junk shop. Entering and looking about, Dr. Burnett was surprised and delighted to find seven of the eight volumes of the first Shakespeare printed in America.

Prior to that time, he had for nearly six years maintained a standing advertisement for this work in the old book catalogues of this country and Canada, but in all that time he had never received so much as a hint as to where he might find what he was seeking, and now that he had unexpectedly discovered all but one volume of the entire set of the work, he was the happiest man in Massachusetts. The third volume was missing from the set which the doctor obtained from Burnham at a very low price, and when he returned home he began advertising and making inquiries in the hope of securing the missing volume. Four years passed without response, when one day he heard that there were three or four odd volumes of the first American Shakespeare in an old book shop in Baltimore. Mr. Loomis happened to be going over to Baltimore the day following, and at the doctor's request called at the book shop in question, and, looking over the odd volumes, found and purchased for Dr. Burnett Volume III, which, by the greatest good fortune, happened to be among them.

Still the set was not complete. This third volume, obtained through Mr. Loomis in Baltimore, lacked the famous Chandos portrait of the Bard of Avon. Some less zealous collector might never have found this portrait, the frontispiece to the third volume and the work of Fields, one of the earliest of early American engravers, but, after a long search in art stores and places where engravings are bought and sold, he received one day a letter from a friend, who stated that at an auction held in Philadelphia, a Chandos portrait of Shakespeare had been sold to a certain New York art dealer of the name of Wright.

Dr. Burnett lost no time in taking the train for New York, and in making all haste to the establishment of this person, where he found the frontispiece to the third volume of the first American Shakespeare. In selling it to the doctor the dealer stated that he had been in

the business seventeen years, but that in all that period this was the first "Chandos Shakespeare" he had ever handled. He had then had it something less than a week.

Such in brief is the interesting story of the set of the first Shakespeare printed and published in America from type cast in America and from engravings that were the handiwork of American engravers. The doctor might have obtained an enormous price for the set by selling it to the great library of Birmingham, England. The course that he took in this matter was controlled by patriotic motives, and he turned the set over to the Congressional Library for a mere bagatelle. This step was actuated by the desire to see the greatest American library complete its collection of Shakespeareana by securing what was the most valuable of all, a set of the first Shakespeare published in America.

Apropos of his search, the doctor related the following remarkable incident in connection with the Bioren & Madden Shakespeare. "Some eight years ago," he said, "there turned up in a book store on Seventh Street a leather-bound, 12mo book, the title of which was the 'Poems of William Shakespeare,' printed 'by Bioren & Madden, Philadelphia, Pa., 1795.' The bookseller was somewhat puzzled over the matter, and, supposing that he had discovered something of great rarity and value, sent facsimile prints of the title-page to a number of Americanists, bibliophiles, and collectors in this country and Canada. For a time the work had us all puzzled, for we knew positively that in publishing the first American Shakespeare Bioren & Madden did not print the plays and poems separately. Finally, I discovered the true character of the work. In the regular set the poems of the Bard of Avon appear in the back of the eighth volume, the pagination (which was one of the most puzzling features of the book) being the same all the way through. Some one, who had owned the set of the first American Shakespeare, or perhaps, only the eighth volume, had torn out the plays, leaving the poems, which latter he had bound with a new title-page of his own planning. This was the work which had kept us guessing. It was genuine and good, what there was of it, but the trouble was it amounted to no more than a part of the eighth volume of the famous series."—*Washington Post*.

"Read Homer, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need."

—JOHN SHEFFIELD, "Essay on Poetry."

TROUBLE IN THE JUNGLE.

By Sydney Reid.

The jungle was all astir as with presage of some great event; from every side there came the hushed whisperings of secret conference.

Above rode the moon and stars in a perfect sky, and full in the white light stood Hathi and his three sons, their backs to the Council Rock, their faces toward the jungle. Two paces in advance of them was Mowgli, with Kaa on his right side and Gray Brother on his left. Others of the Seeonee Pack were about him.

As the eye of the spectator became more accustomed to the scene the forms of Wahb's Nephew, Galopoff, A'tim, Shag, Brer Rabbit, Baloo, the Blue Bears Bagheera, Old Man Kangaroo and The Other Mugger could all be discerned, mingled with lions, tigers, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, jackals, coyotes, deer, buffaloes, wild pigs, red dogs, gorillas, orang-outangs, chimpanzees, horses, beavers, ants, wasps, bees and all the other characters who have been lending such a delightful woodland flavor to recently published literature.

At a signal from Mowgli, Hathi and his sons raised their trunks and trumpeted for silence; whereupon a deep hush fell on all that assemblage.

Clear and loud there rang out the voice of the jungle's lord.

"I have summoned and ye are here. Good hunting to all!"

"Good hunting!" chorused the flesh eaters. The eaters of grass kept silence and shrank toward the shadows.

"I have come from afar, because of the Master Word brought by Chil. What do we here, Mowgli?" growled a lion.

"Because of the Law ye are come; we jungle folk be all of one skin," said Mowgli. "It is a thing that touches our honor. The man-pack are ceasing to read the books about us."

Loud snorting, growling and grumbling came from all directions, and Kaa raised his head and hissed violently.

"Two rains ago we jungle-folk were most popular of any in the world; now we don't sell a hundred copies a month," continued Mowgli. "For this are ye summoned, grass eaters and flesh eaters, Hathi and Kaa, Seeonee Pack, Shag, Wahb's Nephew, and all others. Ye have come to the Council Rock to hear and give wisdom that we may know why we have fallen and how we shall be raised up again."

"How many copies a month?" asked a lion.

"Only a hundred now," responded Mowgli.

"And I was thinking about writing a book," said the lion in a tone of deep disgust.

The harsh, crackling laugh of the hyena suddenly rang out.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in the suggestion that my husband should write a book?" asked the lioness, angrily. "Anybody with half an eye can see by his mane that he is literary, and Mr. Jackal, who is a perfect judge in such matters, declares that he is a genius."

"True, true," cried the jackal, "a most amazing genius."

"Madame," said the hyena, courteously, "you mistake me. That laugh of mine is due to a nervous affection. I have no doubt that your husband can produce a book, and if he does I will cheerfully criticise it."

At this the lion growled horribly and lashed his tail, but the hyena looked innocent of having given offense.

"Why have we fallen and how shall we be raised again?" repeated Mowgli. "Those are the questions. Speak, brethren; let us hear your wisdom, for in matters like this we be all of one skin."

"The trouble is that this whole animal fiction business has gone to the dogs," said Brer Rabbit, stepping briskly forward and speaking with that air of importance which is often to be noted in little people.

"We have Bob, the Son of Battle, Red Wull, the Seeonee Wolf Pack, A'tim, Red Dog, and dear knows how many more—dogs, dogs, dogs. The reading public has been hounded with dogs," he continued. "There's been a plague of dogs almost as bad as the plague of Scotch ministers that came before."

As Brer Rabbit concluded his address Red Dog let out an ominous growl and made a savage dart at him. Brer Rabbit immediately put his importance in his pocket, and with swift leaps made off through the jungle, the pursuer close upon his heels.

"How is that?" inquired a nilghau, timidly; "I thought that we were to have free discussion."

"That was an accident," said Mowgli, slightly embarrassed. "You thought well. Here all are met as friends. Brethren of the jungle, I command you by your allegiance to me that ye do no violence for opinion's sake; nor suf-

fer any to be done here. Bagheera, Baloo, Kaa, Hathi, Seeonee Pack, see to it."

Then the man-cub spoke again, addressing all:

"Brer Rabbit says that the trouble with animal fiction is that there has been a plague of dogs. In considering his suggestion let us remember that he is prejudiced against dogs. What other suggestion do I hear as to the cause of trouble?"

"It isn't the dogs or wolves that have made trouble, O Mowgli," said Gray Brother, standing out in front of all. "It is the bandar-log—too much bandar-log; Love Letters of a Distinguished Chimpanzee, Reminiscences of an Orang-Outang, Bon-Mots of a Gorilla. All such things concerning the bandar-log tend to lower the tone of the class of literature with which we are identified. The manners of the bandar-log are not for polite society. No wonder the man-pack is disgusted."

This speech was very ill-received by the chimpanzees and orang-outangs, while from overhead came the sound of coughing and barking, followed by such a rain of bark, twigs and heavier missiles that Gray Brother retired.

"It is not from such as you that we shall learn manners," roared a gorilla. "Call to mind what David Harum said about the happy conjunction of dogs and fleas."

"Enough! Enough!" cried Mowgli. "Let us proceed with the discussion, and have no more of these undignified personalities."

Kaa now glided to the front and made an exclamation point of himself as he faced the audience.

"It's the imitators," he said, "the rank imitators. We Originals of the Jungle were all right, and appeared to applauding thousands everywhere, but these imitators have made our business common. No wonder audiences are tired when some old Superfluous Lags takes the center of the stage and does nothing but chew grass and wail his doleful plaint about 'Twenty Years Ago' throughout the whole five acts. I might be personal if I chose——"

Kaa looked viciously at Shag, who had struck a melancholy attitude and was ruminating slowly in the forefront of the horned phalanx. The buffaloes tossed their heads and lowed dissent.

"There has not been enough grass chewing in our class of books," said a nilghau with the boldness of desperation; "too much attention has been paid to the flesh eaters. In other departments of recent literature one finds the

principal characters, who hold the public admiration, do nothing but chew grass from the first chapter to the last. The flesh-eating spirit is antagonistic to the esthetic impulses of the present century."

A tiger made a nervous movement toward the speaker, licking his lips in a tentative sort of way, and the nilghau, without waiting for a further demonstration of disapproval, sped for his life.

Coughing, rustling, and barking overhead, and another shower of missiles falling down, showed that the gray apes were present in force, although they had not been invited to the conference, and that they were determined to make themselves as unpleasant as possible.

Kaa glided away, silent as a shadow, and soon choking squeals, followed by skurrying among the high leaves and branches, were heard. Then the great rock python reappeared and resumed his place in the council. His countenance bore an expression of gravity and decorum suitable to the occasion, but there were certain protuberances in his lengthy form that suggested, to those who knew his abilities, that his excursion had not been for nothing.

Mowgli spoke again:

"Brer Rabbit suggests that we are suffering from too much dog; Gray Brother thinks it is too much bandar-log; Kaa says too much grass chewing; the nilghau, who forgot to give his name, says there is not enough grass chewing. Let us hear from others."

Hathi and his three sons had been silently rocking in their customary way throughout the conference; he now spoke for the first time:

"It can't be grass eating that is at fault," he said; "my people have held an honored place in literature for three thousand years, though they have eaten grass all that time."

"I think that the chief cause of trouble is the lack of taste on the part of the publishers," said a matronly hippo. "I have written a book which, all my friends declare, is a masterpiece. It is entitled 'Sentimental Reflections of a Lady Hippopotamus.' That book I have submitted to twenty different publishers, who have all declined to print it."

The hippo said this quite tearfully, and expressions of sympathy were heard in various quarters.

"I agree with the last speaker," said a rhinoceros; "the subjects in much of the animal fiction nowadays are not properly chosen. I'm sure there was no occasion for an 'Autobiography of a Grizzly'; an 'Autobiography of a

Two-Horned Rhinoceros' would have been much better. I could have furnished it—privately illustrated, too."

Wahb's Nephew gave a loud, fierce "whoof!" and raised a ponderous paw as though minded to respond with a buffet, but Mowgli held up a warning hand.

"I think," said a fox, "that the main trouble is caused by the false adjustment of values in the animal books. Too much importance has lately been given to mere strength—to brute force—and not enough to intelligence."

Murmurs of applause for this sentiment came from beavers, ants, and bees, and all other assembled craftsmen, but Kaa hissed, the lions and tigers growled, and Bagheera yawned in an insulting manner.

"Sometimes force and intelligence are united," suggested Hathi, and his sons nodded their entire agreement.

"My idea is that if the man-pack's books about us are failing we might mend matters by turning round and writing books about them," said Tudor Jenks' clever little pony Galopoff.

"There's a bloomin' lot in that, my son," assented an old London hack horse. "Just to show 'ow it 'ud go, I'll recite yer a poem by myself, which is quoite in the roight stoyle."

This was unexpected, and the animals stared while the hack horse, after coughing a few times and switching his tail nervously, delivered the following:

'AIL RUDYARD, BLOOMIN' RUDYARD!

'Ail Rudyard, Bloomin' Rudyard
With the laurels on yer brow!
Give us yer 'and, an' tell us true
Wot yer a-doin' hov now.
Hare yer to moike hus loff again
From monarch down to coster,
Or 'ave us blubberin' loike yer did
'Long o' the Mary Glo'ster?

CHORUS:

'Ip 'ip 'ooray fer Ruddy!
By heverything that's Bloody
We'd wyde through hoceans muddy
To shyke 'is bloomin' 'and.
O 'e's the muse's fawncy,
'E chawms loike necromawncy—
'Is tyles they do entravnce me . .
'E beats the blawsted band.

Yer set our 'arts a-drummin'
With yer rollin' battle song,
Yer Captains wot's Courageous
Lugs the Fishin' Folks along,
Ther Nobs cawn't moike no knight o' you,
No night, fer blind my hye—
Yer Bleedin' Pocket Shykespeare—
Yer shoine as bright as dye.

CHORUS: 'Ip 'ip, etc.

Say, 'ow's my friend Mulvaney,
An' Ortheris an' Learoyd?
That Krishna story moide me loff
Until Hi almost doyed.
'Ow did the Sergeant's marriage lawst—
Was there a bally row?
Oh, I dessay—but then they both
Was served right any'ow.
CHORUS: 'Ip 'ip, etc.

Yer lookin' foine an' cockey
In yer bleedin' steamer tog,
We're mortal pleased to 'ave yer 'ere,
An' sorry when yer jog.
Soy! Ven yer go jist toike frum me
To Halbion so chalky,
My duty to 'is Majesty,
An' koind regards to Stalky.
CHORUS: 'Ip 'ip, etc.

Mowgli led the applause, and the Seeonee Pack set up a howl like that with which their canine cousins are wont to greet the moon.

"That," said Galopoff, "is what I should call a case in point. There is a worthy poem about a prominent man by one who has doubtless drawn him well——"

"Hi've drawn 'im well many times," said the hack horse, proudly.

"I could write an interesting book about a man," said the eldest of the Blue Bears; "the title would be 'An Appreciation of Ananias.'"

"I dare say that you have suffered from misrepresentation," commented Galopoff, sympathetically. "So have we all. I never said one-half of what you will find in my book, presented as coming from me, and what I did say has not been correctly reported."

"There was a man in our country with whom I got well acquainted," remarked the gorilla. "Our people kept him in a cage, and excursion parties used to come from all over to look at him. He was quite intelligent and full of tricks. We were able to teach him some of our language, so that at last he could converse in a broken sort of way, though his pronunciation was very amusing. He said his name was Garner."

"Where is he now?" asked the lion, in a tone that evinced considerable interest—his country adjoins that of the gorilla.

"He escaped, and I don't know where he went."

"Well, what of him?" asked Galopoff.

"Why, he would afford me material for a book about 'Man, a Degenerate Animal.' I studied him very closely and found that he had lost the power of growing his own clothes, and that his teeth were so weak that he could no longer gnaw bones. He had no hide on him to speak of; it was almost as tender as raw flesh, and he always kept his feet covered

—in fact, they were one of his tenderest points."

Loud laughter greeted this part of the gorilla's description, and all of the hoof-bearers stamped jovially to emphasize their appreciation of man's degeneracy.

"Then his eyesight was so weak that, in comparison with us, he was almost blind, and his nose was of no use to him at all—pah, he couldn't follow any sort of a trail by it."

All the animals laughed again.

"No offense to Mowgli, who is of a different sort," continued the gorilla, "but we used him as a terrible example to frighten our children by showing what they might become if they departed from our ways."

"You were pretty careless to let him go, I think," remarked the lion who had spoken before.

"It wasn't my fault," said the gorilla. "There was a great row going on about it when I left home."

"Such a book as you suggest might be interesting and useful," interposed Galopoff, "but who's to buy it? That's the main question nowadays."

"I'd like to say a word about Mr. Seton-Thompson—Thompson Seton I mean"—remarked a lady bear. "I think it would be the proper thing for us to protest against the new sort of hunting which he has begun. You go through the woods and see dinner all ready prepared for you, and without considering where it comes from you approach and partake, when, lo and behold, something snaps and there's your picture taken without by your leave, or anything, and without giving you an opportunity of arranging your hair. That's what happened to me, and I never was so mortified and embarrassed in all my life. I'm sure that I must have looked a fright."

There were murmurs of sympathy, but Mowgli called for order, and reminded his hearers that they were straying from the subject.

The Other Mugger of Mugger's Ghaut protruded his head a little further from the river in which his body lay.

"I attribute the mischief that has come to animal fiction to reckless writing," he said. "A grave injustice has been done to the memory of a late lamented relative of mine, who, tho a most estimable character, has been presented to the public in a very unenviable light by one of the most prominent animal authors. The reading public is not blind to these things."

"There is a much more serious charge against the same author," growled Wahb's Nephew. "The Yankee-log, who were his greatest readers, now think him immoral."

"What has morality to do with art?" asked Mowgli, impatiently.

"Perhaps nothing; but it has much to do with the sale of books to the Yankee-log. They think he is a great artist, and they forgave him all his flings at them and their ways, but when they caught him chattering and grimacing at the Boer man-pack when their enemies piled upon them as thickly as the bandar-log piled upon Bagheera and Baloo, they stopped reading his books and said a Master Word to him."

"What Master Word?" cried Mowgli, greatly excited by the suggested criticism of one to whom he was so much indebted.

"Brother, your tail hangs down behind," said Wahb's Nephew with great distinctness.

Mowgli gave a yell of rage and drew his skinning knife, preparing to spring at the throat of Wahb's Nephew, but at the same moment Baloo, who, being old and fat, had been sleeping throughout the entire conference, woke up, and seeing the grizzly, growled:

"Did you address that last remark to me, sir?"

"To you or any one," said Wahb's Nephew firmly.

Baloo did not know what the last remark had been, but to admit that would have been to admit that he had slept in council. He aimed a blow at the grizzly, therefore, but the latter, easily parrying his effort, returned a buffet of such mighty force as rolled the professor of Jungle Law over and over at Mowgli's feet.

Mowgli's knife flashed on high, but Wahb's Nephew knocked it from his hand and sent the Lord of the Jungle reeling across Kaa.

The Seeonee Pack now threw themselves on Wahb's Nephew, who knocked them right and left as if they were dry leaves. He would have disposed of them quickly, but that Kaa gave him a mighty blow with his snout, thus upsetting his plans and distracting his attention; Mowgli also attacked him, assisted by Bagheera, and Hathi and his sons sounded the charge, while The Other Mugger of Mugger's Ghaut crawled slyly up behind, hoping to seize the grizzly and pull him back in the river.

But Wahb's Nephew was not to be left alone; the lion and the lioness sprang forward to aid him, as did the gorillas, the orang-outangs, chimpanzees, rhinoceroses, hippos and buffaloes.

A rhinoceros charged Mowgli and tossed him; Kaa wrapped himself around the assailant of the Lord of the Jungle and strained till his forehead was covered with perspiration;

but the rhinoceros merely smiled, the pressure did not even start the first rivet of his armor. He rammed Hathi in a way that lifted that veteran clear of the ground. Hathi aimed a terrific blow with his trunk at the rhino, but it landed full on Kaa, who hissed with impotent rage. The smile of the rhinoceros broadened, and selecting a sharp angle of the Council Rock he began systematically to rub Kaa against it, as if the big python was a nutmeg which he had contracted to grate.

Kaa never had had such treatment in his life, and in a few seconds he lost enough material to make several new coats. With one last loud hiss of rage and pain he let go of his intended victim and made off at his best speed for a soft medicinal mud bath which he sometimes patronized and often recommended to afflicted friends.

At the same time a mouse charged the elephants with all the reckless impetuosity of his race, and they, unable to endure the onset, fled in maddest rout, followed by Mowgli, Bagheera, Baloo, the Seeonee Pack and all of that party, except The Other Mugger of Mugger's Ghaut, who slowly sank in the river till only his rough nose lay along the top, looking like an old bark-covered log.

The battle raged away and away through the jungle, leaving a track that one might see for three whole days before the new green things arose to cover it.

When the last sound of pursuers and pursued had ceased to come back to Council Rock, Mang the Bat flew out of the darkness and floated above The Other Mugger's nose.

"What started the row?" he inquired.

"The Master Word that the Yankee-log said to our literary father," answered The Other Mugger.

"What was the Master Word?" asked Mang.

"Brother, your tail hangs down behind," responded The Other Mugger, sinking lower in the river and resuming his imitation of an old log.

"Oh!" said Mang the Bat, and he flew back into the shadows.—*The Independent*.

"Walt Whitman's Children."

The intimate personal relations of any man or woman are matters about which the outsider as a rule can know but little, and about which he instinctively feels that he has no right to inquire. At the same time, remarks Edward Carpenter, the radical English poet and essayist, "one can not help being conscious that a person's general relations to the subject of sex are an important part of his temperament, personality, and mental outfit—so im-

portant that it is difficult or perhaps impossible to get a full understanding of his character without some knowledge on this side; and one feels, for instance, that a biography which ignores it is far from complete." Going on to speak of Walt Whitman, whom he knew personally, Edward Carpenter says (in *The Reformer*, London):

"In the case of Whitman, whose writings deal so much, both directly and indirectly, with the subject of sex, it seems all the more natural to wish to have some general outline of the author's personal and intimate relations; and to suppose that such outline, if rightly conceived, would be helpful toward a true understanding of the poet.

"There is, however, curiously little known in this respect about Whitman's life. Every one is aware that he was never married—that is, in any formal or acknowledged way. His life after the Civil War was clouded by intermittent paralysis, bringing with it invalidism and infirmity; and of his history before his arrival in Washington, *i. e.*, prior to the age of 44 or so—the period when he would be most likely to knit up such relations—only the barest outline is known.

"'Leaves of Grass,' that extraordinary piece of self-revelation, gives us the mental attitude of the author. . . . It would not, of course, be reasonable to suppose that all the personal utterances, of acts done, of passions expressed, of experiences lived through, or of individuals loved—which are to be found in 'Leaves of Grass'—are to be taken as literal records of things which actually happened to the author himself. They could hardly be gathered into a single life-time. Yet one can see that they are to be taken as experiences, *either* actual or potential, for which his inner spirit was prepared—and as a record of things which he could freely accept, understand, and find place for."

At times, observes Mr. Carpenter, one can hardly avoid the conclusion in reading certain passages of Whitman's poetry that he is describing actual occurrences in his own life. "In a life so full and rich as Whitman's there must have been many intimate personal experiences, of which the world knows nothing, and will know nothing." He continues:

"He [Whitman] has himself told his friends that he had children—and in a letter to J. Addington Symonds (dated 10th August, 1890), he mentioned that he had six. . . .

"On the other hand, it would be a rash, and I think a wrong, conclusion to suppose that because Whitman had several children (out of the bounds of formal marriage), he was therefore a dissolute and uncontrolled person, much given to casual *liaisons* with the opposite sex. We know nothing, as I have said, of the circumstances which led to these connections, nor have we the material for passing any judgment of the kind referred to—even if we were so disposed. We know, at any

rate, that in his later life Walt was singularly discreet, almost reserved, in his relations with women; and in that very interesting interview with Pete Doyle, which is given by Dr. Bucke in his edition of 'Calamus'—one of the best running accounts of Walt which we have—Pete says in one passage: 'I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman. . . . Walt was too clean; he hated anything which was not clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him. I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together.'

In conclusion Edward Carpenter remarks on Whitman's warm friendship for men, declaring that "in his poems we find his expressions of love toward men and toward women put practically on an equality." On this point he says:

"Whether this large attitude toward sex, this embrace which seems to reach equally to the male and the female, indicates a higher development of humanity than we are accustomed to—a type super-virile, and so far above the ordinary man and woman that it looks upon both with equal eyes; or whether it merely indicates a personal peculiarity—this and many other questions collateral to the subject I have not touched upon. It has not been my object in making these remarks to enter into any vague speculations, but rather to limit myself to a few conclusions which seemed clear and obvious and fairly demonstrable."

Authors Who Figure in Their Own Fictions.

It has been observed by some student of literary humanity that every budding author describes himself in the person of the hero of his first novel. This statement is perhaps rather sweeping in its nature, but none the less it is a well-known fact that various celebrated writers have seen fit to figure in their own fictions.

Probably the most notable illustration of this remark will be found in the pages of Charles Dickens's famous novel, "David Copperfield." The "David" of the story is, as most people are aware, the author himself, and many of the great writer's early struggles are vividly portrayed in the course of the tale. The various emotions experienced by the youthful hero are merely artistic replicas of the sentiments which agitated the soul of the author during a certain portion of his career—sentiments faithfully reproduced and carefully analyzed.

Lord Lytton described his own character and several of his adventures in the pages of his novel, "Pelham." So generally was this fact known to his friends that many of them were in the habit of addressing him as "Dear Pel." when writing to the distinguished author, and, although Bulwer never openly admitted that he was the prototype of the said character, he, on the

other hand, never denied the soft impeachment.

Charles Reade confessed without reserve that the character of "Mr. Rolfe," the literary realist who appears in the novel entitled "A Terrible Temptation," was an exact duplicate, physically, morally, and mentally, of himself. Every eccentricity, every mannerism, every crotchet which existed in Charles Reade will be found truthfully reproduced in the person of "Mr. Rolfe"—even the furniture of his study being practically an inventory of the furniture appertaining to the author himself.

M. Emile Zola, the famous French realist, has described himself and his early struggles towards success in the pages of one of his widely-read novels; whilst the late Alphonse Daudet, his talented contemporary, did likewise in the course of a romance called "L'Immortel," a book devoted to the vagaries of intellectual society in France.

Books.

See the publishers' announcements of the books,
 Story books,
 Gory books,
 Books for high and mighty ladies, books for cooks,
 Books for laddies and for lassies,
 Books intended for the masses,
 Books designed to please the classes,
 Books in yellow paper wrappers,
 Books concerning scouts and trappers,
 Books of war and books of rhyme;
 Books at which the reader marvels,
 Books that have some later Carvels
 Dancing through them all the time!
 Historical romances by the score,
 Books the like of which were never writ before,
 Books for mooning, spooning lovers,
 Books in gay and sober covers,
 Books galore—
 An avalanche of books!
 Oh, the world is being buried under books,
 Under Himalayan ranges of new books,
 Books, books, books, books, books, books, books!
 See the lists the papers publish of the books that they receive,
 Fairy books,
 Airy books,
 Books that somehow shall achieve
 The success for which their hungry authors pray—
 Books that perished on that day
 That the presses gave them birth!
 Books of mirth,
 Books concerning far-off corners of the earth,
 Books brimful of dash and go,
 Books of woe—
 Unintentionally so—
 Books by Rudyard and by Winston and the rest of them you know
 Piled in windows and on counters everywhere,
 Stacked in pyramids that tower in the air—
 Oh, the millions and the billions of the books
 For the coming holidays,
 How their numbers do amaze!
 The world is groaning under all the books.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

CONCERNING FAVORITES.

By Laurie Magnus.

Every one knows the Lubbock library of the "Hundred Best Books." Lord Avebury, in an improving mood, sat down to draw up a list of the aristocrats of literature. Not otherwise, one is fain to believe, does the proper functionary of State compose his list of guests to be invited to a Court concert or ball. Certain books, like certain people, are *hoffähig*, as the Germans say—they have the *entrée* conferred by privilege of birth or wealth. But as well might the lover of human kind select his friends by their precedence in Burke as the lover of books fill his shelves with Lord Avebury's elect. A Lubbock library composed of Lord Avebury's real favorites in literature would be a house party worth entertainment. The banker who invented bank holidays, the entomologist who studies "the pleasures of life," is a man whose taste in reading might extend the limited horizon of the majority of his fellows. But I suspect that not many of the "hundred best books" are invited to a seat by his hearth.

Most of us conceal our favorites, sometimes to deceive ourselves, more often in order to delude others. This habit, whether willful or self-conscious, accounts for the otherwise notable fact that there is only one anthology of lyric verse which is satisfactory to most readers. The difficulty is that, except with a few giants of intellect, the greatest authors are seldom the favorite authors. The reader who should claim the Lubbock library as his pet collection of tame books would be a hundred times a giant. Mr. Gladstone made a pet of Homer (a German scholar once assured me that "his Homerizing was as weak as his Home Rule"), but even Mr. Gladstone's powers would have shrunk from adding the rest of the ninety-nine to his nursery of foster-children. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is true of all kinds of culture.

Our real favorites in literature are the writers who come nearest to expressing our most private hopes, joys and fears. There is a passage in Mr. Anstey's "Giant's Robe" (a favorite of my own, by the way) in which Mark Ashburn, when his friend is reported dead, "began to read 'In Memoriam' again, with the idea of making that the keynote of his emotions, but the passionate yearning of that lament was pitched too high for him, and he never finished it." There we have the truth of the matter. Our favorites in literature are the writers who strike the keynote of our emotions, and most

of us, if cross-examined on oath, would agree with a candid lady of my acquaintance that Shakespeare and Milton and the rest of the "best books" are pitched too high for common needs. It was in an omnibus the other day that I heard a superior shop-assistant assure the pretty girl in his company that Goethe was his favorite author. The girl valiantly struggled to rise to the height of that confession: "Yes, he reminds me of Hall Caine," was her timid reply, and criticism paused agape. The conversation was continued on stilts, and tags of University Extensionism were scattered on the floor of the omnibus. It may or may not be a good thing to encourage this novel kind of love-making by itinerant lecturers on the humanities, but my shop-assistant was plainly the victim of his own vanity in claiming Goethe as his pet. He could repeat *why* Goethe was great, he had never *felt* the poet's greatness; in his business of selling yards of tape he had never had the Devil for a customer.

Meanwhile, we are generally content to judge by the shop-assistant's standard. Shakespeare is the greatest writer, therefore Shakespeare is our favorite; Ibsen is greater than Shakespeare, therefore let Ibsen reign instead. But an investigation honestly conducted to a perfectly truthful end would reveal very different results. Only one who did not care at all would have the courage to tell the truth. For the inquisition of the income-tax collector is a mild domiciliary visit compared with the effort of candor required to satisfy the seeker for the favorites of literature. The bookshelves of our dearest friends, honorable men *ex hypothesi*, are corrupt and venal at this point. I know a man whose taste in letters is above reproach, and whose library displays the standard authors, for use rather than for show, reinforced by a choice collection from the byways of bookland, both ancient and modern. But he knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that his favorite reading in poetry is the work of a comparatively unknown writer, whose slim volume he hides in a dark corner of his bookshelves, opening it seldom because he has the contents by heart, and whose name, if it occurs in conversation, he conscientiously runs down. He knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that the verses in question are too intimate and near to him, too literal a transcript of feelings that are not public property. To confess their appeal to him would be to invite the daws.

His critical faculty is awake to their imperfection as great poetry; his preference for them is independent of his trained appreciation of true distinction in literature. They belong to the individual which perishes, and not to the universal which survives.

Happy they whose taste and experience are conjugated in the categorical imperative, who can truthfully assert that in the works of the greatest writers they strike the key of their own emotions. The man does not live who can claim the "hundred best books" as his favorites, but even on lower planes of feeling there are moods that thrill at the right moments—moods of moral elevation, which respond to Bacon in the "Essays," moods of austerity dissolved in joy to which we can rise with Wordsworth, spacious moods for the seventeenth century, moodish moods for the eighteenth, Attic moods and Augustan. But each of us, we may surmise, has his secret book in its hiding place, in which his personal experience finds express consolation in language that his own lips could not mold, and hence we adopt my shop-assistant's schedule, and return a conventional favorite when the interrogation becomes too inquisitive.

And this leads to two conclusions; or, rather, to one conclusion with two faces. There is no more illusory adage in all the contradictory resources of proverbial philosophy than the prohibition to quarrel about tastes. Justice, not taste, is wanted in dealing with literary excellence. When the two coincide we shall get the Aristides of letters, and can shut him up with the "hundred best books." Meantime, let us go on quarreling about tastes, as men have quarreled since speech began, for no better guide has been invented to the mutual understanding of character. But through our quarrel let us remember that taste and judgment are two things, of which the first is a question of instinct and the second of training. So that—to conclude the conclusion—the superior people who declare that English literature should not be taught because it spoils the taste for reading English, or that the best books should win their own way to the affection of commonplace readers, are preaching foolishness and blindness. It is with books as with men; we make friends by sympathy, not by judgment. Most of us cannot "live up to" the few great men or women of our acquaintance. We admire or revere them from afar, but we put off the burden of their liking because of the demands that it would make on us. We call them easily "remote," or "lacking humanity," or "unnatural," because the air of their table-lands of

prospect strikes cold on our own dinner-table lands. Yet if we are not wholly material, if our judgment is trained to appreciate them, we watch their passage with a sigh.

We, too, like the child in Mrs. Meynell's verses, have stood at the parting of the ways, but most of us, unlike him, have chosen the "river'd meadow-land":

To the mountain leads my way. If the plains are
green to-day,
These my barren hills are flushing faintly, strangely,
in the May,
With the presence of the spring among the smallest
flowers that grow.

But the summer in the snow?

And to the majority that question decides the issue. We shirk the summer in the snow, and when they who tread the heights come down to our own snug valley the doom of the child overtakes them:

And if ever you should come down to the village
or the town,
With the cold rain for your garland, and the wind
for your renown,
You will stand upon the thresholds with a face of
dumb desire,
Nor be known by any fire.

So it is with the excellent books. Unless we consciously choose to spend our summer in the snow, we shall never appreciate them at their right worth. It is we, not they, who are "unnatural" and "remote"—we with our broken sentences and our half-formed ideas, we who are content to know only the surface of things, who speak and act without once realizing the truth that, behind our daily occupation, beyond the business of the market and the pleasure of the circus, there lies an unexplored world of beauty and truth, a world of complete satisfaction for the highest human capacity, a world from which to derive courage and hope and faith to help us in this world we live in. To leave the choice of good books to the untrained instinct of the child, to deny that literature is teachable, is to set a cockney on the Alps without a guide.

L. R. Stockwell, the actor, says that some years ago, when Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, was a feature in a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Bill" Nye was to have lectured in the same town, but was greeted by so small an audience that he excused himself and went over to hear Jackson talking of the pearly gates to Little Eva. After the performance Stockwell met Nye in the lobby of the theatre, and he exclaimed: "Hello, Nye! What did you think of Peter?" "Well," responded the humorist, dryly, "anatomically he was great, but Uncle Tomically he is the worst I ever saw."

APRÈS MOI—

[By the Autolycus of the Bookstalls.]

"Après moi—le déluge." The words of the French monarch have been cited again and again as the expression of intensest egotism; but, after all, do they not sum up in the brief compass of four words a feeling common to all mankind? We talk about when we are gone, we make testamentary dispositions trying to keep posthumous control over the things which we have possessed and the family circle of which we have been a part; we try to think what the world will be like wanting us, but all the while we are deceiving ourselves—we cannot look at that future without a subconscious conception of ourselves in relation to it. It is the nature of mortality not to be able to realize its annihilation in time and space, and much of our sentimentalizing about the world's future is flattered by the sense that we shall then somehow have some mysterious but no less real conscious relation to the new order of things. It would almost seem as though every one dimly believed at some part of his life that a miracle was to occur in his behalf, and a physical immortality would be accorded to him. The artist who sets out to achieve the production of a triumphant masterpiece feels that he must live to complete it, and all the while Time the Destroyer cares for great works no more than for lesser ones, for great artists no more than for humblest artisans. As a collector of books Autolycus has felt that if it were possible to make appeal to time—as Shakespeare did in Hood's beautiful poem—it should be on behalf of the patient gatherer of well-considered or unconsidered trifles. But against this view comes the thought that, after all, the labors of Time and of the collector are diametrically opposed, the latter devoting himself to the rescue of things which the former has doomed; the collector is no less certainly the would-be enemy of Time than is Time the destined conqueror of the collector. It is the old story of Ajax defying the lightning. We seek by an accumulation of books and other things, to preserve them from the ravaging tooth, but we only delay the inevitable for a few years, a life-time may be, or—if our immediate heirs are congenial—a century or so.

It may be said that these thoughts, born of melancholy and sentiment, have little to connect them with Autolycusizing, with the haunting of bookstalls for the acquisition of cheap finds—words are lame things, for any book that is truly a book is cheap at any price—but the thoughts

are the outcome of a consideration of the small collection of books which Autolycus has made. Here are some hundreds of volumes—thousands perhaps, would not now be inaccurate—a large proportion of which have formed parts of other collections, have been read and prized by other owners. Those owners died, and their books were scattered hither and thither, until from all quarters by varying chances they have happened together on my shelves. And, *après moi?* Ah, well, it may be sad for me to contemplate, but there will be no exception to the rule; the collection which I have formed will be broken up, and the books be scattered among new owners, for individual owners are but incidents in the lives of good books. How often have the older volumes here changed ownership during the time of their material existence; of how many collections, small or large, have they formed part?

Here, one of the oldest and best-prized books in this small collection made by Autolycus, is a delightful dumpy duodecimo containing "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living" and "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying," by Jeremy Taylor. The former work is dated 1651, but has nothing to distinguish it from a first edition which should, say the authorities, be dated a year earlier, while the latter work is frankly marked a second edition (1652). How did this precious book come to the sixpenny-box of a Holywell-street shop, in which I found it? In 1702 it belonged to a lady, who inscribed on the fly-leaf in a bold hand "Anne Roberts, Her Book;" then another owner—her son, perchance—scrawled "Thos. Roberts, 1726," right across the title, while another owner, "Anne Thelwall," has twice written her name upon the same page. The book is simply bound in old calf, plainly tooled, and one of its early owners who did it this service has noted the cost at which it was done, "binding 7d."—would that our binders wrought so cheaply and so well to-day! A later hand has written with brief eloquence inside the cover "1880 July Putticks." Owner after owner has passed away but the book remains, and when another of its owners has followed the earlier ones it is to be hoped that it may fall into such loving hands as thine, B., who gloriest in the beautiful thought and language of the grand old divine. Here, oldest of all my biblical treasures, is "Le Rime del Petrarca," a beautiful small octavo in an old richly tooled binding which

was issued from the press "in Vinezia" in 1549, but from the title-page of which vandalism has cut an earlier possessor's inscription. What has its story been, spread over three centuries and a half? Here, too, is a little so-called biography of Oliver Cromwell, written in the days of fervid faithfulness to a faithless dynasty immediately after the Restoration; a contemporary has become an indignant marginalian, and has added further abuse to the vituperation of the anonymous biographer (identified by Carlyle as "Carrion" Heath). The whirligig of a couple of centuries has passed the book—through how many hands!—into the brief possession of an ardent Cromwellian. *Après moi?* Having survived so long, it may fall into hands, regardless of its age, that will fling it with other books into the dustbin. Autolycus has heard all too recently of such being done to be able to forget the possibility. Here is another interesting piece of Cromwelliana in a small surreptitiously published volume (1676) of "Literæ Pseudo-Senatûs Anglicani, Cromwellii, Reliquorumque Perduellium nomine ac jussu conscriptæ a Joanne Miltono." The book belonged, in its early days, judging by the fashion of the caligraphy, to "E Cheyn," and it has traveled, for it has twice been marked to tempt purchasers "2f. 50c." and "2s." before it fell into my hands in the year of the first Victorian Jubilee.

Après moi! It is sad to contemplate the breaking up of a collection of books—sad as the breaking up of a home—sad to think of the usual fate of books when their collector has himself been added to Time's collection. Often the volumes are portioned out by folk who know nothing of their value as *memento mori* among relatives and friends who *think* that they would like to have them. The thought is too often born but of sentiment and early grief, and the books are valued but as long as these last. Sometimes—and if their number runs to thousands it is not an unusual course—the volumes are sent off to Wellington street, Leicester square, or Chancery lane, and the collection is reduced to "lots" by the iconoclastic hammer of the auctioneer; or if fewer they may be dragged in at the fag-end of the local auction of the goods, chattels, and effects of Autolycus Esquire, bankrupt (either of money or of life—the result is the same). In the latter case the books may find temporary asylum in a local bookdealer's, or they may be bought by people who do not really want them, but only because they are "going cheap." It is sad, this breaking up of a collection, but sooner or later it is inevitable, and perhaps,

after all, it is best so, for the collection is in a sense the very individuality of the author translated into terms of books and—the collector dead, the soul of the collection has passed away too, and the whole is resolved into so many biblical units again, and many of these will, after a while, be absorbed into fresh wholes. Such is the law of growth as manifested in libraries—for a library must grow, or it is such but in name. The man who would buy a library already formed is worse than the man who would buy his house ready furnished—he is a moneyed automaton, dead so far as individuality is concerned, and the chances are against his developing an individuality from the furniture and the books (which are to him *but* furniture) amid which mere money, and not circumstance controlled by character, has placed him. Autolycus is concerned not with such. Let not the true book-lover be saddened by the contemplation of the final breaking up of his collection, for most that is best in it will finally be absorbed in other collections; and to insure this, if he be the happy possessor of biblical rarities, let him devise them to the British Museum, to the library of his University, to the London Library, or some such place where they can longest withstand the final conqueror of bookmakers, book collectors, and of books. *Après moi*—I can wish my best books no better fate.—*London Sun*.

A Famous Old Bookshop in Westminster.

Within a stone's-throw of Buckingham Palace Grounds—in Chapel Street, that is to say—there stands, and has stood for nearly a century, one of the oldest bookshops in London, long known as "The Grosvenor Library." It is a house with a history, and one worth recalling.

Long before the days of huge circulating libraries such as are now common, individual booksellers had conceived a notion of loaning out to their more immediate neighbors and others books, in return for a specified annual sum, ranging from two to twenty guineas according to the requirements of the customer.

Chapel Street, Belgravia, which lies in the heart of fashionable London, is not perhaps the most likely spot where you would expect to find business premises. It is one of a series of broad, quiet, and unobtrusive streets connecting what is perhaps the most airy and imposing square in London—Belgrave Square—with its beautiful inclosure of fine forest trees, with that busy thoroughfare which stretches from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria Station, and is bounded all along on the east

side by the old garden wall with its *chevaux de frise* hiding from the eyes of the curious both Buckingham Palace and the beautiful gardens which surround it. It was in the very center of this street, at No. 35, that one John Miland, a famous book collector, who died nearly half a century ago, established Miland's Library, which in course of time developed into the well-known Grosvenor Library of to-day. In the house is still preserved a well worn pewter inkstand of ponderous proportions which was used by the founder of the business, and upon the hinged lid of which the initials "J. M., 1790," may still be traced.

In days when people had more leisure, when clubs and newspapers were few, and telegrams and telephones were things undreamt of, "Miland's" was a place where rank and fashion were wont to assemble, and the bucks and beauties of our grandfather's days met to discuss the events, the gossip, and the scandal of the times. To enumerate them would be tedious, but the names of honored patrons of a much later period, like the late Duke and Duchess of Teck, frequently accompanied by a little maiden in short frocks, now H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, are recalled as among the many supporters and frequent visitors to the Grosvenor Library.

In due time Miland was gathered to his fathers, but not before he had amassed a very respectable fortune; that, of course, was in days when books were worth selling, and "discounts for cash" unknown and unheard of. To him succeeded another proprietor, who for more than fifty years pursued the paths sketched out by his predecessor. More than half a century ago "Miland's" began to be known as "The Grosvenor," and is not to be confounded with a more extensive, yet much younger establishment in the West End.

The premises in Chapel Street contain what is perhaps one of the most curious and interesting collection of books to be found in any circulating library in the Kingdom; for on its many shelves, shelves which occupy every available space from floor to ceiling, may yet be seen first or early editions of many of the most popular writers of fiction, history, and biography, including Fielding, Scott, Barham, Ainsworth, James, Lever, Thackeray, and Dickens, as well as many others whose names and works are household words. Many still bear the old label used by Miland, most of them have been well used, and among hundreds of the old, familiar, but now unfashionable, three-volume novels still preserved are many of the best ever penned. The library is supported by some of the oldest families in England.

Trading on Reputations.

Some small advertisement has recently been gained for a pair of books, not destined to live more than a thousand years, through similarity of titles, though it is undeniable neither was an imitation of the other in text or otherwise. A writer in the *London News* reminds the victims of the rival Dorothys that others have been put to similar misfortune—as witness:

"The fourth number of 'Dombey and Son' was no sooner on the bookstalls than a disreputable bookseller started a periodical romance called 'Dombey and Daughter,' from the pen of the notorious Renton Nicholson, who occupied the post of 'Lord Chief Baron' at the scandalous 'Judge and Jury' entertainment which flourished in days that were not so fortunate as to know the pure rule of a County Council. The publisher of 'Dombey and Daughter' had the audacity to describe his catchpenny work as 'a production of exalted intellect, written to sustain moral example and virtuous precept, deeply to interest, and sagely to instruct.

One penny will test the truth of this announcement.' While 'Nicholas Nickleby' was in course of publication there were swarms of cheap imitations, of which the 'Nickleby Papers,' by 'Poz,' and 'Nickelas Nickleberry,' by 'Bos,' were the most glaring examples. The latter production, which professed to contain 'the adventures, misadventures, chances, mischances, fortunes, misfortunes, mysteries, miseries, and miscellaneous manoeuvres of the family of Nickleberry,' was 'an impudent and glaring piracy,' in which the whole of Dickens's story was parodied under a very slight disguise. It is to be hoped, by the way, that a Mrs. Gallup of the future will not disinter this piratical work and discover in it such a cipher as shall prove that the novels which bear the name of Dickens were really the work of Lord Brougham."

Mr. J. M. Barrie a few years ago was persuaded to take the chair at a Burns celebration in Scotland. He was extremely silent, and stole away at the earliest opportunity. Next week appeared in the *National Observer* a humorous article entitled "Mr. Barrie in the Chair," in which Mr. Barrie's lack of social tact was held up to ridicule. Many people thought the writer had gone too far, and protested, but the author was Mr. Barrie himself, according to the *Temple Magazine*.

Senator Hoar received word, the other day, that a friend who had been supposed to have appendicitis was suffering not from that ailment, but from acute indigestion. "That is good news," said the senator; "I rejoice that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

This book* represents research extending over fifteen years, and it is not too much to say that the result is fully worthy of the labor devoted to it. Mr. Clark, when delivering the Rede and Sandars lectures at Cambridge, dealt mainly with the fittings of monastic libraries, and traced back their close relationship to the presses and pigeon-holes of Greece and Rome. Here he gives us a complete history of library economics, extending on the one hand to the record-rooms of Assyria, and on the other to the end of the eighteenth century. He stops at the point when the old order in library fittings was giving place to new, and when most of the appliances used in mediæval libraries had been abandoned. He has gleaned a vast amount of information; his subject, as he says, is entirely new; and its presentment is interesting both by reason of its novelty and its erudition, whilst its value is much heightened by the number of admirable illustrations which accompany it.

The earliest known arrangement of documents occurs in the library of Assur-bani-pal. The tablets were in the care of a special custodian and grouped according to subjects. They were probably kept on shelves; this was certainly the case in those discovered at Derr, where slate slabs were used. Mr. Clark has collected all the allusions by classical writers to the libraries of early Greece. Yet when all is done we have little but surmise to guide us as to the existence of any considerable collection of books. Definite knowledge begins with the libraries of Alexandria and Pergamon, and in the latter we find that the books were probably stored upon shelves with sloping desks below them on which they might be read. It is only when Mr. Clark comes to the libraries of Rome that he is able to begin a continuous story. We know something of the working of the Augustine libraries, where new books as soon as they were issued were displayed to the public, and where the rooms seem to have been used as a kind of literary rendezvous. In Rome, too, we find the earliest use of the "armaria" or book presses, which, with but little modification, served as receptacles for both books and rolls (*volumina*). One woodcut given by Mr. Clark, of the desk used to retain a roll in a convenient position for reading, shows that there was no need for such supports as were necessary

with the Jewish "megillah." The Vatican collection, the type of an old Roman library—of which Mr. Clark gives an excellent account—makes easy the transition from Roman to monastic times. A photograph is given of an armarium which differs but little from those in use nineteen centuries ago. The armarium in fact is a connecting link in the history. A wealth of illustration and example shows us how various monasteries provided storage for their books in the days when libraries were not indispensable—in the apse as with some of the early Christian communities, in the cloister as at Worcester Cathedral, or in a special book-room such as those at Furness and Kirkstall Abbeys. But as yet there seems to have been a reluctance to dedicate to the accumulating volumes any greater room than would suffice for storage. A change came when the armaria could hold no more, and books were stored wherever room could be found for them, as at the monastery of Citeaux, where 740 volumes were scattered over the house, in no less than a dozen different places. The need for a special library was now recognized, and it became imperative to render the room habitable. Hitherto the book-room had served only as a place to take books *from*; with the advent of the book-desk the library was accepted as the place to read books *in*. The early adjuncts to bibliography in the shape of library fittings and furniture are well pictured by Mr. Clark, who was fortunate in having at hand libraries which, in respect of fittings, are probably identical with those of the fifteenth-century monastic libraries. So much detailed information is supplied us about the collegiate libraries of Oxford and Cambridge that it hardly needs plates to reconstruct mentally the fashion of the rooms described. And Mr. Clark brings before us a most interesting and unique survival of what he entitles the lectern system of fittings—*e.g.*, that in the church of SS. Peter and Walburga at Zutphen, in Holland. The collection dates from 1563, and the books are chained to a double desk or bookshelf somewhat resembling the modern newspaper stand. Between each two desks runs a seat, so that the reader has a row of books behind as well as before him. An illustration of a bookcase in the Medicean library, Florence, shows a later modification of this. From the lectern system we pass to the stall system, when the sides of the lectern were separated and the gap was filled by shelves which rose above the desk. The result was a

* "The Care of Books." An Essay on the Development of Libraries and their Fittings, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN WILLIS CLARK. (Cambridge University Press.)

bookcase proper, with desk attached, whence developed the bookcase of modern type.

Of chained libraries, Mr. Clark gives us much information, especially in connection with the great Continental libraries, such as that at Cesena, the Medicean library at Florence, and the Vatican library. Bibliography, he tells us, has no part in his subject, and the external features of books have very little. So thoroughly has he carried out his resolve to keep to his text that in a comprehensive index "bindings" are not mentioned. Since, however, he displays some care in avoiding abrupt transitions, we think that a note on the modification of embossed and jeweled covers, which resulted from the abandonment of the lectern, would have been quite germane to his subject.

One of the most readable chapters in the book recounts the set-back which learned leisure received during the sixteenth century. In England the suppression of the monasteries, in France the persecution of the Huguenots, were the two main factors in the destruction of much that would now be of priceless value. John Bale, "that bitter Protestant," wrote of a merchant-man who bought two noble libraries for forty shillings—"a shame it is to be spoken"—and used the precious material as wrapping paper. Yet as London sprang up anew after the great fire, so the libraries recovered when the ancient manuscripts were consumed, and the old desks and chains discarded as useless. The new bookcase was practically that which we now know, and it was filled with specimens of the printer's art. Moved by the dearth of books, benevolent persons provided small libraries in central situations, and thus the parish library came into being. The custom of chaining books survived for some time longer, and not until the eighteenth century did it finally fall into desuetude.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Clark is mainly occupied with the variations which library fittings underwent on the Continent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and also with the methods which prevailed in private libraries. The initiation of wall cases in 1563 was due to Philip the Second of Spain, and several illustrations of the library of the Escorial, the Mazarin library, and the Jesuits' library at Rheims give examples of this method. A close study of many illuminated manuscripts has only brought to light one illustration of the private library. Of bookmen at work there are many examples, all of them from manuscripts, together with types of the small book desk or revolving table. Throughout all these illustrations there runs one dominant note—the

respect with which books were regarded. In not one of the pictured libraries are there apparent any signs of disorder; all is grave, solemn, and severe, befitting the temples of Minerva. In modern times much advance has been made. The steel press enables us to save space and thus to gain room for a larger number of books. The comfort of the reader is studied as never before; the closest attention is paid to questions of light, of seating, of ventilation. But it was impossible to gain all this without some sacrifice, and we may be permitted a wish that the public library was not so often akin, architecturally, to the public hall or the warehouse. We miss, as we enter it, the atmosphere of thought and tradition which so many of the collegiate libraries even yet retain. We are too much addicted to regard books as mere tools to be used and cast aside—the mediæval idea recognized the personal element in them, treated and cared for them as friends. But the books of old time were, of course, things of beauty to an extent rarely even aimed at by the modern volume, and for much that sees the light to-day no more fitting lot can be imagined than the oblivion of to-morrow. The one fault we have to find with Mr. Clark's book is a practical and external one.

The Centenary of Alexandre Dumas.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Sound of trumpets blowing down the merriest winds
of morn,
Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud
and glad,
Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was
born
Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world
less dark and sad.
Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,
France incarnate, France immortal in her death-
less boy,
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth,
forecasting
More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more of
manful joy.
Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's
friend,
Even thy name is as the splendor of a sunbright
sword:
While the boy's heart beats in man, thy fame shall find
not end:
Time and dark oblivion bow before thee as their
lord.
Youth acclaims thee gladdest of the gods that gild his
days:
Age gives thanks for thee, and death lacks heart to
quench thy praise.

QUEER TITLES AND FORGOTTEN PLAYS.

By Rowland Grey.

Dramatists have their own answer to the oft-quoted Shakespearean question, "What's in a name?" They soon learn from experience that a good one is highly important, and the frequency with which they avail themselves of the assistance of the law to protect the so-called originalities of their fertile imaginations proves titles to be considered valuable "catch-pennies." "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," is a proverb asserted to apply with quite equal force to a tragedy, a comedy, a farce, or that favorite form of entertainment which had its origin, and perhaps its apogee, in Gay's "Beggar's Opera," a happy example of successful nomenclature. Lovely Peg Woffington won her very first laurels at the age of ten years as the gallant highwayman hero, and it was performed hundreds of times in days when a fortnight was considered a long lease of life; whilst Gay's first venture, "The What-d'ye-call-it," failed egregiously, though it contained the exquisite lyric, "'Twas when the seas were roaring," so especially beloved of Pope, who, like other critics, objected to the meaningless name of the unlucky work. There are plenty of books with remarkable titles, but probably the religious tract justly enjoys a reputation for the strangest vagaries in the matter. In the charming life of Charles Mathews the Elder the eminent comedian draws up a most ludicrous list of tracts popular about 1790 with his pious parents and their sect. Thackeray's "Washerwoman of Finchley Common" and "Crumbs from the Pantry; or, The Livery of Sin," are quite outvied by "The Spouse in the Apple Tree," "Nine Points to Tie Up a Believer's Small Clothes," "A High-Heeled Shoe for a Limping Christian," which are samples of the many cited. But any person who has access to that rare and interesting thing, a really good theatrical library, will be certain to find what Mr. W. S. Gilbert would trippingly call "A source of innocent merriment" in the annals of the forgotten drama—the plays that survive are so very few, and the names of the legion that recall Mr. W. E. Henley's "Ballade of Dead Actors," with its pathetic burden, "Into the night go one and all," are in some instances so very absurd. Bishop Ossory, who might fitly be said to be more or less the unconscious founder of the Church and Stage Guild, enlivened 1495 with a miracle play that was extremely popular, dubbed by its sacerdotal author "Lazarus Raised from

the Dead: A Comedy." Even the Bishop, who was a most prolific writer, never surpassed this. A mine of wealth for the title-hunter is "The British Theatre," a scarce volume by William Rufus Chetwoode, dated 1766. "The Swaggering Damsel," "The City Night-Cap," "Sir Giles Goose-Cap," had their chance in 1633. "The Biter," also mentioned by William Rufus, whose appellation would certainly have enchanted Dr. Primrose, has an unpleasant suggestion of the last act of "Cavalleria Rusticana," agreeably absent in "The Amorous Phantasm." Middleton, in 1620, faced the footlights with "The World Tossed at Tennis"; whilst there is quite a modern touch of Maeterlinck in "The Sad One," by Sir John Suckling, a melancholy that would hardly be expected in the jolly singer of "Why so pale and sad, young lover?", the laughing philosopher of "I prithee give me back my heart." "The Testy Lord" and "The Quacks" at least do not give away their musty plots; but a vista of rather pleasant surmise is connected with "The 'Sparagus Garden." R. Browne, beloved of Charles Lamb, wrote this play in 1640, evidently anterior to the advent of poor, plain Queen Catherine of Braganza, to whom posterity has sometimes gratefully assigned the introduction of the most delicious of vegetables. Did plumed and lace-collared cavaliers go to the "'Sparagus Garden" to sup, as does the modern pilgrim to Schwetzingen, near Heidelberg? It is an interesting study for the gourmand who loves his asparagus as he should. "The Rump: A Mirrour of Late Times," might have been seen by worthy Mr. Samuel Pepys, and was doubtless seasoned by some good peppery political scandals. Beauteous Mrs. Shadwell made great hits, at a time when women were still novelties upon the stage, in "Teague O'Divelly," "The Amorous Bigot," and "The Irish Priest." A singular list of anonymous plays, *circa* 1660, and therefore almost at a time when the license of the court of the Merry Monarch reduced the stage to a condition of shameless depravity, enumerates "The Bugbear," "The Testy Lover," "Love in a Bottle," "Love in a Hurry," "Love in a Puddle," probably closely allied to the extremely indecorous "Love in the Suds." Recollecting the appallingly primitive condition of the art of dentistry, it is gruesome to find a play with "The Tooth-Drawer" as hero. "Mr. Victor's" rare "History of the London Theatres" alludes to "The Padlock,"

which is a good example of an attractive title, and one of which a resurrection seems probable enough. "Mr. Victor's" book is very full of interest, a notable paragraph being devoted to "The Hobbyhorse: A Farce," of which the critic says, "This Hobbyhorse not proving the hobbyhorse of the audience, was acted one night only." Was Mr. Pinero aware that a not too fortunate work of his had this unlucky namesake? Or does he know that "The Times" of brilliant memory was, again, an echo of some forgotten drama? Mr. H. A. Jones merely pluralized an old title in "The Liars"; nor was Mr. Louis N. Parker first in the field with his dainty pastoral, "Love-in-a-Mist." That Dibdin should have written a successful "Liberty Hall" is much more surprising, belonging as he does to so immediate a past. It would probably be entertaining to contrast it with the later "Liberty Hall," that set young ladies raving over Mr. Alexander. Thackeray's history of George Warrington's theatrical ventures in "The Virginians" is recalled by the numbers of "gentlemen of quality" who wrote what is often summed up as "a tragedy acted once." However, it was a happier fate to be laid respectably upon the shelf than to serve as a whetstone for such coarse wit as that of the scoundrel known as Anthony Pasquin, who, in his "Children of Thespis," lampooned actresses, actors, and dramatists alike, and who once wrote an epigram that might find an appropriate subject in 1899 when he said:

"As an actress she'd gather more plaudits and pelf,
Thought she more of the audience and less of
herself."

Pasquin was not muzzled as is the critic of to-day, and was so candid that it is perhaps fortunate he died before he had a chance of coping with sensitive modern writers and *artistes*—especially the latter. If it be lawful, as surely it must be, to follow the lead of the Pineros and Parkers, let some young aspirant to the laurels of melodrama call back "Hell's Higher Courts of Justice" from oblivion, for it is a title that fairly reeks of that villainy in which once upon a cheerfuller time Mr. E. S. Willard permitted us to revel. It is a natural transition to note the popularity of the name of his Satanic Majesty with the plainer-spoken playwrights of the past. Eleven plays have the word "devil" on their frontispiece long enough before George Colman made his audiences laugh over "The Deuce is in Him." Another farce by the same author, "Islington Spa," evokes a vision of merry Islington before John Gilpin, though it is not easy to picture it as a fashionable health resort for modish

invalids fagged with the pleasures of the town. In glancing over old playbills it is significant to observe that, whilst the names of the merest walking gentlemen who came on in "The French Flogged" or "The Raging Turk" are never omitted, that of the author often is. Not, of course, if he boast a title, when such interesting announcements as "The Merchant of Venice, by William Shakespeare, altered by Lord Lansdowne," are common enough. Anonymous plays are rare to-day; the log-roller has insisted far too noisily on his essential qualities. But if a dramatist would like to revive a tasteful and original pseudonym he may be recommended "Proteus Porcupine, Esq." Poor Proteus bid for fame with "The Doldrums," but this comic opera failed to please, and it is safe to assume that Porcupine is as forgotten as his maiden effort. On the whole, a study of titles leaves the conclusion that they should be short and simple, though now and then length may be effective, as in two notable examples, "The Road to Ruin" and "The School for Scandal." Shakespeare, of course, favored the plan of adopting the name of his hero, though now and then, as in "Measure for Measure" and "As You Like It," he was equally successful in a more metaphorical manner. It is, of course, true that "the play's the thing," but it is equally certain it must have an apt godfather.—*The Era*.

Everybody knows the old story of how Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger said she would prefer to be kissed to death, and how, when she was pointed out to Mrs. Craigie at the opera, that lady said: "She will never find an executioner." The sequel, however, is not so generally known. A reception was given for Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Cruger wrote to decline, adding that she would not express regret that she already had an engagement, as it so frequently proved disillusioning to meet authors after having read their works. On being shown the note Mrs. Craigie remarked that, "having read the works of Mrs. Cruger, one could not possibly be disillusioned in meeting her." Mrs. Craigie's verdict on "The Quick or the Dead?" was that the reader was distinctly *de trop*. She was asked what she thought of the passage where the heroine returns to her home after an interval of two years, finds a half-smoked cigar where her husband had left it, picks it up and kisses it passionately. Mrs. Craigie was asked if she thought it true to life. "Well, hardly," she replied, "the woman who would have done that would have eaten it."

THE TONGUE OF THE WOMAN.

By Margaret Lee.

Continued from "The Home Magazine," which was merged in THE BOOK-LOVER with the May-June issue. The last number of "The Home Magazine" as a separate publication was that dated April, 1902.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

After several years of successful work in the city, the Rev. Morris Clayton, a talented young minister, accepts a call to a country charge. He becomes impressed by the people of Dayville, and attracted by the variety of their circumstances. However, he is opposed to their way of raising money for the church, and excites much opposition and dislike by establishing a new method. He also visits a great deal among the poor and vicious, thus causing one of his parishioners, a Miss Romaine, much uneasiness. Meanwhile his efforts meet with success. He finds very congenial people in the town, and brings Mr. Perry, a wealthy resident, into the church. Mr. Clayton is very much attracted by a young couple that he sees walking and driving about the roads. Finally the girl is hired as maid-of-all-work in the house where he boards, and at a dinner party at the Salisburys' he meets the young man, who proves to be the son of his host. Mr. Clayton and Miss Stanton are mutually in love, and he is about to propose to her. Just at this point in his career he is involved in a very disagreeable incident, which results in the fact that he saves young Salisbury's life and assists Tina to reach the house where they both live. Having proposed to Miss Stanton, Mr. Clayton advises her to consider his offer during her absence at the watering places, and she and her parents leave Dayville for a short trip. One evening during a ball at the principal hotel, Sumner Salisbury and his mother have a quarrel about a horse that he wants to drive at night. While this scene is being enacted, at the Salisbury home Mr. Clayton rescues Tina from a burning room and extinguishes the flames. Tina is too exhausted to leave the house, but Mr. Clayton surmises that she was about to join young Salisbury on a moonlight excursion. Later in the evening Mr. Clayton is summoned to the Salisburys'. Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Perry return from New York to find Mrs. Salisbury dead in her room. Sumner Salisbury rapidly deteriorates after causing his mother's death, and interferes with Tina in the discharge of her duties. He fears to be alone and insists upon her constant companionship. The girl grows reckless, and finally Mr. Clayton makes an earnest appeal to her to regain her self-respect. She promises to follow his advice. Mr. Clayton and Miss Stanton become engaged, and things are progressing very happily, when one evening Salisbury sends Tina a note demanding an interview. Mr. Clayton has hired a wagon to take a long drive to the hills, and having intercepted Tina on her way to meet Salisbury, he prevails upon her to give up the tryst and seek refuge where Salisbury cannot find her. It happens that Tina is connected with the farmer whom he is about to visit. She gladly agrees to leave Dayville, and they drive toward the hills.

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.)

"Is the road any worse than—than the one leading to Mr. Tober's place?" asked Mr. Clayton.

"Just about the same—all uphill and stony."

"I have grown quite fond of that road. Now, you can pilot me; and I don't think we'll find the journey tedious. There is too much to be thankful for. Are you quite warm?"

"Yes, very; but my teeth are chattering. I don't know what's the matter with me."

"Suppose you take the reins. You like to drive, and you know the roads."

Tina gladly changed seats and was at once interested in her occupation, holding the reins with the ease of understanding and looking about her with evident pleasure as the town lights were lost in the distance. Very little was said during the drive; a few questions and answers concerning the fertility of the land warded off embarrassment. The road was bordered by fields of stubble, or it was cut through woods, and in passing beneath the arching branches the moonlight beautified the scene with the witchery of wondrous lights and shadows. Picturesque ravines, through which rivulets murmured on their way, changed the appearance of the landscape. The air grew perceptibly cooler and more invigorating; the pines so sweetened it with their fragrance, that Mr. Clayton closed his eyes and welcomed it with deep inspirations.

"It is nice," said Tina. "It's about all the folks up here have to live on."

"It is a treat, Tina, quite worthy of the drive."

"We'll see cousin's house after a bit."

"What! So soon?"

"We've been two hours, at least, getting this far."

Mr. Clayton's gaze was at length rewarded by the view of a long, shallow, wooden house, which stood within a few feet of the road. By driving close to the fence, Tina

could knock on the doors without alighting from the vehicle. The building showed evidences of neglect and fast-encroaching decay. Broken panes were stuffed with rags; the blinds hung loosely on creaking hinges. A heap of pumpkins adorned the porch, together with various kegs, boxes and cans, containing good specimens of geraniums and begonias.

"Cousin rents the farm and takes it out in stuff. He isn't able to work it himself," Tina explained. "It used to be a pretty place. You see, it's all going to destruction."

She stopped the horse in front of the first of three front doors, and struck it lightly several times. After a moment of silent waiting, a lighted lamp was carried from room to room, and the door was opened, disclosing a tall woman, with a background of a homelike kitchen, a bright stove, and a hissing kettle of polished brass.

"Good evening, Cousin Phoebe. Here's the Episcopal minister, Mr. Clayton. He's come to see Cousin Forster."

"Is that you, Tina? Why! Well, I declare!"

Mrs. Forster now set the lamp on a table and received Mr. Clayton. Tina had emerged from the overcoat and handkerchief, and was securing the reins to the post beyond the gate. That done, she entered the kitchen and seated herself in a corner near the dresser so effectively and comfortably that she had all the appearance of being in her own home.

Mrs. Forster's keen eyes rested on the girl's figure while she lent attention to Mr. Clayton, who wisely determined to let Tina explain her own affairs after his departure. His visit evidently gave pleasure, whether from its novelty, the lateness of the hour, or its motive, or a combination of these reasons. Mr. Forster was confined to his bed with several troubles, and, as his mind was clear and his curiosity aroused and gratified, he talked until midnight. He smiled on Tina when she entered with some toast and gruel, and did not exhibit any surprise at her presence. She seemed to slide instantly and smoothly into a domestic groove which had been waiting for her reception.

Mr. Forster expected "to get around again" in a few days, so Mr. Clayton didn't promise to call again, although he felt assured of being welcome.

Tina followed him to the wagon.

"It won't do to tell Mrs. Whitney where I am," she said, decisively.

"I'll tell her that you have taken refuge in flight, and that you are in good hands."

"I'd rather you wouldn't speak of me at all."

"And let her misjudge you, perhaps?"

"Pshaw! I don't care. I'm used to it. If she thinks you know, she'll never stop till she finds out, not for love of me, but for the sake of knowing."

"I'll do as you say, then; although——"

"If one knows, the town will be told; and then—Sum will be after me again. He'd take a horse and be here in no time."

"Then I'll follow your advice, Tina. You can rely upon me."

"I know that."

"Tina, I don't like to think that you are afraid of Mr. Salisbury."

"I never was much afraid of anything or anybody; but, now that the thing is done, it may as well stay done."

Mr. Clayton turned the horse. Tina came close to the wheels.

"You take the turn to the right at the first cross-roads, and after that keep to the left."

"Yes. Tina, one of these days you will realize the grandeur of resisting temptation, even if we have to run from it. God bless you!"

Their eyes met. Tina took the proffered hand, held

it for a second, and then suddenly bent her head and pressed her trembling lips to it.

Mr. Clayton could see her figure in the road until a steep decline cut off the view. The return drive was accomplished with pleasure and much gain in time, the road being all downhill and the horse anxious to reach his stable. Mr. Clayton reflected on all that he had just witnessed. He recalled the picture formed by each room of the old farmhouse: the warm, cozy kitchen; the square, chilly parlor; the large, low-ceilinged bed-chamber, with its high, four-posted, canopied bedstead. He could remember the pattern and colors of the wallpaper and the figures in the quilted squares of the counterpane. It was probable that the Forsters were younger in years than they looked; hard work and exposure are not beautifiers, and Mr. Forster's hands were swollen and bent with rheumatism, that bane of age which lurks in damp, wooden, country houses.

Jake Dent, the stableman, came out for his property, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"How's the old man?"

"Very comfortable," said Mr. Clayton.

"I guessed it was a false alarm. Rather a long drive for you, with nothing at the end of it."

"There was good news."

"Well, that wouldn't pay me for it, at this hour of the night." He yawned again and led away the horse.

Mr. Clayton said "Good night" and sauntered homeward. When he sat down at the breakfast table, after a sound sleep of the most refreshing order, Mrs. Whitney brought in his coffee, biscuits and oatmeal. She spoke half apologetically:

"I guess Tina has discharged herself this time. The Miss Jenkinsons are leaving to-day, and she knew I wouldn't need her any longer."

CHAPTER XIX.

People whose thoughts are honest and whose hours are legitimately occupied are not very attentive to straws, adverse or otherwise. At this period of his life it might be said of Mr. Clayton that he was not only devoted to his work but really in love with it. The climate of Dayville suited him; he had never felt stronger, physically, and his parishioners had no language in which to express their admiration of his mental powers. His comprehensiveness excited their wonder, while his information concerning the practical details of life inspired them with a feeling akin to awe. The religion that he preached and sought to teach was a reality and a necessity of existence. It had to do with the motives, the words and deeds of men throughout every hour of the day. It was to be the guide, the support, and the comfort of every living creature made after the likeness of God.

To the majority, this idea of religion was novel and attractive. It was even encouraging. It was like being given a rich treasure when convinced by potent arguments that religion could be exerted in the sweeping of a room, in the serving of a meal, in the control of anger, in the curbing of the tongue, in the refraining from thinking evil of anyone. Souls revived in the light and warmth of this ray from the Divine Love, and Mr. Clayton discovered unconscious Christians in men and women whose natural feeling of reverence, joined to mistaken fear, had hitherto deterred them from professing openly what they cheerfully practiced.

One morning he set off to visit several of these difficult subjects and urge them to join his confirmation class, which promised to be an unusually large one. The Bishop had named a date for visiting Dayville, and the Stantons would entertain him during his stay. Fired with his purpose, Mr. Clayton pursued his way, which led him by Mr. Salisbury's grounds. To his surprise, young Salisbury appeared in the doorway of the barn, and advanced quickly, evidently with the intention of accosting him. Mr. Clayton had no desire to meet the man, and would have passed with a nod. However, Salisbury cleared the fence just beyond and stood in Mr. Clayton's path.

"You're the very man I want to see," said Salisbury, ignoring Mr. Clayton's "Good morning."

"I hope I can serve you," Mr. Clayton replied, calmly meeting Salisbury's glance, which was as threatening as his manner was insolent. His deep flush might be caused by work, and his bare head and shirt-sleeves suggested recent labor.

"I'm told that you know where Tina is, and I'd like to get her address."

For a moment Mr. Clayton was confounded by the peculiar form of the sentence.

"You are told! Pray, by whom?"

"It makes no difference."

"Excuse me. The authority for a statement makes all the difference possible."

"I'm not mentioning names. The source of my information is quite reliable enough for me. I've heard one story from several persons, and I can put two and two together for myself. Tina was at Mrs. Whitney's two weeks ago; since then no one has seen or heard from her."

Mr. Clayton studied Mr. Salisbury's features. This was encouraging news, if true.

"I only found out last night that you took a horse and wagon out of Dayville that evening."

Mr. Clayton was tall, very tall; he suddenly seemed to attain extra height.

"Mr. Salisbury, aren't you forgetting yourself? I am inclined to think that if you had any right to know Tina's movements she would keep you informed of them."

"That's my affair."

"I didn't seek this conversation, Mr. Salisbury."

"You've gone out of your way to meddle with what didn't concern you."

"That statement admits of argument. I deny your right to criticise my conduct, and I decline to discuss this subject with you."

Mr. Clayton took a step forward. Salisbury rudely blocked his path. His gesture was menacing.

"You may be a clergyman, but I'm damned if you're going to get the best of me."

Mr. Clayton clasped his hands behind; his features were rigid and white; he spoke through shut teeth:

"Perhaps you can see that I am trying to get the better of myself. You are a younger man than I am. Let me advise you to go abroad in the world, and see how men win esteem and honor among their fellows. Self-control is the keystone. Reason alone is mighty. Bluster is out of date."

"I suppose you think that talk covers cowardice."

"I am not a coward, even in your sense of the word. I took two of your country bullies from your throat, if you remember. I am not weak physically. Can you lift this weight?"

Salisbury considered the portion of rock which Mr. Clayton touched with his foot.

"No, nor you either."

For answer, Mr. Clayton raised the boulder from its damp bed and hurled it to some distance. An expression of surprised admiration flashed in Mr. Salisbury's eyes.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "you have a muscle."

"Yes. My muscle is in fighting order; but nowadays it is the rule to hold our strength, like our army, in reserve. Besides, I am voluntarily pledged to another kind of warfare, the overcoming of evil with good. Under such circumstances as these, I am bound to show my colors. If I can help you in any way conducive to your real happiness, I am always at your service. Being a young man, I might be far more useful to you than you suppose. I doubt if you have given the subject a thought."

Mr. Salisbury moved to one side; his expression was sullen, his eyes were downcast. Mr. Clayton passed on his way with fresh problems to solve concerning his duties. On principle, he despised gossip, and experience had taught him the utter worthlessness of Dayville gossip. In recalling Mr. Salisbury's remarks he attached no importance to them and quickly dismissed them from his mind. It was probable that they were random shots fired at a venture. He became absorbed in his own labor, the conversion of honest people by changing the channel of their thoughts. Worthy men and women, jewels which were fit for setting, found themselves confronted by a barrier of their own construction—"We are

not good enough." This was the barrier which Mr. Clayton had to remove for them. He sometimes felt that it was easier to convince sinners of their wickedness and make them forsake the evil of their ways.

His determination was governed by his mental vigor and physical strength. He held a weekly meeting for his confirmation class in the church, and he offered to call personally on those who could not attend the regular lectures. These personal visits were great tests of patience, perseverance, and spiritual strength. He was supposed to offer supernatural proofs of the truths he enunciated. Like Naaman of old, the very simplicity of the demand excited doubts of its efficacy.

It was at this period in Mr. Clayton's career that Miss Romaine presented herself one afternoon at Mrs. Stanton's house and found its mistress alone in her pretty dressing-room. Mrs. Stanton was enjoying a new novel, a box of sweets and a becoming teagown, and Miss Romaine took off her bonnet and wrap and made herself comfortable in an easy-chair. Mr. Stanton was in New York, the boys were playing baseball, and Helen had gone to spend the day with Madeleine.

It was not long before Miss Romaine divulged the motive for her visit.

"How fortunate that Helen is not here! My dear Mrs. Stanton, I have been quite worried by rumors of Mr. Clayton's attention to her. I hope, for her sake, that they are nothing but silly gossip."

Mrs. Stanton put her box of bonbons quite close to Miss Romaine's arm and carelessly helped herself.

"You know, Miss Jane, that we hear very little of the town talk, and if it concerned us we shouldn't be much the wiser. We think a great deal of Mr. Clayton, but that is no secret to you."

"I know you do. You will remember that he never impressed me very favorably; but I yielded to the majority and tried to feel toward him as I should to a man holding his position here. My intuition was correct. Now don't let me alarm you. The scandal is all over the town, so it is only my duty, as a woman and an old friend, to let you know the whole story."

Mrs. Stanton's amazement held her silent, and at that moment Aunt Anne entered, looking very kind and sweet in her gray silk dress with its delicate ornaments of lace and pearls. Miss Romaine was pleased with the increase in her audience and grew more and more emphatic and solemn-eyed.

"You know I always suspect people who are continually picking flaws in others, and Mr. Clayton has turned everything in this parish topsy-turvy. Of course, this is confidential. I wouldn't, under any circumstances, have my name connected with it. The vestry should take steps to investigate the matter. I know from eye-witnesses the truth of what is stated."

"What do you mean?" Aunt Anne said, noticing that Mrs. Stanton was quite incapable of putting a question and being quite conscious of a rising sensation of indignation in her own breast.

"It is horrible! I blush to tell it. Why, the man has been carrying on an intrigue with a low servant and the girl has disappeared."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Stanton. "How can you repeat such a calumny?"

"I wish it was a calumny, Mrs. Stanton. I think it is an outrage on the whole community for such an accusation to be made against our minister. Such a possibility should never have existed. It is so shocking! And then—to know that it is true!"

Miss Romaine wiped away indignant tears.

"My dear, how can you know that it is true?" inquired Aunt Anne so quietly that Miss Romaine recovered voice and argument immediately.

"Why, by proofs—the most incontestable proofs. Of course, you are a stranger here; even Mrs. Stanton knows very little of the wickedness that goes on in this town. Now, this is all confidential. I only tell Mrs. Stanton on her daughter's account. Forewarned is forearmed. Mr. Salisbury is a very bad young man, a disgrace to his family. It seems that this girl was one of his lady-loves. Mr. Clayton has cut him out and made off with the young

woman, and Salisbury swears that he'll find her or have satisfaction."

"Don't you think that Mr. Salisbury should first find the girl before bringing such an infamous charge against Mr. Clayton? Why, Miss Romaine, I wonder how a sensible woman like you could let such a story make any impression upon you. Mr. Salisbury's mind must be affected as well as his morals."

Mrs. Stanton's eyes met Aunt Anne's as she spoke without excitement in voice or looks.

"Anne is right, Miss Jane. No one would pay any attention to young Salisbury's assertions, provided they were not substantiated. But my friends saw enough to convince me that Sumner is quite justified in all that he says. You see, the Misses Jenkinson had a room right over Mr. Clayton's all through the summer until late in the fall. The girl was employed by Mrs. Whitney, and they saw Mr. Clayton with her under the most questionable circumstances. Mrs. Stanton, do you remember the evening that the young ladies gave the entertainment for the library fund? It seemed so strange to my friends that he should select such a night to be out with her."

"Dear me! Miss Romaine, don't you think these ladies were mistaken?" Mrs. Stanton's face became white and stern.

"No. They were so horrified and so afraid of making mischief that they did not tell me about it until very recently. In fact, they kept all their information to themselves until they learned so much that they felt it to be their duty to let us know the real character of the man of whom we thought so highly. It made no difference to them. They did not belong here, and they attended service because they honored the office, not the holder. I haven't told you what they saw on that night. They heard the gate click, and first one got up and looked and she called the other. Mr. Clayton had his arm around the girl, and they walked up the path in that style. He was bending over her and she was evidently crying. They came in through the front door, and my friends listened for hours and they couldn't hear anybody go upstairs. It was nearly dawn when they fell asleep. Then, the very night that Mrs. Salisbury died, they heard a great commotion overhead, and they could smell smoke in the house. Finally, they ventured down to the kitchen, looked in, and there was Mr. Clayton standing with the girl's hand in his. He didn't appear embarrassed. A few weeks ago I went driving with my friends and we passed him on the road. He was alone, walking slowly. Coming back, he and this girl were sitting on some rocks, so absorbed in conversation that I don't think they even heard us. Now, seeing is believing. To clap the climax, my friends saw the two pass the house on a buckboard, not very long ago, at night. You see, young Salisbury is not saying what he does not believe."

"I think you are convinced of the facts that these ladies narrated," Aunt Anne said.

"Why, of course! They could have no motive for slandering Mr. Clayton."

"True, but they only put one construction on a series of incidents which admit of several explanations."

"Do you think so, Miss Anne? Dear me, you are generous!"

"I have lived longer than you, Miss Romaine. I have known the most innocent situations to give rise to serious trouble, simply because evil interpretations were accepted. I can assure you that the most circumspect of us may be placed in strange positions by the thoughtlessness of others, even our best friends. Circumstantial evidence has brought innocent people to the gallows. My impression is that if Mr. Clayton cared to explain these curious scenes you would find that he has been actuated by motives far beyond ordinary comprehension."

"You're too good, Miss Anne. It is very evident that you never lived in a country town."

Miss Anne Stanton grew very serious in look and voice.

"I never did for any length of time, but sin is sin in town or city. Now, Miss Romaine, if we think that we have cause to be grieved or injured by another's conduct, we have the Scriptural advice as to our own action. We are to go alone to the person who offends us, and seek

redress. If it is refused, then we are to take witnesses and make the matter public. Now, instead of telling us this charge, why don't you go direct to Mr. Clayton and ask him to explain these incidents?"

"Why! I shouldn't think of doing anything like that. Fancy the indelicacy of it!"

"Then let your friends write to Mr. Clayton and ask him to set their fears at rest by letter. I am sure it would be much more delicate and honorable than to spread abroad this accusation and take refuge behind the screen of a confidential communication."

"Ah, but these ladies feel that Mr. Clayton couldn't offer an honest explanation of his actions. They are churchwomen; they know how the world gloats over a clerical scandal. They don't want to make this matter public; they wouldn't be willing to bring dishonor on the Church. They told me that the quiet way was to get rid of Mr. Clayton by making it so uncomfortable for him that he would be glad to resign."

"That is, they would not be willing to appear as witnesses in case this charge should be publicly brought against him."

"Certainly not. They are modest, refined ladies——"

"I am very sorry for my sex if they stand for models of modesty. My dear Miss Romaine, do you realize the terrible thing that these women have undertaken? Why, to kill a man outright would be kindness itself in comparison. That would be simply to inflict physical pain. You propose to blast a man's reputation and let him live. This is murder, in ethics, premeditated murder. You should do either of two things: make the accusation publicly to his Bishop and give Mr. Clayton the chance to vindicate himself, or let the whole matter drop here and die as such slanders should for lack of tongues to repeat them. You may be sure that Mary and I will never allude to this again."

"Now, Miss Anne, your method would do in Utopia; but we live among very human people. Mr. Clayton is a very young man, and the temptations here are terrible, I'll admit. He commenced by going among the lowest of the low here, drunkards and prostitutes. He claimed that it was his duty to visit them."

"He must have been a revelation to them."

"Well, Miss Anne, that is a matter of opinion. You have taken a fancy to him, and evidently consider him a very superior person. Appearances deceive."

"Miss Romaine, I have heard that adage all my life. There are a great many proverbs in circulation that won't bear analysis. I was born and bred among good people, men and women who inherited the sterling virtues, people whose morals rested on their religious belief in honesty and chastity. I always associate with virtuous people. Now I claim that I recognize goodness when I meet it. Appearances do not deceive experienced eyes and cultivated minds. I know a good book from a bad one; I can pick real lace from the imitation; I never mistake a bit of paste for a diamond. Now let me tell you that Morris Clayton is not depending upon you or me for his happiness, and I doubt that any human being will ever make him unhappy in the true sense of the word. But he may be materially injured for the time being by injustice, and others may have to suffer with him. We, surely, will not be the persons to cause this wrong."

"You talk beautifully, Miss Anne. I wish you could convince me against the evidence of my own eyesight, my own intuition. Now, my idea is to warn a few influential people and get him out of this parish. There are places where he would not be exposed to similar temptations. I have lost all faith in him, all respect for him, and, in spite of his abilities, I shall never rest satisfied until we have another man in his place. He is a charming preacher, I must confess—perfectly charming. His command of language and his reasoning powers are really wonderful. But you know we have had ample proof that a gift for pulpit oratory is not always combined with strict morality."

"Miss Romaine, we would never convince each other, I am sure. You have passed sentence on Mr. Clayton without a trial. You and your friends are taking a very dishonorable method, because, if you are satisfied that

he is guilty of this charge, the proper way to bring it is open to you. It looks to me, as it must strike any impartial person, as if you were simply gratifying a private grudge against the man by repeating an ugly slander which no one cares to prove."

"I think as Anne does, Miss Jane. Suppose we three agree not to mention this again."

"It wouldn't make any difference, Mrs. Stanton. The whole town is discussing Tina's disappearance. Miss Anne is very severe; but my friends say it is the usual way to do if certain members of a congregation hear sufficient to convince them that their rector isn't all that he should be. They manage quietly to make him resign. He is given a chance to reform, and no one in particular is responsible."

"It is a shocking way to treat a man. I would never have part in such a proceeding. I could go to a man and ask him to explain conduct that seemed unbecoming to his profession, but I couldn't slander him in secret."

"Well, I have done my duty by Helen. She is a lovely girl, and people are connecting her name with Mr. Clayton's." Mrs. Stanton sighed.

"Why, Miss Jane, I feel that you think you are only doing us a kindness. Still, I am going to take Anne's advice and refrain from speaking of the matter."

Miss Romaine put on her wrap and bonnet and took her leave. She had expected a pressing invitation to dinner, but she realized that Mrs. Stanton had lost sight of etiquette and hospitality in view of this overwhelming piece of intelligence.

Miss Anne looked after Miss Romaine's elegant figure as she gracefully crossed the leaf-strewn lawn.

"Mary, have you many such women in Dayville?"

"Oh, no, Anne. One is enough. Dear me! I wonder what Richard will think of all this?"

"Why, nothing whatever. He is a sensible man and will riddle the thing at once."

"Or the girl may come back, and then the gossips will be in despair. I wish I hadn't heard it."

"I wish you would get something else to occupy you before Helen comes. You look so worried that she will grow curious. I think Mr. Perry is going to stop."

"Oh, Anne, go down and keep him to dinner. He is a godsend! You can entertain him until I recover my senses. Of course, we won't mention Mr. Clayton."

"Then he would suspect something at once. You may be sure that he has heard everything and has come to reassure us. We'll act as if nothing unusual had come to pass."

"And let him go back to the flood. It is quite jolly to hear you and him matching recollections; it amuses Helen so much. She says you are like two volumes of ancient history by different writers."

Aunt Anne laughed, flushed becomingly, and left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs. Whitney had given Mr. Clayton his choice between a wood stove and an open fire of logs. The old-fashioned hearth appealed to the romance within him, and so he listened kindly while she demonstrated that a stove would heat the room whereas the open fire would consume a larger quantity of fuel and fail of its purpose. He concluded to have the companionship of the cheery blaze and the crackling wood, and ignore the wasted heat.

One November afternoon he and Steven sat within the influence of the grateful warmth and discussed a subject dear to Mr. Clayton's heart, the possibility of training a boy choir.

Steven's enthusiasm was kept in bounds by his modesty. However, Mr. Clayton suggested an upright piano in the nearest space of the large room in which they plotted this addition to the beauty of the liturgy.

"The children can meet here two nights in the week, and I can help you to teach them the chants. Their voices sound so sweet in the Sunday school that we ought to have them on Sunday in the church."

Then Mr. Clayton told Steven about the vested choirs in the city churches. He learned that Steven had once

enjoyed a wonderful holiday and gone on a dollar excursion to New York. He had spent his few hours in the vast city, rushing about inspecting the exteriors of the great buildings and wondering what they were. Mr. Clayton thought of a future visit to the metropolis with Steven. He would like to take the lad to Trinity on a Sunday morning, and watch his face when the processional hymn softly broke the solemn silence. Steven, too, was musing. The prospective piano was akin to a fairy tale, and the glowing embers suggested exquisite pictures. All at once, Steven sighed heavily. He had forgotten to cut wood for Mr. Clayton's fire. He rose quite conscience-stricken. Mr. Clayton read his dismayed features and laughed merrily.

"I'll come and help you, Steven. The exercise is just what I need."

Steven was departing when Mr. Stanton filled the doorway. The room was rather dusk, for the November days were growing perceptibly shorter. Mr. Clayton was both surprised and pleased, but something in his visitor's manner was suspiciously formal and even restrained. Mr. Stanton sat down, but he waited until Steven's footsteps had died away; then he hesitated, cleared his throat, and plunged into his subject.

"Mr. Clayton, I suppose you can fully explain this ugly story that is on everybody's tongue about you and some girl that young Salisbury is trying to find. I am rather blunt, but between men there need be no circumlocution. For my daughter's sake the whole matter must be properly cleared up. Helen is ignorant of the facts, and I don't want her to hear them, but her mother and aunt are quite satisfied that the story is exaggerated, and I have taken their advice and come to you for an honest account of the circumstances."

Mr. Clayton's eyes had never wandered from Mr. Stanton's face, but their expression had changed from one of utter amazement to quick indignation and then to calm interest and decision.

"You are quite right, Mr. Stanton. I could have told you the affair in a few words at the time, but it did not occur to me that it might result in anything like this. I never have thought it necessary to discuss my actions or to mention what concerns one of my parishioners to another. I simply did for this young girl what I have done for a number of women. The emergency of the case prompted me to drive her out of harm's way. Mr. Salisbury learned so much, and he tried personally to force me into telling him where Tina took refuge. That I refuse to disclose to anybody."

"To me?"

"Yes. You could not use the information."

Mr. Clayton leaned back in his chair very much as if he considered the explanation complete and the matter entirely disposed of. Mr. Stanton began to pace the long room. He did not know what to do with the other serious charges. One of them had been so easily explained that the others seemed to lose force and meaning; but they had to be met.

"The trouble is, Mr. Clayton, that Salisbury's story is not the only one, nor is it the worst. It seems that you and this girl have been seen together on several occasions and the inferences are very injurious to your character. Now, Clayton, you'll have to make some allowance for me. It is only for Helen's sake that I have come here. If you were not very dear to her, I should not consider it my duty to take notice of this scandal. But the town is convulsed with it. I heard it from one of our own people, who thinks that you cannot offer any satisfactory account of your intimacy with this girl."

Mr. Clayton's flush had receded, leaving him very pale and rigid. He rose, perhaps unconsciously, and stood with folded arms gazing at the embers. At this moment Steven touched the door with the end of a log.

"Come," said Mr. Clayton, and Steven entered with his high-piled armful of sticks and began to arrange them on the hearth. Then he knelt and blew on the white ashes and made a pyramid of fresh logs and small pieces of kindling. One of these fell lighting beyond the pile, and Mr. Clayton stooped to put it back where it could do its mission. Presently the room was lit up and Steven

retired wondering. He had caught the look in Mr. Clayton's eyes and he felt that he would never forget it. It was a blending of horror, anger, pain and courage, that produced an expression of grandeur which inspired awe in the beholder. Mr. Stanton began to wish fervently that he had left his labor to another.

"Who accuses me?" Mr. Clayton's voice was full and steady.

"Well, I am not at liberty to mention names."

"Oh! And you would listen to statements which the makers decline to acknowledge. I refuse to notice them."

"But why not explain?"

"Explain what?"

"Well—whatever the situations were that gave rise to this gossip."

"I am to account for the figments conjured by evil minds."

"I suppose you might offer some good reason for being seen in the girl's company at all hours."

"I suppose, as you say, your position excuses this conversation. It does not warrant it. Let us sit down. I could probably satisfy you. Mr. Stanton, as to every interview that I had with the girl, but I should not be willing to let the explanation go any further. I cannot see, therefore, any sense in making it. The girl was employed by Mrs. Whitney. I saw her three times a day in the dining-room, and, accidentally, oftener than I can remember. You see what a field these scandal-mongers enjoyed. Now, they know as well as I do that there is a proper way in which to act if they feel that I have been guilty of conduct unbecoming in a minister. The Bishop is easily reached personally or by letter."

"But if these scandal-mongers are willing to let you explain rather than push a public charge?"

"They must come forward in person and make it to me. They have chosen a method which I cannot take any notice of. It would be wholly beneath my dignity to do so. To answer slander, anonymously uttered, would be an impossibility. I think I shall have to stand on my reputation and attend to my duties. I must be the best judge of my own conduct."

"Well, now, Mr. Clayton, this leaves us precisely where we began. I can't go away from here and convince people that this matter is all idle gossip."

"Why do you want to convince people? If you believe in my rectitude I am content."

"Yes—but I can't countenance your engagement to my daughter with all this infernal slander filling the air and exciting the whole community. Something must be done, or the engagement must be broken."

"Broken!"

"Yes, broken. I'll take my family back to New York without delay. Helen must not hear the particulars of this story. To tell the truth, this engagement has never impressed me favorably, and perhaps it is just as well to let it end now."

"Doesn't it seem very unjust to cause Helen and me suffering simply on account of an idle report?"

Mr. Stanton again paced the floor. Mr. Clayton seemed absorbed.

"I know what you can do, Clayton. Send for this girl. Let her give an account of her absence. That will settle the whole thing in a short time."

Mr. Clayton fixed his eyes on Mr. Stanton, listened, and again meditated.

"The gossip will all blow over; Salisbury will have nothing to say, and these women will see the absurdity of their suspicions."

The logs were all ablaze now, and in the illumination Mr. Clayton sat, calm and thoughtful, looking straight at Mr. Stanton, who had come to a halt and awaited an answer to his proposition.

"Mr. Stanton, that is entirely out of the question."

"Out of the question! Why? I don't understand you. What possible difference can it make to this girl, in the long run? She is a worthless creature. After a while she'll naturally drift back here where she belongs. She's like a moth; the candle is right here; she'll find her way back to it. You might just as well look out for yourself. I tell you, Clayton, this is not the age to ap-

preciate self-sacrifice. People take care of themselves now; even ministers of the Gospel have to think of number one."

"Precisely. I am not inclined to make any concession. As a priest, I have a right to succor those who are in distress without being obliged to calculate personal consequences. I cannot establish a precedent that would do incalculable harm. What I have done I may be called upon to do many times. My prayer is that this girl may resist all temptation to return to this place. I should be the very last person in the world to bring her back."

"I can't understand such reasoning. Here is your reputation in danger, and my daughter's position to be considered."

"If Helen could understand the situation she would tell me to be true to my sense of honor and duty. I am guided in this by my ideas of what is due to my calling. What would you think of a physician who should desert a patient with a contagious disease? If I were not a clergyman, do you suppose that I would turn craven because of some malicious gossip? Certainly not. Let these people talk, and let us pursue our usual way in peace."

"Mr. Clayton, I had pretty much made up my mind what to do before coming here. This decides me. If you are not willing to clear up this business for Helen's sake, you must give up all claim to her. I cannot feel justified in receiving you at my house while you hold this position, and a man who has such a fine-spun conception of honor as you profess will make no attempt to meet my daughter in secret."

"One moment, Mr. Stanton. You ask me to justify myself to one woman by the sacrifice of another. Helen would not accept this if she realized it."

"Mr. Clayton, I don't care to have my child named in the same breath with this creature. She has caused all this trouble."

"Perhaps not. Our lines of thought are very different, as this conversation has proved. For years I have been studying the democracy of Christianity. It is possible that I have come to underrate the distinctions of birth, wealth and environment. But I have seen what the poor have to contend with; I have learned to pity their sufferings and to respect their struggles in the race and fight for existence. My experience has enlarged my sympathies for my fellow creatures in all conditions, and I find the command 'Judge not' extremely serviceable. I hope that you will reconsider this matter before you take any decided step in what is arranged between your daughter and me."

"I have stated the alternative. We understand each other, I think. You refuse positively to accept it."

"I do."

"Then this interview is final."

Mr. Stanton left the room and Mr. Clayton sat on, apparently gazing at the fire. He felt like another person looking at his former self; but he had only reached a higher plane with its new problems to solve. The blaze gradually sank; the room became dark and chilly. One of his pet chairs had been brought in from wind and storm. He sank beside it, struggling for the faith which he daily invoked for others. In that hour he realized that a Christian is never alone.

The sharp ringing of the tea-bell roused him to the duties of the evening. His confirmation class would assemble in the church at half-past seven. Helen had been in the habit of coming to the lectures, but on this night the Stantons' pew was unoccupied. Steven's chords, too, were painfully uncertain.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the following morning a note was left for Mr. Clayton while he was eating breakfast. He opened it in his own room and read over these words:

REVEREND MR. CLAYTON.

SIR: Papa tells me that our engagement is broken and that I must return you my ring. He would not explain

why, but I am sure that you would prefer me to obey him. I do not know anything to write.

With respect,

HELEN STANTON.

At home.

DAYVILLE, Nov. 10, 1888.

The ring was not inclosed, and the handwriting was evidently that of a person suffering with nervousness. Curious and formal as it was, it was the only specimen of Miss Stanton's penmanship that Mr. Clayton had ever received. He examined it minutely and was still deliberating as to its authenticity when Mr. Perry drew up before the door.

Mr. Clayton ran out to welcome him and took him into the pleasant parlor, where Steven had just built a prize fire. Mr. Perry spoke gayly:

"This is good! It's really wintry out of doors. I suppose snow will be the next thing in order. Well, how are you?"

He was embarrassed, and Mr. Clayton was quite aware that this was an unusual hour, considering the season, for Mr. Perry to be abroad, and the old gentleman's wig was askew, as if put on by nervous fingers. There was nothing the matter with his bright eyes, which were reading Mr. Clayton's features.

"I'm very well, and delighted to see you."

Mr. Perry caught Clayton's hands and pressed them energetically; his eyes filled, his voice shook.

"That's right! That's as it should be! Exactly as I expected! I knew that these people couldn't affect you with their infernal gossip. I really thought that it would all explode, blow up, disappear, before he got back. Stanton is a fool! I told him so last night. Did you get the child's note? She had to write it and exhibit it. She was going to put in her ring, and I told her that it might be injured; so she concluded to return it some other way. Well, after she left the room we had it hot and heavy, I tell you. If you want to know who is your friend in that house, I'll tell you—Miss Anne Stanton. She laid down the law there like a Judge of the Supreme Court. She wouldn't give in one hair's breadth. I didn't know there was such a woman in the world. I think Mary Stanton agrees with us, but perhaps if she had done it openly her husband would have been more obstinate than ever. You see, Gerard met him at the station and poured this torrent of gossip into his ears. Stanton was like a sheet of white paper. He took the impression, blots and all."

"Mr. Gerard!"

Mr. Clayton was leaning back, supporting his head on his clasped hands, and Mr. Perry, who occupied the rug, met his astonished glance.

"Does that surprise you? Well, it wouldn't if you knew as much about the man as I do. Stanton has never gone much among the people here. I'm not defending him; simply explaining why he let Gerard influence him. The folks here are very clannish when it comes to the point, and Gerard belongs here. He is a prominent man, one of the leading citizens of Dayville. Stanton, coming and going as he does, has no way of learning Gerard's private character. To all appearances, the man is above reproach. He is a vestryman in a church, he is well off, he has a nice family of daughters, and he holds responsible public offices whenever he cares to be nominated and elected to them. This is the outside of the platter. I told you once that I had ways of hearing pretty much everything that transpires in Dayville. I'm willing to be charitable, and give the benefit of a doubt. Had Gerard withheld this gossip, I should not trouble you with my opinion of him. I should have fervently hoped that under your influence he would perhaps come to despise hypocrisy. He has a charming daughter there, Madeleine, who naturally regards him with respect as well as love. She is old enough to realize his true character, but out of pity no one enlightens her. Now Gerard possibly believes this gossip. He may judge others by what he knows of himself. But Stanton, after what I told him last night, is not justified in accepting Gerard's statements. Mind you, I don't think that Stanton believes a word of this gossip, but it

is a new experience, and he dreads new experiences. He lives in ruts, and he doesn't want to be jogged out of them. His idea is to run away from anything that threatens to interfere with his personal comfort. Now this scandal annoys him. His plan is to break Helen's engagement, pack up and retreat to New York, where he'll hear no more about it. The man is too selfish to consider you for a moment. It is your business to look out for yourself. Clayton, I'm almost inclined to return to New York. I love the country, and this place just suits me. I don't have one of the ills that old flesh is heir to, neither gout, rheumatism, nor neuralgia. I can entertain myself in my own house, and enjoy every hour in the twenty-four. But when I repent of my selfishness and go abroad for companionship, my soul sickens in the moral atmosphere of this place. I have either to avoid men or shut my eyes to their moral obliquity. I prefer to keep away from them. I tell you, Clayton, there must be something rotten in a small town when it supports professional prostitutes. Yet I am told that Dayville is not an exception in this respect. You have confronted the problem by getting some of these girls out of temptation. Dr. Ben has told me of your quiet efforts."

"I have great faith in prevention, and I have a profound conviction that misery is the foe to chastity in women. I mean the misery that results from want, the culmination of the effects of poor and inadequate food, hard work, starved souls and minds, the wretched pittance that simply prolongs existence. In this country, if men were honest, no woman should fail of her mission in life. But women are ground under the wheels of avarice, the greed of competition, and the monopolies that enrich the few and beggar the many. I undertook one of the poorest districts in New York. I have seen with my own eyes. I know what women receive for a day's labor. I wonder they are as good as they are. I came here to get away from the picture and criticise it honestly. The daily sight of it was so depressing that I could feel that I was no longer impartial. Philanthropists and statisticians fill volumes on the subject, but they can't make flour cheaper or soften the hearts of the manufacturers and induce them to pay fair wages. I did not come here ignorant of the temptations that assail the poor, and I have had advice on the subject from authority that I reverence and acknowledge. I cannot adapt the performance of my duty to a layman's views of it."

"You are right. Stanton thinks that you are too young a man to take such a decided position. I tried to show him that you had to practice your profession irrespective of age. Now, I want to be of some use to you. You know that I love Helen, and I have grown very fond of you. Now perhaps, being an outsider and entirely impartial, I may be able to have this misunderstanding nicely arranged. Have you any idea of how this thing originated?" Mr. Perry was gazing at the fire.

"I attribute it to Salisbury."

"You didn't think of connecting any women with it? Those ladies who boarded in the house with you, for instance?"

"Oh, not at all. They were very quiet, nice women. I had very little to do with them. They were members of the church and well off; they had no special need of my services." Mr. Perry walked to the window. "Why, the whole thing is so absurd that if Mr. Stanton hadn't concluded to notice it I should put it away from me without wasting thought upon it. After the first shock to my feelings, the ludicrous side of it presented itself. The whole thing is outrageous, and I don't feel willing to let it interfere with my happiness."

"Yes, yes; but suppose Stanton refuses to take the rational view of this, and removes his family to the city? Now, last night I lay awake thinking over this business, and I had an inspiration. Suppose you take me to see this girl. I can report to Stanton that I know where she is located. You can trust to my silence as to the place, and he cannot but believe me. Helen is so young, so innocent! I can't bear to see her happiness clouded. Certainly, this course would not interfere with your plans. And there is another thing to be considered. If this girl

hears of this trouble she may return without consulting you and undo all your efforts in her behalf."

"That is so."

"Now, Clayton, humor this project. We can start at once. The whole question can be settled to-day. I'll go down and spike Gerard's guns. Helen can unpack her trunk, and we shall all be bright and happy again."

Mr. Clayton rose and put out his hand.

"It is an inspiration! How good you are! Such a method of undoing the mischief did not occur to me. You are the friend who sees both sides clearly and can wisely set matters right."

"Now, don't let us lose a moment. Helen is fretting, I know."

"It will be a long drive for you."

"I am equal to it."

Once in the buggy, with Mr. Clayton beside him, Mr. Perry's spirits regained their tone. He discussed matters that had nothing to do with Dayville or its people, and fresh air with its touch of frost seemed to blow away all the mental anxiety that had haunted the friends during the long night. The aspect of the country was not pleasing. The hills looked barren, and the leafless trees, tossing their branches in the wind, gave a bleak effect to the landscape. The scattered houses, no longer concealed by the heavy foliage, showed all their weak points at once. The uncompromising sunshine had no mercy. Broken windows, leaky roofs, rotting walls, decaying boards, all seemed to testify with the eloquence of silence to the poverty of their owners.

After a while Mr. Perry looked around and began to quote "The Deserted Village."

"It is simply terrible in a country overflowing with wealth," said Mr. Clayton. "These farmers labor honestly and the middlemen make the profits."

"Something like the mountain streams that seek the main; money finds money."

"Yes, this evil of monopoly is as potent in the country as in the city, and its victims, in trying to escape it, rush from bad to worse."

"Nothing but statesmanship can touch it, and that can only be brought into play at the polls—a pretty slow process. You may live to see the reaction, but I don't look forward to that pleasure."

The appearance of "Forster's place" put theories to flight. Mr. Clayton sprang from the buggy and quickly examined all sides of the house. The lower windows were boarded up, the doors were bolted, there was a padlock on the gate. The plants, in their queer boxes and cans, were placed well in under the porch. The wood pile was covered with heavy boards on which large stones rested. The bucket had been removed, and the well was carefully inclosed with good timber. The outhouses were empty; not so much as an apple or a potato was visible on their well-swept floors. Mr. Perry sat upright in the buggy watching Mr. Clayton's investigations.

Presently the latter sat down on the upper step of the porch, decidedly nonplussed.

"It looks like a removal, doesn't it?"

"That's the impression I get," said Mr. Clayton. His expression and voice were bright with relief. "I hope we are right. I did not anticipate such a sensible action on the part of the Forsters. They are well advanced, and this was their home. Then, the money question arises. They must have been better off than they appeared."

"This is a strange turn in the affair," Mr. Perry said, after a long pause. "It isn't going to simplify the matter. We'll have to set our wits to work. Of course, these people can't have gone to a great distance." Mr. Clayton looked very grave. "Do you think Salisbury has managed this and purposely thrown the doubt on you?" Mr. Perry grew meditative. "He might spirit away the girl, but what would he want with the old couple?"

"They might have left after she went away."

"Do you think that she would have written to you, provided she was going away with her relatives?"

"No. The girl did not consider her movements of any importance to me."

"See here, Clayton, we'll go home and eat dinner. After

we have rested we can decide what to do. I can easily set a watch on Salisbury and find out if he has concocted any trick to injure you. I'll do that right away. That may be the short cut to this whole business. If he has had nothing to do with her departure from Forster's, why, then, we can trace her in another way."

"If you can prove to me that Salisbury is ignorant of her whereabouts, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I shall regain my first sensation of delight on finding the house empty."

Mr. Perry gazed thoughtfully at Mr. Clayton's earnest face and clear eyes. Then he turned the buggy, Mr. Clayton got in, and "Forster's place" was left to its solitude. The friends were preoccupied and made no effort to converse.

Mr. Perry drew up at the next house, which was two miles from "Forster's," and hailed a man who was chopping wood near the door of the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards. What's become of Forster? I see his place is shut up."

Mr. Edwards came forward, axe in hand, his face expressing blank surprise.

"I ain't seen nothing of him for weeks. I did hear that he was pretty sick."

"You would know if he were dead?"

"Oh, he ain't dead, and he ain't been past here. I guess he took the train. The station's only three miles from his place."

Mr. Perry's next stop was at the house of a colored man named Waters. It was a poor-looking place, but neat and clean so far as brooms and whitewash were available. Mr. Waters was sawing wood for the winter stock, his wife was washing, and several children were staring at the strangers, a wagon being a novel sight in that neighborhood.

"Waters, I have a job for you. Can you come in during the afternoon?"

Mr. Waters assented gravely without moving from his position, and Mr. Perry drove homeward.

"Waters is a clergyman. You noticed his dignity. He is thoroughly trustworthy. He'll keep me informed of Salisbury's movements without exciting suspicion."

CHAPTER XXII.

On the following morning Mr. Clayton sat alone in his study. He had his sermon in front of him, and he had agreed to drive with Steven to the nearest town in the course of the afternoon. There were pianos on hire in Midtown, and Steven was to try their qualities while Mr. Clayton acted as critic and judge. He had made up his mind to perform his various duties precisely as if no cloud had risen to threaten his bright day of happiness. Now and then his pen would stop, and he would stand up and walk about or linger at the study window. It was difficult to concentrate thought, for he had hoped to see Mr. Perry after that gentleman's second interview with Mr. Stanton, and the evening had passed without bringing news of its result. The morning, too, was wearing away.

The room was small, containing a desk, a table, a chair, a hassock, and many book-shelves for the Sunday-school library. The bright carpet was made of many pieces left over from the church furnishing, and a person looking in would suppose that Mr. Clayton was engaged in counting them. However, he was trying to put aside conjecture as to his personal affairs and make some headway with his sermon. He had been tempted to take for his text "Thinketh no evil." He had given up the idea. He would not condescend to notice this outcome of thoughtlessness on the part of those who would live to regret their share in it. He chose "The whole armor of righteousness," and generally directed his sentences to the members of his confirmation class. The possibilities were great, the grandeur of the context was inspiring. He grew absorbed in his theme, taking in detail each portion of the Christian's spiritual panoply, and giving in strong, simple words, its use and powers. A knock dissipated his magnificent imagery. He rose and opened the door.

He thrilled with joy. Miss Stanton, arrayed in a brown traveling dress and veil, stood before him.

"Morris, let me in. Now, shut the door. Aunt Anne is going to wait for me." She raised her veil, showing a colorless face and sunken eyes. "We are going to New York this afternoon. I told ma I would pay a few calls, for I was determined to see you. Morris, you know that I don't believe one word of all this wicked gossip. Why didn't you come to me! I have been longing to see you. I want to look in your eyes. You are not going to let these dreadful people make you suffer. I can bear anything if I only feel sure that you are not hurt!"

"My darling! I knew that you trusted me."

"I just want to cry a little bit, and then I have so much to say to you. Now, Morris, promise me—we won't fret—we are going to be cheerful and bright. Didn't I tell you that Miss Jane meant mischief?"

"My girl, she has nothing to do with this. You cannot quite understand the trouble. I would rather that you did not hear it. Helen, a lie cannot live. Soon, very soon, this whole matter will be explained to your father's satisfaction, and then you and I must consult our own happiness."

"Do you think so? Why, last night pa was furious. He said it was even worse than at first represented. He and Mr. Perry have quarreled. Oh, we've had an awful time! Morris, you have risen above it." She put her hands on his shoulders and earnestly gazed into his eyes. What she saw there was reassuring.

"I hope I have, Helen. I ought, love, with you beside me, to rise above much more than this, an idle report spread by a worthless man."

"Oh, Morris, I don't think you have heard all that has been said."

"Helen, surely you have not been informed of this matter."

"Why, I have heard everything. Madeleine told me. Why, Madeleine is broken-hearted over it. Her father scarcely speaks to her. She sides with you. Why are you so shocked? You know Madeleine doesn't suspect that we are—Oh, I was forgetting. We're not engaged. Morris—it really doesn't make any difference; you know what I mean. Even if our engagement is broken, we love each other just the same."

"Yes, sweetheart—we are still lovers—only, for the present, we may not be engaged. Helen, we should have been married as soon as we knew that we were necessary to each other. It was a mistake to wait. Now, we must be calm and cheerful, strong and sensible, each for the other's sake."

"But it is very hard, Morris—"

"I know it, and harder for you than for me. I have my work. It fills my thoughts and my hours. Work is our salvation. When you return to the city, find something to do for others not so happy as you are—"

"Happy! Oh, Morris, with all this trouble coming upon you!"

"I don't want you to think of it. I want you to occupy yourself in helping those who are suffering actual pain, people who are in positive want, who go cold and hungry, and have only the public hospitals to look forward to when illness overtakes them. My darling, visit one of these, and, when you go home, sit down and contrast your lot with that of the poor about you. You must not worry yourself about me. I did only what I shall do again if the necessity presents itself."

"Oh, I'm so glad you did it! I feel so proud of you! And, Morris, how strange it is that you should have helped that girl!"

"Helen, you are somewhat responsible. You excited my interest in one of these young women. You said that she won your respect by her industry and efficiency. Tina impressed me in the same way."

Miss Stanton's face suddenly brightened; she almost smiled.

"Morris, surely you knew that it was Clem that you were aiding."

"Now you mystify me. Do you mean that—"

(To be Continued.)



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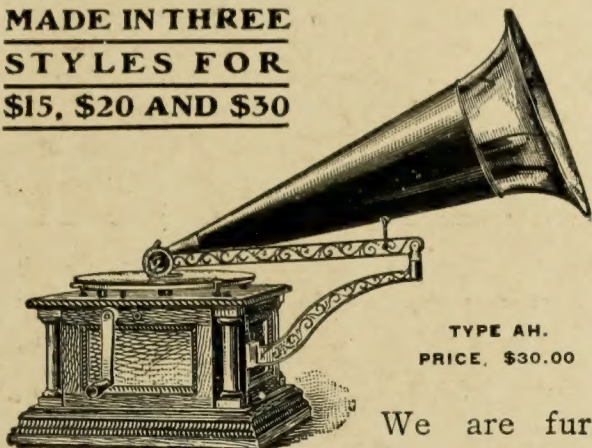


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